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Pursuits of Taste.---Canto II.

VOL. II.

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OLDCOURT.

CHAPTER I.

During the soprano sway of the celebrated Pacchierotti, D'Arcy had accompanied a party to the pit of the Opera-House. The discredit which, in our more fastidious day, has fallen upon that part of the theatre, did not then attach to it; and ladies of the highest fashion and distinction adorned its benches, in all the splendour of full dress.

On the occasion in question, the house was so crowded in all parts, that even standing room could with difficulty be obtained after the rising of the curtain. During the first act of the opera,

a tall, athletic, arrogant looking person, displaying the badge of some foreign order at his button-hole, attracted considerable attention, by the peculiarity of his appearance; and rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to those around him, by the unceremonious manner in which he endeavoured to provide for his own accommodation at their expense.

His costume was evidently that of a foreigner. A large cockade in his hat, bespoke him to be a military man, and an enormous pair of black moustaches, a fringe of the face then worn only by hussar officers, gave a ferocity to his aspect, which, a weather-beaten complexion, a pair of dark bushy eyebrows, and the rawboned, brawny character of his figure, contributed to increase.

By dint of shouldering, shoving, and pushing, he, at the close of the first act, had contrived to advance himself in Fop's-alley, nearly to the front of the pit. That he had been suffered to proceed in his rude progress so far, unchecked, was perhaps to be attributed to the reluctance which gentlemen feel to excite a disturbance amongst ladies in such a situation, rather than to the impression which the savage character of his general air and deportment was calculated to excite. Certainly, the insolence of his expression, the reckless dis-

regard of all decorum, with which he volunteered offence, and the determination which he seemed to have formed, of quarrelling with somebody, warranted the apprehension that he would be found a formidable party in a fray, and in the slang language of the Fancy, "an ugly customer."

Presuming, however, like most persons of the Bobadil species, on the pacific and forbearing demeanour of those, with whom he had as yet come in contact, he ventured a still bolder aggression on their patience; and looking along the line of persons seated upon the bench, on one side of him, he called out, in a tone which at once settled the topography of his birth-place, and must have been recognised as native, amongst the wilds of Connamara or the echoes of Killarney:

"Come, sirs, make room there, take close order. When a gentleman has paid his money, he likes to be accommodated."

Every body stared, some were amused, the ladies began to be alarmed, but nobody spoke. Darkening the terrors of his brow, and broadening his brogue to the true Tipperary twang, he again exclaimed; "What! you won't budge, won't you? By St. Patrick! if you don't, I'll be in amongst you in a second, and soon find a *sate* for myself."

Still, as no particular individual was addressed,

nobody noticed his insolence. Turning, therefore, to a gentleman who sat on the end of the bench next to him, he, in a very imperative tone, said: "Why don't you, sir, try to accommodate and show your manners in a public place? You sit there, as mute and motionless as an old maid at a funeral."

"Sir," mildly replied the gentleman addressed, "you would not, I presume, inconvenience the ladies; and you must perceive there is no room in this row."

"O, then, if you'll give me lave, I'll make room," rejoined the knight of the moustaches; "shove up immediately." At the same time, by a very intelligible application of his elbow, suiting the action to the word. "There," said he, "you understand *that*, I suppose; if you don't, why, I must say, you are rather thick under the wig. So here's my card, you'll find me at home at any time in the morning."

A person from the next row now interposed and said, "Really, sir, it is not acting like a gentleman, to disturb the audience in this manner, when you must be aware that to procure a seat is impossible."

"Did you address that to me, friend?" fiercely demanded the whiskered hero, turning

round, and putting on his immense cocked hat, as if preparing a position of immediate hostility. Being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, with a cool determination of manner which left you in no doubt, as to the execution of his threat, "Then say that again, honey! and by him that made me! I'll have you by the nose before you can rein in your rhetoric. Now here's my card for you, sir."

This last outrage having excited a murmur of disapprobation among the persons within hearing, he turned round with his card-case in his hand, and sneeringly said, "Does any other gentlemen wish for a card? I'm quite ready to accommodate him."

"I will thank you for one, sir," said D'Arcy, starting up from his place on one of the adjoining benches, and stretching forward to receive it. He had sat for some time, witnessing the misconduct of this braggadocio, with indignation; but, when his language announced him to be an Irishman, his exasperation was no longer to be repressed, and he considered himself particularly called upon to rescue the character of his country from the discredit which so brutal a deportment was calculated to reflect upon it.

"With all the pleasure in life, young gentle-

man," replied the former, "though I don't see what you have to do in the affair."

"Oh, I'll show you that presently, sir," coolly rejoined D'Arcy; and having read the card, he addressed the pit as follows:—

"The person who has so indecently disturbed the audience, is termed on this card, 'Major O'Donovan, of the Austrian Hussars;' by his name, he should be an Irishman, and I am ashamed to think that a countryman of mine should act so unlike a soldier and a gentleman."

"What's that you say, sir?" loudly demanded the Austrian major, evidently surprised at the cool and intrepid manner of his opponent.

"I am ashamed," repeated D'Arcy, "that an Irishman should be found capable of such a wanton outrage on propriety and good manners; but, gentlemen, I am convinced this fellow is an impostor, some low adventurer, who assumes the character of an Irishman to disgrace it. His ruffianly deportment precludes him from all gentlemanly consideration; but as it is impossible that we can submit to be thus insulted with impunity I recommend that he be immediately transferred to the care of a constable."

"Turn him out, turn him out," now resounded from all parts of the pit. The major,

whose natural brutality had been increased by his after-dinner potation, and whose desperate disregard of all personal consequences had been rarely encountered by so decided a spirit, listened to D'Arcy with a mixed expression of astonishment and rage, apparently meditating, by what new assault of tiger ferocity, he could interrupt his observations. A little abashed, however, by the disposition which had been manifested, to carry the proposed measure of expulsion into effect, he contented himself with saying, in a half jocular tone:—

"Come, by St. Patrick! that's cool, however; I give you credit for that, countryman. But, my young gentleman! you'll think twice before you meddle with Major O'Donovan, and to-morrow morning I'll make you sing to another tune."

D'Arcy, without appearing to hear him, continued, "In this case, gentlemen, I consider it my duty to take the lead." Upon the word, he sprang over the bench which divided him from the man of war, and before the latter was aware of his movement, seized him by the collar, with a gripe of no ordinary vigour. By a sudden jerk of the arm, and a dexterous twist of the cravat, which approached somewhat to the process of strangulation, the major was impelled forward,

exhibiting more blood in his face, than a blush had ever brought there. The pressing nature of the inconvenience he suffered, called for his immediate attention to free his organs of respiration from the grasp of his opponent; and before he could extricate his windpipe from the perils of suffocation, or exercise his herculean powers in any manual assault upon the enemy, he found himself surrounded by numbers, and restrained, by such a co-operating force, as made his rage and his resistance vain.

In a moment, a lane was opened; every body made way for the exit of so obnoxious a personage; and D'Arcy, who never loosed his hold, with the aid of those who are always ready to come forward when a spirited example is once given, dragged the gallant major to the door, and delivered him to the custody of the peace-officers who attended the theatre.

In the lobby, the major made a better fight of it than in the pit, and it required the whole force of the police to reduce him to subjection, and finally lodge him in the watch-house.

During the scuffle, D'Arcy obtained some information respecting the *soi disant militaire*, which satisfied him, that he had made no erroneous estimate of his character. The major had

been recognised by an *attaché* of the Austrian Embassy, with whom D'Arcy had some acquaintance, and who related to the latter, that the fellow had been servant to an Irish officer in an Austrian regiment of Hulans; that he had been punished and dismissed for robbing his master; that he had subsequently distinguished himself as one of a band of marauders in the mountains of the Tyrol—had been taken by stratagem, and convicted as principal in a forgery which had been committed on the Bank of Vienna, and had made his escape from one of the prisons of that city, about two years previous to his exploit that evening. The *attaché* cautioned D'Arcy to be on his guard against him; declared that he was a ruffian, alike insensible to fear and shame; and had, upon many occasions, exhibited a desperation of character, which could be accounted for only on the supposition of insanity.

Furnished with these particulars, D'Arcy was prepared for any result which might follow from the adventure. He returned, therefore, to his party, well satisfied with having asserted the gallantry of his country, and wholly unruffled by the incident in which he had borne so conspicuous a part.

The major, however, was not a man to remain quiet under such discipline. He had recently come from Paris, where he had carried on his manœuvres under his present military designation; and he considered himself as now figuring in a scene, in which he had the advantage of being unknown, and where his pretensions to the character which he assumed, were not likely to be questioned.

Accordingly, the following morning, a gentleman was introduced to D'Arcy's breakfast-table, on a mission from Major O'Donovan. With the usual preliminaries, he announced that the object of his visit, was to demand immediate satisfaction for the outrage which the major had sustained the night before; and as the insult was of a nature which neither admitted of explanation nor apology, the only matters for consideration were time and place, in the arrangement of which, no delay could be allowed.

Without making any answer to the person who addressed him, a young man of a most gentleman-like and prepossessing aspect, D'Arcy proceeded deliberately to his desk, took from it a case of pistols, and laid them on the table before him; then turning to his visitor, he said:—

"As the office which you have undertaken, sir, warrants a suspicion that your appearance certainly does not otherwise justify, I must request to know whom I have the honour of addressing?"

The young man, evidently surprised at the obscure insinuation conveyed in this sentence, coloured, while he announced himself as Captain Elford, of the —— guards.

"Elford!" repeated D'Arcy, with some expression of surprise, as if the name were not unknown to him.

"Captain Elford, of the —— guards," repeated the stranger.

"Give me leave then, Captain Elford, to inquire, if you have been made acquainted with the nature of the transaction which appears to have procured for me the honour of this visit; and if you are informed as to the character of the person in whose cause you think fit thus to interfere?"

"I do not exactly perceive the object or the propriety of these questions, Mr. D'Arcy," replied the young officer, with some *hauteur*; "nor do I think myself called upon to answer them."

"To suppose you misinformed as to both par-

ticulars, was a compliment paid to your appearance and your profession," said D'Arcy ; " but," added he, sarcastically, " I perceive the conclusion was a hasty one."

" The only points necessary to be discussed between you and me, Mr. D'Arcy," cavalierly rejoined the young guardsman, " are, the time and place, when and where, you are disposed to give my friend the meeting he requires."

" If *you* have any commands with me, Captain Elford, there is no time like the present, and the place shall be your own choice ; but with the person who styles himself Major O'Donovan, I cannot descend to hold any gentlemanly communication at any time or place."

The young officer was evidently surprised, and rather embarrassed, at the tone and intimation of D'Arcy's last sentence.

" This is strange language, sir, to be used," said he, " on such an occasion ; and I will not calmly listen to any imputation on the character of the gentleman for whom I act."

" Then, sir," sharply retorted D'Arcy, " you would do well to discontinue the conversation, for I shall certainly speak of your friend as he deserves."

" Do you mean to say, sir," rejoined Captain

Elford, with much warmth, "that you refuse to give Major O'Donovan the satisfaction which he has a right to demand from you?"

"Most distinctly, sir," answered D'Arcy.

"And can you be aware of the consequences of such a refusal?" continued the former.

"Perfectly, sir, and am prepared for them," retorted D'Arcy, "without any warning on your part."

"Then, sir," said the captain, "I have now only to perform, with regret, the most unpleasant part of my duty, and to declare, on the part of Major O'Donovan, that he must consider you—"

"Stop, sir," said D'Arcy, in a tone which sufficiently announced the determination with which he spoke; "before you venture upon any more offensive part of your commission, let me warn you, that I shall hold you personally responsible to me, for any disrespectful term which you may utter on this occasion, and require you to take one of these pistols on the spot."

The captain appeared to be somewhat disconcerted, and D'Arcy, in a decided manner, continued; "I have already told you, that I consider your principal as having no claim to the character of a gentleman; but, as I take it for granted, you will resent so contemptuous a treatment of your

friend, and will demand on your *own* account the satisfaction which I refuse to him, I have only to say, that these weapons are loaded, and I am ready to attend you instantly. Any *gentleman* whom you may name I shall accept as a second to both."

The young man appeared to be considerably embarrassed by this proposal, and after some hesitation observed :—

" Really, Mr. D'Arcy, this is giving the affair a turn which I could not have anticipated, and in which I do not consider myself as called upon to acquiesce. I have no quarrel with you, sir, and nothing more to do with the matter than as the friend of Major O'Donovan."

" That you should acknowledge yourself as the friend of such a man, sir," replied D'Arcy, " is quite sufficient to warrant me in declining all parley with you as a gentleman ; but the respect I entertain for the station you hold in society, induces me to treat you with a degree of consideration, all claim to which you have forfeited, by your connection with a knave."

The embarrassment of the young guardsman, was now increased to a painful state of agitation ; and pacing the room, he exclaimed—" Good God, a knave ! and have I exposed myself to

this? Connected with a knave! Yes, Mr. D'Arcy, you must, indeed, account to me for such an imputation."

D'Arcy who now really felt for the distress he had occasioned, assuming a friendly tone, said—"Come, come, Captain Elford, I have no desire to entangle you or myself in a quarrel in which we can have no legitimate interest. I am convinced, you are not aware of the position in which you stand. It is quite impossible, that an officer and a gentleman, as you appear to be, can degrade himself so far as, voluntarily, to officiate in the character of second to a swindler."

"A swindler!" exclaimed Elford.

"Yes," continued D'Arcy; "a blackleg—a ruffian, who escaped an infamous death by breaking his prison, and is now suffered to be at large, only till the proper authority arrives to secure him."

"Can this be possible," exclaimed the young man, in an agony of feeling, which seemed to spring from some deeper cause than the mere discredit of an interference of this sort, on the part even of such a character, could account for.

"I assert it, Captain Elford, on the most unquestionable authority," replied D'Arcy.

"Then," said Elford, entirely thrown off his

guard, "my worst suspicions are confirmed, and I am at the mercy of a villain! Excuse me, Mr. D'Arcy, I am in the most embarrassing position with this man," continued he, throwing himself into a chair.

"Then you owe it to your own character, as well as to the regiment to which you belong," said D'Arcy, "to extricate yourself immediately from all connexion with such a ruffian. Pardon the liberty I take, Captain Elford, but one of my dearest friends at Oxford, five years ago, was a namesake, and, perhaps, a relation of yours,—honest Jack Elford, as we used to call him."

"He is my brother," said the captain, "and now on service in America."

Here was, at once, a bond of union between the young men, and Elford immediately related the particulars of his situation with O'Donovan.

D'Arcy learned from his new friend, that the latter had, about six months before, made acquaintance with the *soi disant* major, at a celebrated *restaurateur's* in the Palais Royal at Paris; that he had received marked attentions from him, and had been, as a favour, introduced by him to the *soirées* of a fashionable and fascinating *marquise*, in whose society he met the best company, and was told, he had an opportunity of

observing the best manners of that polished metropolis.

Play, however, was the general amusement; and though his friend, the major, cautioned him at first not to play too deep, he found it difficult to withstand the force of example, and impossible to resist the allurements of the fascinating *marquise*. He became a prime favourite with the lady, who did him the honour to win his money with all the grace imaginable; undertaking, at the same time, *avec une bienveillance la plus aimable du monde*, to give him all the polish of Parisian refinement.

The lessons, however, became rather expensive, and young Elford found himself eased of his remittances with a very embarrassing rapidity; but his friend, the major, being always at hand, was ready to replenish his purse for a new trial of his luck, though he himself appeared to be not much more favoured by fortune than Elford.

The success of *la belle marquise*, however, was so invariable, and the liberality of the major so prompt, and appeared to be so little influenced by his own losses, that, after the first fervour of admiration had cooled a little, the young Englishman began to suspect that he was somewhat of a dupe in the arrangement. But, when he found

the result of all this to be, that he had lost his year's allowance in six weeks, and was in debt to his good friend the major, two thousand pounds in addition, he was astonished how he could have been so long insensible to the artifices which had been employed to allure him into the toils, and the manœuvres which were played off upon him.

The measures of the confederates were, however, too skilfully concerted to furnish him with any direct ground for crimination. Though he could no longer doubt of the understanding between his friend and the fascinating *marquise*, to which he had been a victim; and though evidence now flashed upon him every day, that the fashionable coterie to which he had been introduced, was nothing better than an assemblage of tarnished titles, tainted reputations, and fraudulent pretensions,—a nefarious confederacy in short, of demireps and *chevaliers d' industrie*—of men without honour, and women without virtue—yet he had no tangible means of redress, or pretext even for resentment.

Retreat, however, became absolutely necessary; and the difficulty was, how to extricate himself from the vigilant attentions of his friend, the major, who, just at this moment, *happened*

to be so distressed for money, as to require the immediate reimbursement of those funds which he had so liberally supplied to retrieve the finances of Captain Elford.

The major, however, soon found that even his skill was inadequate to extract any thing farther from the empty pockets of his victim; and, after some blustering, he was obliged to content himself with a bond for the money.

The captain considered himself lucky in getting off so well, and lost no time in removing from a scene in which he had played a part so little to his satisfaction; but to his horror, before he had time to recover the fatigue of his journey, or to expatiate with his friends on the pleasures of Paris, he found the formidable major had followed him to London.

In London, the major was still more importunate and peremptory than before with his unlucky debtor; he threatened in the most mortifying and offensive terms, to resort immediately to legal measures for the recovery of his demand—a proceeding which young Elford anxiously deprecated as likely to ruin him with his father, who was already exasperated by the profligate expenditure of his Parisian trip.

In forbearing for a short time, the major took

care amply to repay himself for his indulgence, by making use of his victim upon all occasions, and forcing through him, an introduction to circles of society which he would otherwise have found difficult of access. Elford, who had so much reason to distrust the character of the man, and who was ashamed of his brutality and insolence, thought the necessity of appearing to countenance him, one of the most mortifying results of the position in which he was placed.

Every day furnished some additional cause to suspect the principles and practices of his Parisian acquaintance; and he could not but perceive, that many of his friends were surprised at the connexion which seemed to subsist between them. He could devise no means of extrication, however, which did not expose him to consequences fatal to his prospects in life.

Though not aware of the major's conduct at the Opera, in its most offensive extent, he was provoked at the part which he was required to act on the occasion; and he earnestly assured D'Arcy that nothing but the apprehension that his refusal might irritate his creditor to take immediate proceedings against him, would have induced him to officiate in the character of second to such an adventurer.

D'Arcy felt for the distressing situation of his new acquaintance. The recollection of his brother, who had been the companion of many of his Oxford frolics, operated so much to strengthen the favourable impression made by young Elford, on the mind of our hero, that he resolved, if possible, to extricate him from the clutches of his persecutor. This, with the aid of his friend, the *attaché* to the Imperial Embassy, he very successfully effected. At first, the gallant major was disposed to carry things with a high hand. He blustered a good deal—talked of posting—and threatened even to resort to personal violence on the spot.

D'Arcy, however, coolly taking a pistol from his pocket, assured him that he had not sought the interview without being prepared to deal with a ruffian. He advised him, therefore, to be calm; for though he had escaped hanging *once*, he might not be so lucky a second time, in a country where *felons* were confined with more caution.

This hint was not lost upon the major, who immediately perceived that an edition of his history had reached London before him, and that a page or two of it must have been, by some means, exposed to his present visitor. He became instantly mild and conciliating—"was ready to acquiesce in any reasonable adjustment

of his demand on young Elford, and would even make a sacrifice, rather than push his young friend to extremities. As he had too often proved his courage to fear any imputation upon it, he would also agree to accommodate the affair at the Opera with his countryman, whose spirit he admired. He believed he had been rather intemperate on the occasion, as it was after dinner with him; but countrymen should make common cause, and stand by each other against the common enemy."

"Fellow!" exclaimed D'Arcy, "I disown—I disclaim all connexion with you. Desperate adventurers like you, are a disgrace to any country. Mine has suffered more than its due proportion of discredit from the slanders to which the peculiarity of their insolence, and the daring character of their delinquency give currency and effect. Presume not to expect countenance or mercy from me; but comply immediately with the terms I propose, or take the consequences of public exposure and certain punishment."

Appalled by the resolute, uncompromising spirit of D'Arcy—convinced that his character would be immediately blown in London—and apprehensive from D'Arcy's last intimation, that an application from the Imperial Authorities to the police, might occasion his being sent back to

Vienna, our gallant major saw he had no alternative but submission. With rage and mortification, which he could ill suppress, he consented to surrender the securities which, with the fraudulent co-operation of the fascinating *marquise*, he had extorted from the young guardsman; and stipulated, by a hasty retreat from the metropolis, to secure himself from the risk of farther molestation.

CHAPTER II.

D'ARCY's long and licentious sojourn in the British capital, had now nearly exhausted the purse and the patience of his father. Reproaches succeeded to remonstrances from the old baronet; and in the true spirit of an indignant senator, he angrily announced his determination, if his son did not immediately return to Ireland, to withhold the supplies, and leave him to *carry on the war* with his own resources. This threat was decisive; and our hero, like some more exalted personages in similar circumstances, found it expedient to submit. He prepared, therefore, to leave London, and was induced to carry his intention into effect, with more haste, and less reluctance, in consequence of an event, which, although attended by fashionable *éclat* in the eyes of the

beau monde, turned out, as usual in such cases, to be a very embarrassing and expensive source of distinction.

While taking his ride one morning in Hyde Park, D'Arcy's attention was drawn to a fashionable carriage in the ring, one of the horses of which had got his leg over the splinter-bar, and kicked and plunged with great violence. A lady within the carriage appeared in great alarm, although assured by her footman, that there was no danger, and that the animal would be immediately relieved from its awkward position. D'Arcy, always prompt to lend his assistance, where it probably, or even possibly, might be useful, particularly when a lady was in the case, dismounted, and approaching the carriage, perceived that its fair tenant was young and handsome enough to interest all his gallantry in her favour.

Observing the vicious expression and infuriated state of the struggling animal, D'Arcy was led to form an estimate of the hazard which might attend such an occurrence, somewhat different from that which influenced the servant. Addressing the lady, therefore, with much respect and politeness, he requested her, as the safest course, to alight; opening the door of the carriage at the same time, and offering his arm, to assist her descent.

The air and manner of our hero, were certainly well calculated to second whatever proposition he made to the fair sex; and it was fortunate that the object of his solicitude did not hesitate to follow his advice; for, scarcely had she been led a few paces from the carriage, when the horse, extricated from his painful position, started off with his companion at full gallop—dashed the carriage with great violence against the park gate, leaving it upset, and shattered in the road, with the coachman senseless on the ground, amidst the fragments of the vehicle, which he had so unsuccessfully endeavoured to direct.

The lady, who had been thus rescued from destruction, was so overcome by a sense of the danger which she had escaped, that she fainted in the arms of our hero, who, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to proceed, conducted her home, with every attention and delicacy.

From the servant, D'Arcy had learned her place of residence, and ascertained that she was the best beloved of a portly civic functionary, well known at that period—conspicuous in corporation politics, but rather more celebrated for his wealth than his wit.

It may be supposed, that recommended by a service so important, our hero found some favour in the eyes of Lady Ledger; and Sir

Jacob himself, though his experience of the holy state led him to entertain some doubt as to the extent of the obligation conferred upon him, did not hesitate to express his acknowledgments on the occasion. D'Arcy, therefore, became a constant and welcome visitor in Bedford Square, which was, at that time, the first perch in the flight of city grandees, to the regions of fashion in Portland Place, Harley Street, and May Fair.

Lady Ledger was young and handsome—gracious and grateful; she considered D'Arcy as her good genius, whose timely interposition had saved her from a dreadful death. He was gay and agreeable, with the manners of a courtier, and the morals of a rake. She could not avoid contrasting him with the pompous personage to whom she had plighted her vows, and the comparison was not favourable to the worthy citizen.

The city has been called "the shrine of Mammon;" and where money is the only measure of merit, morals are but little attended to, manners still less, and talents are generally disregarded. If the Muses or Graces were to show themselves in Mincing Lane, or Throgmorton Street, they would be hustled out of the precincts of Plutus, like a stranger out of the Stock-Exchange.

Sir Jacob had not been much favoured by na-

ture; and education had done little for him, beyond the science of pounds, shillings, and pence. He was wont to observe, with the chuckling satisfaction of a man who thinks he says something witty, as well as wise, that "figures were of more importance than letters;" and "that the merchants' books contained more useful knowledge than the philosopher's."

A time arrived, however, when Sir Jacob thought it would become him, to take measures for the continuance of his name and family. But, unluckily, he had been too long employed in the pursuit of wealth, before he began to look for happiness; and the consequence was, that when he was rich enough to please himself in a wife, he was rather too old to please any woman that was not too poor to please herself in a husband. Though beauty could be bribed to accompany him to the altar, he found, that love would not make one of the party, or join in a sacrifice,

"Where hands alone, not hearts would be united."

Sir Jacob and Lady Ledger were, therefore, paired, not matched, and they soon began to draw different ways. *She* had family without fortune, and married him for an establishment; *he* had fortune without family, and married her, because he wished for a young Ledger, to whom

he might bequeath the wealth which he had so anxiously accumulated.

He was influenced, likewise, by the expediency of providing a resource in domestic society, against the possible arrival of that period when the gout, or some other morbid consequence of municipal hospitality, might render him unfit for corporate enjoyments; and when the civic chair at the Mansion-House, would have less charm for him, than an arm-chair by his own fire-side.

The avarice of the worthy citizen, also, was seasoned with a little ambition. He was desirous of adding rank to riches; and conceived, that his wife's great relations might, for her sake, assist in raising him above the ordinary level of a mere monied man.

Plain Mr. Ledger, or even Jacob Ledger, Esq., was an announcement of no dignity; and, in the ordinary intercourse of society, produced no effect, unless it were trumpeted forth, at the same time, that he was a man of enormous wealth—a loan contractor, or a *millionnaire*. But Sir Jacob Ledger, Bart., carried consequence in every sound. A title gives a man importance, wherever his name is heard, and will attract homage, even on Change, unless it be known to be associated with poverty—the only sin for which

there is no pardon, amongst those who think that wealth is virtue.

As a judicious preliminary, however, to the attainment of the dignity which he so much desired, he thought he might as well get a seat in "the House;" and, accordingly, through the usual process, he was appointed one of the city representatives. His commercial experience had taught him the advantage of having something to give, when you want to get any thing; and a vote, he knew, was a good exchangeable commodity, and always in demand in the market of a free country.

The result proved his sagacity in his success. There was, indeed, but one speculation in which the worthy alderman did not succeed; but that was a speculation proverbially hazardous, and when entered upon late in the season, exposed to casualties, against which no *policy* can provide. In the voyage of matrimony, every man must be his own insurer, for when the adventure fails, no premium can cover the risk.

His first step on the ladder of ambition was effected, on presenting, in his character as Sheriff of London, a municipal address to the throne; a manifestation of loyalty from the metropolis of the British empire, which is so

peculiarly gratifying to the court, as to be always rewarded, by an offer of knighthood to the whole civic deputation.

The number and quality of those, upon whom this honour had been conferred, contributed to diminish, not a little, its importance; and rendered it the least dignified distinction of an institution which Burke has celebrated as the "cheap defence of nations." Sheriff Ledger, however, with a kind of *nolo episcopari* grace, submitted to the chivalrous infliction. The sword of the sovereign was flourished over the portly person of the worthy citizen and dry-salter, in the (to him) most inconvenient attitude of genuflection, and he was desired to rise up "Sir Jacob Ledger, Knight."

The disuse, in modern times, of the ancient designation Dame, which was originally conferred on the wives of knights and baronets, has been highly favourable to the aristocratic pretensions of the fair who participate in the honours of those ranks. Indeed, the patient acquiescence with which ladies of loftier station submit to this assumption of titular equality, on the part of their inferiors, is rather extraordinary; and certainly could never have been anticipated, from the deli-

cate sensibility which the sex generally display, as to all points of precedence and etiquette.

But, what must appear still more surprising is the exemplary resignation manifested by the fair partners of our spiritual lords, under their exclusion from those distinctions of worldly grandeur, which correspond to the rank of their husbands. To be disunited from the honours of him, whom she has taken for better for worse; to be, as it were, divorced from his dignity, and not allowed to share in that homage, which the announcement of high station never fails to excite, from the mass of society, is as humiliating to the spouse of a Lord Bishop, as it appears to be unjust and indefensible, on any principle, civil, political, or religious.

Why should not a mitre, as well as a coronet, confer a title on the wife of him who wears it? Shall the mantle of dignity be spread over the help-mates of Lord Mayors, and be-knighted apothecaries, while the better halves of most reverend Archbishops, and right reverend Bishops —the *care spose* of spiritual peers, are shut out from the pale of ambition, and left to pine in all the mortification of plebeian inferiority?

I must confess, if I had any interest in the

state, I should use it in favour of those ladies who devote themselves to the church; I should endeavour to remove this ungallant anomaly in the distribution of those honours, which husbands in all other classes and ranks, are allowed to share with their wives.

In the periods when the "paganism" of popery prevailed, the priest enjoyed his dignities in solitary state. He had married the church, and had no other partner of his honours or his affections. But now, when Christianity has been reformed to a more agreeable shape—when its doctrines have been rendered more indulgent, and its discipline less inconvenient—when the priest is permitted to solace the severity of his pious functions, by the pleasures and the comforts of matrimony, there seems no good reason, why he should not be also allowed, in common with individuals in the other classes of society, to raise his wife to his own rank, and share with her whatever honours his profession may enable him to attain.

Although, perhaps, there are few ladies who would feel much flattered, at any age, to be addressed as "*right reverend mothers of the church,*" the veneration which such a style implies, not being exactly that species of homage which the fair sex most usually affect and delight in, yet the

title of *your grace*, or *your ladyship*, would very well accord with their taste, and not be inconsistent with the peculiar devotion which women of all ranks, are most pleased to excite.

To have their equality of rights thus violated, and their hymeneal position degraded, as it were, to a kind of left-handed marriage, is a grievance on the part of their ladies, against which the hierarchy, as men of spirit and good husbands, are called upon to remonstrate, by every legal and constitutional means, until it shall be removed.

But this is a digression. I trust, however, that my zeal in the cause of the fair church-women, whose privileges I advocate, will occasion it to be viewed by them, at least, with some indulgence. Let me now resume my subject.

Although the titles of 'my lady' and 'your ladyship,' sounded as well in the ear of Lady Ledger as if they were sterling, and applied to the first countess in the land, yet, the idea of enjoying them, as the wife of a " filthy city knight," as that species of dignitary had been termed in a popular drama of the time, considerably diminished her gratification on the occasion.

She, therefore, according to the cunning anticipation of Sir Jacob, worked her influence so

well with her grandee connexions, as to have him, within a short period of his first elevation, gazetted as a baronet of Great Britain; urging him eagerly, at the same time, to resign his aldermanic gown, as a low city distinction, which only exposed him to ridicule at the west side of Temple-Bar.

But this proposition Sir Jacob resisted, with manifestations of displeasure, which almost amounted to wrath. He could, by no means, be induced to forego the epulary enjoyments, which are said to be peculiarly within the reach of that festal functionary, an alderman. He particularly delighted to be present on those annual celebrations, when the municipal majesty of the city presides with symposial sway amidst the glories of Guildhall; and never was known to absent himself from those grave and gorgeous processions, in which the successors of

"Thorold wise and brave,
Like Cymon triumph both on land and wave."

The *Alderman*, however, no longer sounded in the firm of his dignities, and Sir Jacob Ledger, Bart. and M. P. was a personage of no ordinary importance in his own opinion.

Authorised by the incontestible distinction to which she could now lay claim, my Lady Ledger

determined to resume her station in that sphere of society, from which she apprehended her commercial connexion had excluded her. To make herself amends for having condescended to mix with "city people," she set about spending the baronet's money with great spirit, in the best society; and Sir Jacob had frequently the satisfaction to see his house crowded by those, who thought they did him great honour by assisting in the operation.

At first, his vanity was gratified by the splendour of Lady Ledger's parties, and their pompous announcement in the newspapers of the day; but the novelty soon wore off; and when he found himself on these occasions acting the part of the "Stranger at Home,"—considered as nobody, even in his own house—elbowed and shoved about, amid a throng of his wife's fashionable acquaintance, who affected not to know him, or noticed him only to ridicule him as a quiz, and look down upon him as a cit—when he saw that neither his title, nor his wealth, could naturalize him in the *beau monde*, and that even his wife seemed to look upon him as an alien, who had no rights in that region, but such as she conferred upon him, he began to consider the affair as a bad speculation, and to manifest no small dis-

satisfaction at the expense incurred for the entertainment of persons, who, he contended, only laughed at their folly, and ridiculed their pretensions.

As this was a view of the case, which by no means accorded with Lady Ledger's notions, some of those lively discussions took place between them, which generally operate as a prelude to that state of excitement, in which married folks usually develope their differences upon all domestic subjects.

It must be confessed, that this was a position of affairs rather unfavourable to matrimonial felicity. The growing disrelish of her husband for the airs and exactions of fashionable life, and the rough and resentful manner in which he sometimes interfered with her arrangements, had converted Lady Ledger's original feeling of indifference towards him, into contempt and aversion.

It was in this ticklish state of their connubial concerns, that the gallantry of our hero gave him so strong a claim to the gratitude and attentions of Lady Ledger; and, certainly, no period could have been chosen by perverse fate, more unlucky for the worthy baronet, than that in which the qualities, personal and mental of D'Arcy, were

presented to his fair spouse, in such powerful contrast with his dull, pompous, and phlegmatic character.

When a woman despises her husband, her next step is to dishonour him. The gradation seems easy;—when she has once persuaded herself, that he is unworthy of her affections, to transfer them to some other person, appears to her to be a natural, if not a justifiable consequence.

The heart is sociable in all its feelings; it delights in sympathy and communication, and is always on the look out for sharers in its joys and sorrows. This is particularly true with respect to woman, who appears to have few solitary or selfish pleasures.

Man may be said more particularly to live in his head—woman in her heart. The feelings of the former, are generally in subordination to his interests; the latter takes no interest but in her feelings. Men often seem to forget that they have hearts; and sometimes they act as if Nature had forgotten to supply them with that palpitating organ of human sympathy. Women, through their whole existence, move by the spring of the heart; and with the proper key, you may regulate them as you would your watch.

Ambition, glory, wealth—that is to say, pride,

vanity, and avarice—occupy the minds, and stimulate the actions of men. To them, with more justice, the sarcasm of Pope may be applied,—

"Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw."

For what, in the eye of reason, are the cold, barren, and unsubstantial pleasures which they pursue, but the straws and feathers of life, which tickle the fancy without touching the heart; and which fools catch at, as they are whirled about in the great vortex of the world!

Women are occupied with more rational objects of human happiness—the communion of souls—the interchange of affections, sympathies, and sentiments; their emotions are more natural and unsophisticated, less influenced by external circumstances, or perverted by artificial associations. Women, in the simplicity of their feelings, have a better guide than men have in the pride of their reasonings. Without the aid or the affectation of philosophy, they, by a peculiar tact, arrive at its best results, and form the most rational estimate of that which constitutes our real good below.

If women appear to be tickled by the straws and feathers of life—if they seem to luxuriate amidst

the vanities and frivolities of the world, they do not, like men, overrate their value, though they miscalculate their effects. They use them only as a means (a mistaken means indeed) of obtaining a desirable end—the enjoyment of natural affections and benevolent sympathies—to secure the solid happiness of the heart, and the highest bliss of our existence.

To a woman, her heart is every thing; it constitutes her whole being. It absorbs all her thoughts; it is her occupation—her profession; with its interests, her pains and pleasures, her hopes, fears, and cares, are all associated; her imagination, in its wildest creations, forms no scheme of worldly felicity, in which her heart and its concerns are not the primary considerations.

In man, the heart has but little influence; and it soon loses that little. Its claims are speedily superseded by the coarser and more engrossing cares of business or ambition; its interests and feelings are secondary to the vain and vulgar pursuits of wealth and power. They form, not the occupation of his life, but the amusement of his leisure—an idle recreation from the important avocations of his career, to which they are at once sacrificed, whenever they appear to be disadvantageous to his worldly advancement.

Man has disconnected himself from woman in all the great concerns of society. No consideration of her feelings, or her interests is allowed to thwart his designs, or disturb his calculations. In the selfishness of his pride, he seems sufficient to himself for his own purposes; and from his habits it would appear as if he could dispense with all female association, without any material derangement of his concerns or his comforts.

I can conceive a community of men busy with their own bad passions—amongst whom, all the kindly feelings and generous sentiments of the heart are swept away in a tumult of mercenary cares, and a storm of political contentions. But a community of women, notwithstanding the classic story of the Amazons, I believe to be incompatible with their good taste, their good sense, and their good nature.

CHAPTER II.

In marrying the rich citizen, whom they had selected for her, Lady Ledger had reluctantly acquiesced in the wishes of her friends. She was sensible of the sacrifice she had made, and felt the vacuum in her heart; but was led to hope, that the enjoyments of wealth, splendour, and independence, might sufficiently occupy the place that love would have better filled.

Sir Jacob was not a man to improve on acquaintance, or one to whom habit could reconcile or attach a woman of delicacy and refinement. His lady, therefore, soon found her mistake: before she knew D'Arcy, she was unhappy in the midst of luxury and dissipation; she wanted to love and be loved.

D'Arcy's engaging qualities awakened her dor-

mant affections, and she became desperate in her matrimonial disappointment. She at first flattered herself that she was only grateful and hospitable: but the limits of gratitude and hospitality were soon passed, and their mutual attentions attracted the observation of the baronet's friends, whose vigilance becoming inconvenient, the parties eluded restraint by elopement.

After an evening spent with a fashionable party at Vauxhall, they adjourned to Ranelagh Gardens; and about four o'clock, on a fine summer's morning in July, Lady Ledger stepped into a post-chaise and four instead of her own carriage; and, escorted by our hero, had made considerable progress on the road to Dover, before the worthy baronet was sufficiently aroused from the heavy slumbers consequent on a civic feast, to be fully sensible of his calamity.

The affair made some noise at the time, and was considered no very unnatural result of the circumstances which co-operated to produce it. Sir Jacob found no public sympathy in his bereavement. He was little pitied in the city, where he was thought to affect the man of fashion; and he was much laughed at in the

fashionable world, where he was considered as a vulgar cit.

To the board and the bottle, therefore, he applied for consolation; and to the law he looked for redress. The long vacation, however, interposed a delay, which gave our hero time to breathe.

After a *séjour* of two months on the Continent, much to the derangement of his finances, and somewhat to the abatement of his passion, D'Arcy, with his frail companion, returned to London. He was by no means disposed to give publicity to his arrival; but a paragraph in one of the newspapers announced that "A lady of rank and fashion, who, about two months since, had taken a trip to Paris, with an Irish adventurer, had, within a few days, returned to the metropolis, preparatory to some procedings, in which the gentlemen of the long robe were to be put in requisition.

As the blunderbuss of law, however, could not be immediately brought to bear on the gallant delinquent, he found himself in the interval invited to a private encounter with a different, and personally, a more dangerous instrument of hostility.

Lady Ledger's brother, a spirited young naval lieutenant, had returned from the American station, just in time to learn, that the author of his sister's dishonour was to be met with in the fashionable clubs of St. James's Street. He repaired immediately to town, and challenged the offender to the field. They met in Hyde Park. D'Arcy received his adversary's first fire uninjured, and discharged his pistol in the air. The young sailor, smarting under a sense of the disgrace his family had sustained, was not rendered more pacific by this proceeding, but insisted that they should proceed. His second shot was better aimed, D'Arcy was wounded in the shoulder; he staggered, but did not fall, and again deliberately discharged his pistol in the air. The young officer exclaimed against this line of conduct, and vehemently desired that another pistol should be given to D'Arcy to return his fire. The latter, however, declared, that no consideration should induce him to level his pistol against the life of a man with whom he had no quarrel; and to whom he was conscious he had given just cause of resentment.

The seconds, therefore, resolved, that under the circumstances, they could not allow the affair to be carried farther; and the parties quitted

the ground, without any other approach to reconciliation or adjustment, than that which resulted from a diminished hostility on the one side, and a consciousness of having shed his blood in atonement for his offence, on the other.

D'Arcy soon recovered the effects of his wound, and had leisure to reflect on his position, which appeared to him sufficiently embarrassing. In his intrigue with Lady Ledger, his vanity was more concerned than his heart, though he was not a man to be insensible to the flattering attentions of a fine woman. The fashionable *éclat* with which the profligacy of the age invested affairs of this nature, as far as the seducer was concerned, had, in a great measure, subsided; and the results alone remained to convince him, that there were inconveniences in the career of a man of gallantry, which turned the scale rather against him.

His finances were by no means adequate to sustain the expensive habits of Lady Ledger; and the ardour of her passion having somewhat cooled, she began to manifest considerable dissatisfaction at the diminished splendour of her situation. The opening of the campaign, also, in Westminster-Hall, approached; report spoke loudly of the legal array which the enemy was

preparing against him; and as the peculiar morality of the *beau monde* had not prevailed so far as to influence the bench or the jury box, our hero looked forward to the result with no very agreeable anticipations.

He soon perceived there was no time to be lost; and his father, in furtherance of his determination to enforce his retreat from London, having, about this period, procured for him a lieutenant's commission in a regiment then under orders for America, he determined to repair immediately to Cork, where his corps was to embark, and thus, by a military trip across the Atlantic, at once gratify his inclination for the profession of arms, and extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was placed by his imprudence.

It must be acknowledged, in justice to D'Arcy, that in adopting the measure which, he conceived, would enable him to escape from the consequences of his misconduct, he was not influenced by a desire to desert the victim of his gallantry. His entanglement with her, indeed, might be considered as one of the least premeditated, and most excusable affairs of this kind, in which he had been engaged. Their acquaintance had commenced by accident, under circumstances which

excited the most favourable impression of his character, and called forth such warmth of acknowledgment, and eagerness of attention on the part of Lady Ledger, as, from so fine and fashionable a woman, could not fail to be highly flattering to any young man.

It is difficult to resist the glow of gratitude lighting up a beautiful countenance, particularly when there is reason to suspect, that it is heightened by a still more touching emotion. The service he had rendered, made him often a solicited, and always a welcome guest. Opportunities, dangerous to all parties, were thrown in his way, without effort or artifice on his side. Not to have taken advantage of them, for the cultivation of an interest in his favour, which he had so undesignedly created, and which, on the part of Lady Ledger, was so pointedly displayed, would have been certainly a noble and generous instance of forbearance; but a forbearance very little to be expected from any young man, of any *civilized* country; and still less, from a young Hibernian of our hero's peculiar taste and temperament.

It may be observed, also, that the manners of fashionable life were by no means calculated to encourage or appreciate such an example of mo-

rality and self-denial. There is, indeed, a very prevalent impression, more general I hope than just, that even with the fair sex themselves, the exercise of the edifying restraint which has been alluded to, would not very materially recommend a suitor to their favour or affection. To have been somewhat *volage*, is said to be rather an advantageous point in the credentials of a lover; and certain it is, that notwithstanding the scriptural celebrity which the character has so long enjoyed, the reputation of a *Joseph* is not precisely that, upon which a suitor would wish to depend for the success of his addresses, even to a sanctimonious prude, or a fair evangelical.

That "a reformed rake makes the best husband," is a mischievous maxim, that has broken many a female heart, and occasioned many a sacrifice of innocence and beauty, to heartless depravity, and premature decrepitude.

The profligate is generally as diseased in body as in mind: his habits of excess are equally pernicious to both. He laughs at morality in men, and distrusts the fidelity of women; for his intercourse with vice has destroyed all his confidence in virtue. His taste is perverted like his passions, and his pleasures are debasing and impure. He has lost all relish for rational hap-

piness, and is as incapable of enjoying the comforts of domestic life, as he is of contributing to them.

But, really, I am beginning to sermonize; which I hold to be *de mauvais ton* in good company; and an author, I conceive, may reasonably consider himself in the best company, who communes with a courteous and intelligent reader. I will not, therefore, indulge in this strain, which possibly might be supposed to reflect on what are very delicately designated, the foibles of fashionable life. I will not, I say, indulge farther in such observations, than just to remark, for the benefit of the fairer portion of our species, that when they countenance those who are known to be the unprincipled violators of morality and domestic peace—when they receive the *roué* and the rake, not only with indulgence, but even with some degree of distinction, they betray the cause of their own sex; they encourage the vices to which they may themselves become victims, and lavish those smiles, on selfishness and sensuality, which ought to be reserved as the reward of manly feeling, faithful affection, and moral worth.

While pursuing the little *party of pleasure* in which our lovers so suddenly engaged, after their flight from Ranelagh Gardens, Lady Ledger had

an opportunity of observing, that money was a commodity in which our hero by no means abounded. Towards the close of the excursion, indeed, a number of those little embarrassments which never fail to attend the progress of travellers, who are not sufficiently provided with this necessary means of locomotion, made it quite manifest to her ladyship, though not particularly skilled in such matters, that the finance department was considerably deranged, and its resources wholly inadequate to carry on the war with which D'Arcy was threatened on her account. She was, therefore, not greatly surprised when the latter communicated to her his determination, to take advantage of the commission which his father had procured for him, and quit the field before the result of the contest, which he knew must inevitably be defeat, should leave him at the mercy of the enemy.

Some considerations had also occurred to her, which diminished, in no small degree, the regret which she might otherwise be supposed to feel at such an announcement. Though little more than two months had elapsed since her elopement, she had ample time to reflect on that important step, and its probable results. Like most persons in her situation, she had acted under the influence

of feelings, which, when encouraged in a wrong direction, soon disturb our sense of propriety, and lead to a desperation of character, that makes us regardless of consequences.

In the over-estimation of what we desire, we undervalue what we possess, and forget how much we enjoy, while we have any thing to endure. Lady Ledger did not love her husband, and she thought herself unhappy, while surrounded with all the luxuries of life. She was of a disposition to be gratified by the advantages of rank and fortune, which she possessed; but she was not aware to what extent they were essential to her pleasure and her pride. She felt, that splendour without love did not ensure her felicity, and it never occurred to her, that love without splendour might be equally inefficacious, particularly when unsanctioned by virtue, and poisoned by self-reproach. A short trial, however, convinced her of her error, and her second mistake proved more fatal than the first.

Though D'Arcy, like most of his countrymen, was not an economist, and like an improvident minister, was apt to be a little out in his calculations, as to the exact proportion to be observed between his income and his expenditure, yet was he somewhat startled to observe the rapid decrease of

his funds during his trip to the French metropolis.

Lady Ledger, as the young wife of a husband very rich and rather elderly, had been indulged in every whim that caprice could suggest, or money gratify. Sir Jacob was ostentatious; he liked to see his lady distinguished, and had some pleasure in an expenditure, however profuse, which excited the envy of her high connections, who had more pride than wealth, and with whom he could cope in no other way. She was, therefore, extravagant in all her habits, and had no idea, that in her new situation with D'Arcy, any limitation of her ordinary disbursements could be at all necessary.

When, therefore, from the absolute necessity of the case, her lover was obliged, not only to remonstrate, but to resist, it appeared to her ladyship to be a cruelty for which she was not prepared, and which she had a right to resent. A disagreement of this sort very frequently renewed, as funds became lower, and follies more embarrassing, could not, it may be supposed, contribute much to the pleasure of an expedition, in which the parties, as passion cooled, began to speculate with some anxiety upon the results.

Lady Ledger openly pined after the pomp and

consideration which she had forfeited. In the thoughtless folly of her heart, she had contemplated no other change, than that of a dull old husband, for a gay young lover; and imagined, that after a little fashionable *éclat*, and some awkward legal formalities, she would become Lady D'Arcy, instead of Lady Ledger.

Her disappointment, therefore, was great, when she found the many changes that followed the transfer of her attachment—when she found that splendour was out of the question—that a thousand gratifications of pride and indulgences of luxury, the importance of which we know only when we are deprived of them, were to be dispensed with; —when she found, that her lover had no other income than that which his father chose to bestow upon a bachelor; and what was the worst of all, when she had reason to suspect that even if the embarrassing preliminaries of damages and divorce were satisfactorily adjusted, she would not find D'Arcy so ready to receive her in the character of his wife, as he had been, in that of his mistress.

These considerations, with many others, all tending to convince her that prudence had been blinded by passion in the step which she had taken, and that her attachment to D'Arcy was not quite strong enough to reconcile her to the

privations which, she now found, must inevitably result from it, made her deeply lament the consequences of her folly, and anxiously desire, as far as possible, to repair them.

When D'Arcy, therefore, unwilling to desert her, offered, if she was disposed to follow his fortunes, to take her with him to America, she did not long hesitate to decline the proposition. A resolve, which it must be confessed, our hero, from a variety of causes, did not take much to heart.

To be sure, the prospect held out to her was not very alluring To share with a subaltern in all the comforts of an American campaign—to bivouac in a swamp—to winter in a wig-wam, or to barrack in a block-house, afforded no agreeable anticipations to a woman of Lady Ledger's habits of indulgence. 'Tis only in the noble and disinterested enthusiam of wedded love, that we find that heroic ardour of devotion, which could support a Lady Harriet Ackland, through the perils and privations attendant upon such scenes; which could inspire, in the fulfilment of a sacred duty, the fortitude necessary to traverse interminable wastes, exposed to all the horrors of war amongst savage hordes.

> "And men more savage still, called civilized,
> In bitter mock'ry of their fiercer barbarism."

The parties being thus mutually disposed to such an arrangement, our hero and his fair associate agreed to part, each professing warm regret at the necessity of the separation, and silently wondering at the infatuation which had led to an entanglement so inconvenient to both. D'Arcy, who was any thing but a constant swain, congratulated himself, that one cause of embarrassment was removed, and that he could now take the field without an incumbrance. He immediately prepared for his departure, and, his military ardour reviving, set off in great spirits to join his regiment.

Although men of gallantry seldom allow themselves to be disturbed, by any consideration of the consequences of their intrigues to those who have been their victims, there is no doubt, that D'Arcy derived considerable satisfaction from the reflection, that before he left London, he saw Lady Ledger placed under the protection of a relative, who, for the honour of the family, afforded her a retreat for the present, until some arrangement could be effected for her re-introduction, if possible, to those circles of fashion in which alone she could "live and move and have her being."

Events, indeed, subequently proved more favourable to both offenders than they deserved, or could have anticipated. For D'Arcy had no sooner

reached his transatlantic destination, than he learned from the public papers, that in consequence of the sudden death of Sir Jacob Ledger, by apoplexy, after a gastronomic indulgence at a civic feast, all forensic proceedings had been suspended, through the interest of Lady Ledger's family, and the widow allowed to claim under her settlement, without question or molestation.

Had D'Arcy been as mercenary as he was immoral in his proceedings, he would certainly have considered his absence from London unlucky at such a moment, as he might have hoped, by marriage, to repair the wrongs of the lady, and secure, in her splendid dowry, an establishment for himself. But he was too thoughtless to be fond of money, and too dissolute to submit to matrimony. He learned, therefore, without regret or mortification, a few months afterwards, that the widow had consoled herself for the loss of her lover, and the death of her husband, in the arms of a profligate peer, who had been for some time a dangler in her train, when D'Arcy superseded him in her good graces.

The noble Philander renewed his attentions at the earliest opportunity, with sanguine hopes of success, but the lady was too cunning to be now caught, except upon the matrimonial hook. He,

therefore, after some struggles, sacrificed his pride to his passion, and my Lady Ledger, under a new designation, re-appeared in the *beau monde*, with the claim and the *éclat* of a coronet, to counteract the discredit of a little *faux pas*, which, as it was not recorded in court, was easily erased from the convenient memories of her fashionable associates, many of whom were personally interested in discouraging a too retentive recollection of such little adventures.

The new made countess regarded her second husband no more than she did her first; but she had learned to value the station in society to which he had restored her, and from prudence, if not from principle, determined not again to forfeit it by any open violation of her matrimonial engagement.

Her new lord and master was rather old for a lover, as he was now for the third time a husband. When young, he was tall, handsome, and prepossessing; and, as he was equally devoid of honour, principle, and feeling, he used his endowments for the basest purposes of profligacy and seduction.

His first wife was beautiful and amiable; he could not corrupt her mind by his licentiousness, but he broke her heart by his brutality. His second wife was richer than the first; as beautiful,

and as innocent, but her principles were not strong enough to withstand the influence of his contamination, and she fell a pitiable victim to one of her husband's associates, whose artifices he was suspected to have connived at, if not encouraged.

Never was there a man who looked more, or acted less like a nobleman. His appearance almost justified the pre-eminence of station, which society conceded to him, and nature seemed to have moulded him for superiority and sway.

His manners were as elegant as his morals were dissolute, and his habits degraded. He was at once an epicure and a glutton in sensuality—voracious and fastidious—living only to pamper all his appetites and study new resources of luxury.

According to his philosophy, there was no sense but in pleasure, and no pleasure but in sense. Religion and morality he considered as idle prejudices, calculated only to impose on the vulgar, for the advantage of the great. He laughed at all restraints which could not be enforced by law, and disregarded all laws which he could safely violate or evade. Enjoyment was the proper business of a nobleman, and profligacy a privilege of his rank.

Whatever advantage Lady Ledger derived from the title and station of her lord, her principles

and conduct were not likely to benefit by his influence or example. Had she fallen into good hands, she might have retrieved her character, as well as recovered her rank, for her pride was stronger then her other passions, and she had felt the consequences of her imprudence.

But with Lord Silverstone, she had neither encouragement nor credit for reform. As he had married her without esteem, she soon found that he treated her without respect; and though she did not regard his affection, she was provoked by his contempt. But she had lost the protection of innocence; and when she would repel the insults of his grossness, and preserve in some degree the dignity of her sex, he bitterly taunted her with her debasement, and ridiculed her pretensions to virtue.

Thus, all the barriers of delicacy broken down—outraged in every feeling and exposed to every temptation—she ran the career of dissipation, without regret or remorse. They soon, however, came to an understanding; for they saw how effectually they could molest each other. With a licentious policy and reciprocal disregard, but too common in what is called high life, they formed a convenient compact, by which both parties were to pursue, unquestioned, their peculiar pleasures;

and even to play into each other's hands, when necessary to their designs.

They were, therefore, strangers at home, unless when, in furtherance of their views, it was expedient to act in concert. They met abroad, at fashionable routs and faro-tables, masking their mutual contempt with civil indifference.

Lady Silverstone became a dasher of the first order, a leader of *ton*, and a lady patroness of all public assemblies. Like many others of her sex in the *beau monde*, who have contrived not to lose their caste with their character, she was received everywhere though respected nowhere. She established, for the amusement of her friends, a faro-table, then a fashionable resource in high life; displayed her decorum in masquerades, and her delicacy in private theatricals; and converted her saloons into concert-rooms, for the benefit of fidlers and opera singers. With just circumspection sufficient to keep clear of personal degradation, or public exposure, in the general relaxation of manners which prevailed, she was celebrated as a kind of priestess of dissipation, and her shrine was the resort of all who made pleasure their occupation, and morality their sport.

But her career was short, and its termination

tragical. To an individual, at that time but too conspicuous in love and war, she had attached herself, through all her follies, with an ardour of devotion of which her nature seemed hardly capable. His homage touched her heart, and gratified her vanity. She flattered herself their sentiments were reciprocal, and her confidence was as unbounded and unguarded as her love.

Accident discovered to her her delusion, and afforded a mortifying proof, that while she had fancied herself the idol, she was only the dupe of her paramour. With the bitterest feelings of disappointment, she found herself sacrificed to one from whose superior sway in society she had received the severest lessons of humiliation.

Betrayed to her most formidable rival in fashion, in folly, and in fame, with her lover she was violent and reproachful; but he was cool, contemptuous, and unmoved. In the exasperation of her pride, her prudence entirely deserted her. On a public occasion, at Almack's, she was so unguarded, as to make an open manifestation of her jealousy, and was encountered by the studied slight, and insolent triumph, of the parties by whom her feelings had been so cruelly excited. This was

too much to bear; frantic with rage and despair, she rushed from the scene of her mortification—reached her home before the paroxysm had subsided, and found the wretch's remedy in poison.

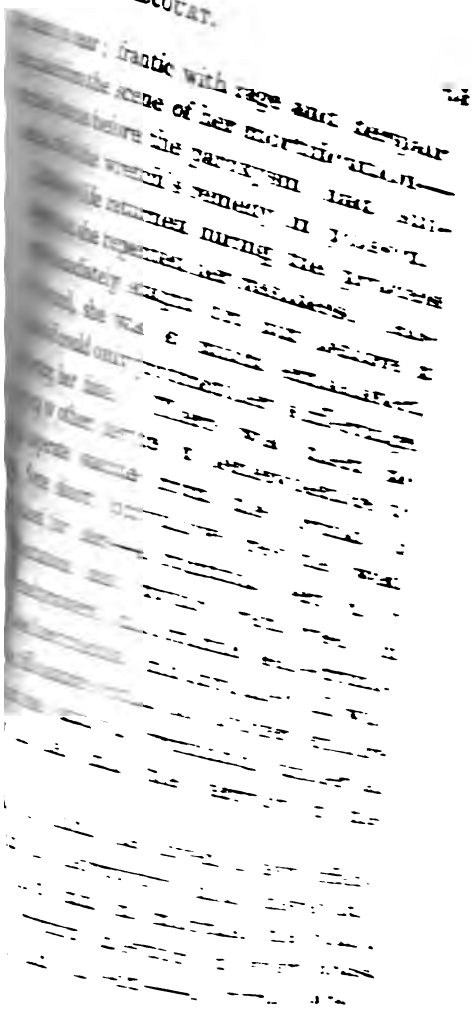
But the love of life returned during the process of dissolution, and she repented her rashness. Assistance was immediately sought for, but before it could be procured, she was so much exhausted, that medical skill could only protract her sufferings, without averting her fate. There was then no stomach-pump or other device of benevolence to snatch the desperate suicide from the brink of the grave. Some short convulsive respite was, however, obtained for her—a frightful period of clamorous lamentation and raving remorse, in which, half-formed prayers, and frantic self-crimination confounded her friends, and appalled all who approached her, till nature could no longer endure the conflict, and she expired writhing under all the tortures of this life, and the terrors of the next.

As to her noble husband, he lived a few offensive years, plunged in depravity and disrepute; corrupt alike in politics and in morals, the pliant tool of power, the prompt abettor of every abuse —at once insolent and abject—a tyrant and a

slave, till age and intemperance rendering him innoxious in his imbecility, though

"Willing to wickedness without the power,"

he expired at last, a withered, worn out debauchee, the last and meanest of his proud, prodigal, and profligate race.



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sent moment, there were also certain other considerations which rendered his departure expedient, while the means of retreat were open to him. It has been already hinted, that our hero was not an able financier. His highest pretensions, indeed, to that character, would not justify us in saying more, than that he very well understood half his business. In the department of expenditure, for instance, he was quite *au fait*, but perfectly incompetent to manage the supplies; and as to the art of regulating the one by the other, it was an arithmetical accomplishment so unsuited to his genius, that he never could make any progress towards its attainment.

It may be supposed, therefore, that his ways and means were frequently at variance, and that in carrying on the war so long, in so expensive a field of operations, he was occasionally obliged to skirmish a little with those common disturbers of the pleasures of life, called creditors; a species of marauders who prowl particularly round the precincts of fashion, and prey upon the improvidence of fools.

To stop the importunities of some of this troublesome class, who are never satisfied till they get you into their books, or till they get you out of them, he was obliged, in the failure of

current coin, to have recourse to an expedient which is always dangerous to the credit of an individual, as well as to the currency of a state—an issue of paper.

The period of convertibility into cash, on demand, was approaching fast; and as the difficulty of meeting the run upon his bank, by his recent expensive trip to the Continent, had increased to an impossibility, his only alternative was escape or incarceration; that is to say, in the vulgar, he must "cut and run."

D'Arcy was by no means so unprincipled in money matters, as in many other matters of still more consequence. He was not one of those who find particular enjoyment in pursuing their pleasures at other peoples' expense, and who act as if the non-payment of their debts gave a relish to their extravagance.

'Tis true, he rarely thought of his obligations of this sort, unless he was reminded of them; but that was because his pleasures and his companions drove his creditors and his payments out of his head. If he had money, he would pay it away, even with pleasure, when called upon; and when his resources failed him, he made use of no shifts or evasions—gave no promises to-day to be broken to-morrow—adopted no artifice of

declining credit, or subterfuge of insolvency—and was never known to be denied to a tailor, however long his bill.

The openness and candour of his conduct in this respect, procured him much indulgence, and made him such a favourite with his trades-people, that he reflected, with a very unfashionable sentiment of regret, on the unavoidable breach of his engagements with them; but there was no remedy, and his conscience was easily reconciled to his intentions.

D'Arcy's military spirit had revived with the opportunity of indulging it. The soldier, certainly, had slumbered for a while in the voluptuary; but he was now awake to the call of arms, and ambitious of distinction in the field. He was pleased, likewise, with the idea of going to America, and like most young British officers, at that period, thought of nothing but the laurels which they were to obtain there, in an easy triumph over semi-savages in smock-frocks, with rusty fowling-pieces for fire-locks, forests for strong holds, and farmers for field-marshals.

The American war was considered, by our political sportsmen, as a kind of national *battue* amongst our colonial preserves, where game abounded, and every good shot might expect to

bring down a trophy of his skill. D'Arcy partook of the general impression, and was prepared to join in the transatlantic military amusements then going forward, with pretty much the same feelings as he would make one of a grouse shooting party on the moors.

With eagerness, therefore, he entered upon his journey, and arrived in Cork a few days previous to the embarkation of his regiment; by which means, he had an opportunity of cracking a few bottles with the hospitable and fun-loving inhabitants of that city of slaughter-houses.

At Cork, too, he unexpectedly, and oddly enough, discovered an old acquaintance, in a young soldier of his company, who had been enlisted about a month before the regiment arrived there.

During the embarkation of the corps at Cove, availing himself of the relaxation of discipline which usually takes place on such occasions, the young Hibernian had indulged a little too freely in his parting potations with his friends. His meandering line of march, and some other little irregularities indicative of his exhilarated state, had attracted the notice of an English sergeant, who rebuked the offender severely, and called him "a drunken Irish lubber."

Now, to have been called simply a drunkard, or a lubber, would not, probably, have much moved his wrath; but to have his country coupled with his indiscretion thus tauntingly, threw Pat wholly off his guard, and he insisted on taking off his coat to fight the sergeant who had thus insulted him. The latter was about to resort to harsh measures, when the officer, who was superintending the embarkation of the party, interfered to prevent them, and good-humouredly addressing the offender, told him not to make a fool of himself, but to go quietly on board, and sleep off the fumes of the whiskey that had got into his head.

An Irishman must be very much intoxicated, indeed, not to be sensible to kindness from his superiors; the young soldier was calmed instantly, and rejoined, with a grateful expression of respect,—"Long life to your honour, and sure that's what I 'll do, for it's good advice that you gi' me, and your honour spakes like a gintleman;" adding, with a rather indecorous familiarity, "so let us shake hands and be frinds," offering his hand at the same time to the officer, who smiled, but did not think it necessary to take the proffered pledge of amity.

"So then, you won't tip us the daddle, captain,

won't you?" said the mortified Hibernian; "by my *sowl* then it's a clane hand," extending it, "and I'd have you to know, an honest hand, for never did this fist shut on an ill got hog,* till that wheedlin' divil of a drill-sergeant, (bad luck to his ugly mug for that same), crossed it with the king's pictur."

This parenthetical allusion to the harsh and ill-favoured aspect of the portly specimen of non-commissioned consequence before them, excited a burst of laughter from the men, in which even their officer found it impossible not to join. The presence of his superior could hardly restrain the enraged sergeant from the immediate gratification of his vengeance; he furiously muttered something of which all that could be heard, was a repetition of "d—n my eyes and limbs!" and some indistinct denunciations, that he would make the rascally Irisher smart for his impertinence.

Pat now coolly took his seat on the stock of an old anchor, which lay on the quay before him, and swore by his Maker, he'd "have a sedan" to take him on board before he'd "budge an inch," till the officer condescended to shake hands with

* An Irish name for a shilling.

him, "just to show that he din'nt keep spite."

At this point of the dispute D'Arcy happened to approach, and perceiving at once the awkward contention with authority in which his countryman was about to involve himself, he good-naturedly addressed him, saying :—

"Come, my honest fellow, I'll shake hands with you, and then you will go and do your duty like a good soldier."

The young man who, from his position, had not before observed D'Arcy, turned round quickly on hearing his voice—looked at him for a moment with a wild stare of astonishment—then starting up suddenly, and clasping his hands, he exclaimed, with the utmost vehemence of agitation :—

"Holy St. Patrick! am I awake! sure 'tis he! 'tis he himself, standin' afore me in ra'al flesh an' blood, this very blessed minit."

He had hardly finished the words, when springing forward, he threw his arms round D'Arcy's neck, before the latter could be aware of his intention, blubbering like a child, and ejaculating,—

"O! Master Maurice, Master Maurice, jewel! is it then your own sweet self that's come to comfort poor Billy Conolly!"

Our hero's surprise and embarrassment, at so peculiar a greeting before so many spectators, all well disposed to be amused by it, may easily be imagined; but his feelings were not a little interested, when, in the person of his warm-hearted assailant, he recognised his old companion and foster-brother, the playmate of his infancy, and faithful partaker of all his boyish pranks.

As soon as he had succeeded in disengaging himself from the close endearments of the poor fellow, he cordially expressed his pleasure in meeting him again as a brother soldier, when the latter, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and looking at D'Arcy's uniform, exclaimed,—

"Oh! blood an ouns! that's thrue! Christ save us, and bless us, and are you too, darlin'! nabbed like me, by these cursed kidnappers, to lave the green sod of ould Ireland,—transported like, as a body may say, the Lord knows where, to wander among wild maraudin' divils, and black negers, at the back of God speed. Warrustroo! warrustroo! Master Maurice, dear! and is this the upshot of it after all! when we thought you were goin' to be a great parliament man, and ride rough-shod over the land; but what betther could come of it, whin the master turned tail on the ould

faith, and hunted down the boys of the barony like any cruel Cromwellian."

D'Arcy, who was not at all pleased with the last allusion of the loquacious Conolly, now interrupted the train of his lamentation, by signifying to him, that if he regarded his friendship, he must immediately obey orders, and go on board the boat with him.

"Faith, then," replied Pat, who seemed to be greatly sobered by the interview with his young master, "Faith, then, that's what I'll be doin' fast enough, never fear me honey; it's little matther where the likes o' me lies down, or gets up—has his bit or his sup, for there's nobody cares, and myself less than any; but sure you're the saplin' of an ould stock, an many's the lafe will shake in the wind, when your branch falls. For you to be sint this way, to outlandish parts, and, may be, lave your four blessed bones among strangers, is a horse of another colour, and quite entirely a sin, and a shame, for all consarned in it."

D'Arcy now assured him, that his going with the regiment to America, was his own choice, and that he was glad to find his old playfellow in the same corps.

"By the powers! then," cried Conolly, whirl-

ing his cap, "I'm the boy that 'll folly you all the world over, thro' fire and thro' wather—by night or by day; an' why woud'nt I? Sure we're all as one as two twins, barrin' the differ of father and mother—kith an kin of cabin and cradle—taking our twist from the same bottle, and the same sweet hush-a-by baby, the song that put us to sleep."

Then, as if some melancholy recollection came over him, he continued, dashing a tear from his eye as he spoke:

"Sorrow's on the day I quit her in her ould age, that never quit me in toil or moil, in weal or woe, an luck nor grace can never come to Billy Conolly for that same. Sure the drop was deep in me, an' the wit shallow; I must have sucked the monkey, till I could'nt tell a pig from a paycock, or ould nick himself tempted me in the shape of that ugly divil of a drill-sergeant, afore even Biddy Farrell herself cou'd have driv' me to that. But it's all over with me now, and so here goes, any how."

At the word, taking a sort of running jump, he sprang into the longboat that was now nearly filled with his comrades, and was rapidly rowed on board the Greyhound that lay at some distance.

D'Arcy derived no small satisfaction from this

unexpected meeting with the faithful associate of his early pranks. Our hero was himself a stranger in the regiment, and although his social and attractive manners would soon set him at his ease in that respect, yet the opportunity of even such limited intercourse with Conolly as their respective stations allowed, had the effect of relieving him, in some degree, from a sense of loneliness which, in his present circumstances, even his vivacity could not wholly repress.

From early association, he considered Conolly as somewhat like an old friend; and as they were luckily attached to the same company, D'Arcy got permission to employ him on board as his military servant. Conolly was delighted with the arrangement, which was not the less agreeable to him for removing him, to a certain extent, from the superintendence of "that ugly divil of a drill-serjeant," who took every opportunity to be revenged on him, for the unlucky libel he uttered on his physiognomy.

On board ship, D'Arcy soon learned from his loquacious attendant, a little history of the events which led him "to desert the sod and dandle a musket." He had resided for some time with his mother, D'Arcy's nurse, who had a small stipend from the family, in a small cabin on the lands

of Sir Patrick D'Arcy. He had a cow, a pig, and a potatoe ridge; an establishment, in the estimation of an Irish peasant, quite sufficient to warrant his contributing, in a legal way, to the phenomena of Irish population; but the story will be best told in Conolly's own words:—

"So then, your honour, having every thing nate and comfortable, my little cow, and my pig, and my poultry, an the ould mother quite agreeable, I thought I might begin to think of sittlin' in the world. So I casts about, and fixes my eye on a clane handy little girl, one Biddy Farrell, a neighbour's child. Sure your honour remimbers Paddy Farrell, down at the grange, who used to catch hedgehogs for you, and help us to hunt the otters, along the mill-stream in the wood!"

D'Arcy, having answered the appeal to his recollection by an assenting nod, the narrator continued:—

"I had often cast a sheep's eye on Biddy afore, and thought to myself, 'that's the little Colleen for my money;' and Biddy herself now and then gave me a sly glance, and would shake back her nice brown locks, and tie her cap more smart, when I used to overtake her on a Sunday, comin' from chapel; and it was always 'God

save you Biddy,' and 'God save you kindly, Billy Conolly,' lechune us.

"So, upon the strenth of it, I makes up to Biddy in ra'al earnest, and sure enough, all went smack smooth with me, and I was scrapin' up the little pinny for the ring an' the priest, when a big rogue of a slieveen, the ould miller's man, who thought to knock a leg under me with Biddy, and was mad entirely, becase she tould his ugly slut of a sister, she valued my little finger more nor his whole carcass—well, what does the invious spalpeen do, but goes to inform again' me as a Whiteboy, and for what, your honour? ony just becase I happened to go out one fine night with the boys, to lind a hand with a coat of paint, for the mangy hide of the hearth-money man, who tuck the lit of a bed from under ould Catty Doyle, the poor lone widow woman in the village.

"So, there was I shut up till Sizes time, for three long months, with a parcel of thievin' rogues and vagabones, widout any sinse of dacency to God or man; and, after that, condimned to six months more of the same good company. And sure if it wasn't for your honour, they'd have sint me on my thravels with a ring round my leg, but the ould bar'net said, you'd be mad at it, becase I was your playfellow.

"Now all this, as a body might suppose, got the betther of me entirely. At first I thried to keep myself to myself, and wou'd not mix at all, or make with the wicked imps that used to be a tazin' and plaguin' o' me, and roarin', and ratlin', and makin' their fun with death in their eye, and the divil at the door; but they left me no pace, and I was so down-hearted, thinkin' of Biddy, and the poor ould cratur of a mother, all alone with the pig, and the chickens, and nobody to spancel the cow, or dig up a dish of praties for her, that sure enough, God forgi'm me! I tuck to the whiskey just for comfort, now and then, whin the dhrop would be goin' round with the rake-helly divils about me.

"Now this, and more, was somehow all brought to Biddy, who cou'dn't abide a boy to be disguised or tossicated at all, at all, so that whin I came at last to get out of pound, she'd hardly spake, and looked quite crooked at me.

"The ould woman, too, was on her back in the faver, the cow driv for the rint, and the pig that used to be so plump and lively, about the cabin, quite lank, and lane-like. Oh! I was like one crazy. Howsomever, I stirred my stumps a bit, and made after the brownie just in time afore the cant, to replevy her out of the grip of the agint.

And the poor body of a mother, soon got on her legs again too, sitting quite azy, on her boss in the chimbly corner; and as nobody cou'd say black was the white o' my eye, havin' never done an ill turn to man or mortal, barrin' the bit of a frake wi' the vagabone hearth-moneyman, which you know was nuts to the neighbours, I thought I'd clinch the business with Biddy; and as I promised to take my book oath again the native, for a twelmonth and a day, I soon brought her to razin again.

"But as ill luck would have it, when all was plain sailin', and she had consinted to go with me to Father Cassidy the very next week, to be tied with the band that neither wears, nor breaks in this world, what should bewitch me but I must go to the fair with a frind, an' there I was timpted just to wet the whistle for the dust in my throat; whin, some how or other, so much of the native slipped down unknown'st to me, that I got quite lovin'; and as I done nothin' for the honour of the darlin' that day, I spit in my fist, and twirlin' the saplin' I says, 'Who dare say pase to purty Biddy Farrell?' But divil a one budged, for the boys all knew I was an ugly customer, with the dhrop in my eye, and the bit of shilelah in my hand; so, as no-

body said nothin', I ups and gives a tap of the switch to a curly-poll spalpeen in the tint, who looked as if he'd like to be saucy."

"For shame! Conolly," cried D'Arcy, now interposing, "I had no idea you were so quarrelsome."

"Is it me, your honour?" exclaimed Conolly, "me quarrelsome! the divil a bit; I was never contrary or contancrous in my whole life; and by my sowl, nobody should say the word to me but your honour, for sure I was always for pace and quiet, unless whin Biddy was consarned, or my own faction called me to defind 'em."

"Well" said D'Arcy, "how did your adventure at the fair end?"

"Faith! then, your honour, that's the thing I can't very well tell; but, as I was sayin', the little hint I give the boy that looked crooked at me, ruffled his timper a bit; and so we went to it kindly, an' my frind an' myself bein' rather handy with the tools, we kicked up a rumpus that tuck in the whole fair.

"What might be the upshot of the skrimmage, after myself was put to sleep, I won't purtind to tell your honour, becase I never knew the rights of it exactly; but when I wakened out of the soundest snooze that ever set murphy to music,

with nothin' but plasin' drames of fightin' an' faistin' an' shouts an' shilelah's, why, I found myself mighty queer and comicle; an' openin' my eyes that seemed glued in my head, just to peep about a little,—what shou'd I see, but myself stretched out on a poor wad of straw bechune four naked walls, while every bone in my skin began akin' and painin' like mad, whenever I attimpted to stir hand or foot."

"What! I suppose they had put you in prison for your pranks at the fair?" observed D'Arcy.

"Deed then, that you may say," continued Conolly; "but I couldn't make it out at all, an' began to think my drame was changed for the worse; but I was soon made sinsible of it, for a black lookin' codger, with a big kay in his fist, an' a bit of a basket on his arm, comes into the place and says, 'Well!' 'Well sir,' says I, 'what's the matther, an who 's so kind as to gi' me this good lodgin'?' 'I'm glad you like it,' says he, with a grin. 'By my sowl! sir,' says I, 'I don't like it at all, an' the sooner we lave it the betther, for I'm very ill convanient in it,' 'O you are,' says he; 'I am,' says I; 'and the divil's cure to you,' says he, 'you popish varmint, I wish I had my will of you, an' I'd tache you to break a Protestant head that way again.'

"Then setting down on the flure aside o' me, a platter of cold praties, with spring water sauce,—'There, lap your allowance like a dog, as you are,' says he, 'an' give no more tongue or I'll soon larn you to bark at you betthers.'

"Now this was all mighty uncivil, but I was on the wrong side of the door, and on the broad o' my back, so think's I to myself, 'Patience Billy Conolly,' an' sure enough, it was'nt long before I got bravely again, an' could hardly keep my two hands off the ill lookin' thief that was always aggravatin' me with his clack.

"But by an' by who should come to let me out of my cage but the bar'net's man; and here your honour did me good service again unknown'st to yourself, for he tould me I might thank my stars that I was rocked in the same cradle with your honour, or they would have sint me clane out of the country."

"Well, Conolly," observed D'Arcy, "I am glad to have been of any service to you; but how did you contrive to spoil all again, and come to dandle a musket, as you express it?"

"Why, not to be troublin' your honour with a long story," rejoined Conolly, "you must know, that the frake at the fair settled my hash with Biddy entirely, an' she wouldn't spake or even

look at the same side o' the way with me; and, indeed, small blame to her for it, while I carried the marks and tokens of my folly, with a phiz just enough to frighten a horse, all bedivilled with bumps and bruises.

"The ould father, too, warned me off his primises, and tould me to my face, he'd sooner folly his child to her grave than give her to sich a scapegrace; but what vexed me more nor all, Biddy herself sent me a message that she wouldn't demane herself any more in my company, and that father Cassidy tould her to have no call to me, for I was nothin' better than a reprobate entirely. God forgive his reverence for the hard word!

"Now, then, I saw I was out for the rob with every body, savin' and exceptin' the ould mother, who always had a kind word for me, and said, 'She only blempt those that first driv her poor boy to take up with bad people'. And well I quit (requited) her for it," added he, with great vehemence, clenching his fist, and striking his forehead, "unnatural baste that I am! Ochone! Ochone! but to think of it! your honour. Often and often, would the dear ould soul, when I'd be down low as ditch wather, sittin' a frettin', and fumin', and broodin' black thoughts, may be,

whither I'd betther let them be fishin' for me some fine mornin' at the bottom of the mill pond. Often, with the big tear a trimblin' in her eye, and the kind heart of her meltin' and burstin', plain enough to be seen in the poor body, often would she say to me, 'Well! never mind, Billy Conolly! hold up darlin!' and don't take on so. To be sure you've been out o' luck for sartin, but it's a long lane that has no turnin', and tho' I can't say but you've run the wrong side of the post a bit, yet my poor boy's not lost entirely, like them guzzlin' craturs that sit swiggin' and smokin' the whole livelong day, willin' to dhrink the river dhry, and soak up the say itself, if it's salt wather was whiskey'.

"My heavy curse light on it for whiskey," exclaimed the poor fellow earnestly, interrupting his story; "and the curse of Crum'ell on him who first put it to the lips of Billy Conolly; for sure it's a scorchin' fire that burns up the brains of the world, and hardens the hearts of them that makes or meddles with it.

"And this is the way she'd be talkin' to me, your honour, in my throuble, without onst throwin' it in my teeth, or sayin', 'Ill you've done Billy Conolly'. And one day, thinkin' I had a drop, becase I was a little contrary with her, she said, takin' a hoult of my burnin' hand, and lookin'

in my face for all the world, as if the ould heart of her was spakin' in her poor eyes, she said:—

"'Oh lave it off, darlin' honey, lave it off for the sake of the ould mother that won't be with you long, and has never a want nor wish in this world, but jist to see you azy in it, afore she's cradled in the could earth.'—Oh! I thought I'd dhrop with shame of my ill doin's, and there was such a choakin' in my throat, that I felt as if I'd never spake again, till the batin' head of me fell weepin' and sobbin' on her shoulder. 'Oh Billy, dear,' says she, 'don't kill me quite, for a salt tear from you is the only blister that rises now on my withered heart! but promise, honey, you won't again go nigh that weary Sheebeen,* where the thief of the world that keeps it, first tuck in my child to cocher (associate) with them that done him no good. Cheer up like a man, an' take to the spade again kindly, an' look after your own little place as you used to do, and we may be azy and happy again; an Biddy herself maybe 'ill come round to your side when she finds you takin' up entirely, an' attendin' to the main chance once more. Besides,' says she, 'when my *child* comes home again,' (for she always made bould to call your honour so), 'he'll take your part I'm

* The village ale-house.

sartin, an you'll always have a good friend with the bar'net any how.'

"And sure enough, your honour, I was beginnin' to be a little azy, and was jist tryin' to turn a hand to one little job or another, to make all squares with the rint for the landlord, and the juty fowl for the mistress, when jist comin' out of the cabin door one day, with the pig in my hand, ladin' him to the praty skins in the trough, who should be passin' quite close forenent me, as fine as a horse, with that curse o' God scaldcrow, the vagabone Miller's man that was the cause of all my throubles, sniggerin' an' smirkin' a one side of her, and she noddin' an' smilin' an' lookin' as plased as punch,—who should it be, as sure as a gun, but Biddy Farrel her own self!

"Oh sure a flash of lightning ran thro' me that minit, bones an' marra an' all. The first thing I thought of was, to rush on the false neger, that was thremblin' in his skin, (for he was sadly afeard o' me), an lay him sprawlin' on the earth afore her; but I was so struck all of a heap, that I was as wake as wather, an' fixed like to the spot. I cou'dn't spake for the chokin' in my throat, tho' I was burstin'; the could dhrops stood on my forehead, an' I cou'd only clasp my

attend me for it, and divil mend me if it does, for I desarve it well. But sure, even Biddy's false-heartedness wou'd never have driv' me to sich a cruel turn, but that I well knew the family wou'd never let hurt or harm come to her poor old bones."

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bar'net any how.'

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—Oh Biddy, Biddy, do I hear

says she, 'Billy Connolly,

fault;' and she turned

of her head, though I

quiverin' as she said it.

again' the jam of the door,

and got my strength enough

—but I cou'dn't say any more

drop of wather to moisten

in my mouth. 'Christ

says she, 'what's the matther

like the pictur' of death.'

all over with Billy Conolly,

any longer for me'.

says she; "'tis only

you a bit, and you'll be

her what happened, and she

it was with me: but

and quiet to what

inside

in my

or care

world.

the way to the

sheebeen-house again, where I thought I could never squinch the thirst that was a-burnin' me an' as the divil would have it, beggin' your honour's pardon, the rigiment marched into the town that very day, and so, I resolved to go for a soger an' be revenged of both my foes and my masther. An' here I am, your honour, a lone boy entirely far away from the sweet pleasant valleys of the early days, an' who never thought to have his heart warmed again with the glance of a kind eye till he had the good luck to meet with his young masther among the Philistines like himself."

The poor fellow wiped his eye with the skirt of his jacket as he finished his story, and muttered audibly while he turned away to hide the feelings it revived in him.

D'Arcy had listened with some interest and much patience, to the roundabout narrative of his humble friend; but warmly reproved him for allowing himself, in a fit of despondency to desert his mother, whose kindness he acknowledged, and for whom our hero himself had that sort of feeling which usually influences an Irishman towards the nurse of his infancy.

"Oh! it was bad, wicked bad, your honour, an I never had a day's pace since; an' I look wid

tion had co-operated with the weedlings of the "ugly divil of a drill sergeant," to induce him to "go for a sodger," the mind of the unlucky Billy Conolly seemed to be wholly thrown off its balance; he appeared to be equally incapable of duty, and insensible of reproof, alternately sunk in the most reckless apathy, or roused to the most riotous excitement,—fluctuating between despondency and desperation; every change still tending to the same result—a disposition to destroy himself, or as he expressed it, "to quit this ugly world, where he could have no pace, and the divil was always too 'cute for him."

The Irish, however, are little addicted to suicide; and the strong religious feeling which pervades the Catholic part of the population, renders them even less prone to it than any other class of the community. There is a certain buoyancy of spirit, an elasticity of mind in the genuine Hibernian, which enables him (Antæus like) to rise refreshed from every fall; and rarely suffers him to sink into that state of utter hopelessness, from which self-destruction seems to be the only refuge. Conolly, therefore, though ready and often resolved to rush out of existence, still clung to the world, to which a free use of the native tended very considerably to reconcile him; for a man is never so little disposed to die,

as when his intemperance has brought him to a state in which he appears hardly fit to live.

The unexpected meeting with D'Arcy, whom he regarded with the affection, and considered almost in the relation of a brother, had a considerable effect in soothing the wounded spirit of poor Conolly; and made him, for a time, almost forget Biddy Farrell, and the "cursed scaldcrow of a miller's man." The narration, however, of his little story to his master, seemed to have revived all the associations with which it was connected: his despondency returned, and he eagerly availed himself of every opportunity to resort to the usual remedy.

The "native," indeed, was not within his reach; but he soon became reconciled to the substitutes which the ship's stores afforded; and between his own allowance, and such subsidiary potations as he could procure from the purser's department, or purchase from the more prudent and abstemious of his comrades, he too often succeeded in obtaining such relief from his cares as intoxication could supply.

In vain did D'Arcy remonstrate with him on his intemperance, and interfere to ward off from him the punishments to which, as a military man, it exposed him. He was always ready to

acknowledge the justice, as well as the kindness of his master's reproof, and made the fairest promises of amendment; but the distress of his mind when sober was insupportable to him, and he must either drink or die.

His feelings too were irritated, and his love of his country outraged by the dull jests and illiberal jeers of his companions. As long as their taunts referred only to himself personally, he treated them with an unruffled indifference, and often retorted them with a humorous severity, which left his assailants little to boast of; but when they ventured to attack his country, his indignation was generally aroused to a species of rejoinder,

> "Which brought the wordy contest to a close,
> And reinforced the argument by blows."

The power and promptitude, indeed, with which he repelled that most offensive combination of arrogance and imbecility which usually constitutes the jocular nationalities of the lower orders of Englishmen, frequently placed him in predicaments similar to that from which D'Arcy first extricated him; and occasioned his being often, with malicious exaggeration, reported to his officers, as riotous and disorderly.

D'Arcy, mortified and exasperated at the frequent complaints against him, resolved to interpose no longer in his favour; and, with the strongest expressions of displeasure, discarded him from his service.

This was a severe blow to poor Conolly, who never could persuade himself that the peculiar relation which subsisted between "Master Maurice" and himself, was to be seriously affected by the little irregularities to which he was willing to plead guilty. His situation as D'Arcy's servant, had exempted him from many irksome duties and observances on board ship, which attached to his comrades; but this shield was now removed, and he found himself exposed again without redress, or even commiseration to the galling tyranny of "the ugly divil of a drill-sergeant," who seemed to renew all his petty persecutions, with increased rancour against him.

Thus situated, and unable, from the regulation of short allowance, which the unusual length of the voyage rendered necessary, to obtain, in any exhilarating quantity, the only cordial which could revive him, the spirits of poor Conolly sunk to the lowest ebb of depression; when a circumstance occurred which proved to him that his cup of bitterness was not yet quite full.

A bottle of rum had been, by some improper means, abstracted from the mess-room of the officers; and as the exhausted state of the stores, gave a tenfold value to that article, a close investigation was resolved on, to discover, if possible, the thief. Now it is very well known, that among the truly pious and moral people of Great Britain, whenever an offence is committed in any community, abroad or at home—by sea or by land—if an unlucky Irishman should happen to be within reach, he is sure to be marked out as the culprit.

According, therefore, to the usual compliment paid to the morality of his country, poor Billy Conolly immediately became the object of general suspicion, as the offender in this instance. One of his comrades had even the temerity to point him out as such before his face, in that peculiarly urbane dialect, for which the lower orders of the English people are celebrated above every other civilized race.

"I say, Jim! d—n my eyes! if I don't think that 'ere Irishman bean't at the bottom of this 'ere bottle."

To this, the person addressed, replied, first expelling, or rather projecting a little Carolina juice from between his teeth:—

"Like enough, Jack; I always knowed he was a *rum* 'un!"

Conolly, like most of his countrymen, was ever alive to any thing that had the appearance of a joke; and as he was near enough to catch the punning allusions, which the observations of the two speakers, though quite unconsciously on their parts, contained, he approached them, saying good-humouredly:—

"Why then, that's not bad, o' both sides, if you meant it, lads! But in troth, you look so innocent, I won't accuse you of it. Hang an Englishman for a joke, and by my sowl! he may fairly cry murther!"

"Come, Pat," said the first speaker, "none of your gammon! I'll be d—d," turning to those around, "but he has jaw enough for the parson of the parish."

"Aye!" replied the speaker addressed as Jim, "and tricks enough for the attorney."

"Oh, the rum bottle for that," rejoined the first; "he's had a rare swig of the stingo, I warrant him!"

Conolly now began to perceive, that the malice of his assailants was a little sharper than their wit; and with a peculiar expression of the

eye, and a kind of bracing up of the whole man, as if some very decisive movement hung upon the result, he coolly observed: "I'll thank you, frind, just to say that again; for may be I didn't hear you right."

"I'll see you d—d first," was the facetious reply: while comrade Jim added, with a nod and a wink of evident satisfaction in the smartness of the retort:—

"Why! who the plague is to find ears for you to hear what you don't like? 'Twa'r plain English, war'nt it?"

"Rot them!" now rejoined the first orator, "those wild Irish be's never taught no larning; and so they never understands nobody, and nobody never understands them."

Conolly now thought it his turn; and preserving the same coolness, he said:—

"By my sowl! I b'lieve its high time for me to take part in the conversation; and so, if you plaze, I'll just put in a word and a blow for company." On the instant, laying his *learned* assailant sprawling upon the deck, to the manifest discomfiture of his nose, and the discolouration of his whole physiognomy; observing, at the same time:—

"I hope you understand *that*, my frind!

For when we don't like what's said, that's the way the wild Irish carry on the discourse."

The Englishman, though a little stunned by the fall, was soon on his legs again, advancing with the usual courage and pugilistic science of his class, to a regular set-to, when an officer who had observed the whole transaction from the quarter-deck, without hearing the words that had passed, interfered to prevent farther contest, and ordered Conolly into custody, to answer for the formidable blow which he had dealt to his opponent.

The former, however, would have been immediately liberated, when the provocation he had received was ascertained, if the "ugly divil of a drill-sergeant" had not crossed him again like his evil genius, declaring, that he believed the suspicion expressed of Conolly to be well grounded, and suggesting, that his berth should be immediately searched, in presence of the prisoner.

Conolly received the proposition with all the dignity of outraged innocence; and while he cast a look of angry contempt upon his enemy, produced his haversack for examination. Nothing, however, was found there, to countenance the imputation which had been thrown upon him; but the sergeant, desiring to look into his hammock, drew from beneath that part of it, which

might be considered as a sort of bolster, the identical bottle of rum which had been purloined from the mess-room.

This was "damning proof," and Conolly felt it to be so, exclaiming with a start of horror and astonishment: "Oh! Blessed Father! the villains of the world!" then stretching out his clenched hand, and looking up, as if addressing himself to Heaven, he added, with great agitation:—

"May they never have luck nor grace, by day or by night, that has done this upon a poor boy that's far away from hearth and home—from kin and country!"

After this exclamation, he folded his arms, as if wrapping himself up in a sort of compressed energy, and awaited the result in utter silence.

D'Arcy was grieved and confounded, when he learned the circumstances which appeared so strongly to criminate Conolly; and though nobody doubted his guilt, the officers all regretted his situation; for, with all his faults, or rather I should say, his one fault, he had qualities which, united with his good temper, civility, and quaint humour, excited a strong interest in his favour.

For form's sake, a sort of inquiry was immediately held. The circumstantial evidence, as

produced by the sergeant, appeared to be too decisive to admit of any difference of opinion on the subject, and Conolly was called upon for his defence.

During the investigation, he displayed a steady and determined aspect, not once uttering a word; his lips compressed, and his dark and ardent eye fixed upon the drill-sergeant, with a look of peculiar scrutiny, which seemed to search his very soul, and sometimes to abash the object to which it was directed.

As Conolly remained still unmoved and silent, when applied to by the president, D'Arcy, who was present, though, in consideration of his peculiar connection with the prisoner, not one of his judges, addressed him :—

" Can you say nothing, Conolly, to defend yourself against the charge which is made against you ?"

Bursting with indignation, the poor fellow replied : " Difind myself ! arrah ! then is it me ? —me difind myself, and from what ? From thievin' an' robbin' ! Mother of saints ! and is it *you*, Mr. D'Arcy, that axes me ? *You* that knows the honest people I come of—that has known me long and early, man and boy—breed, seed, and generation ! And *you* ax me to difind

myself,—to say I'm not a knave—a poor pilferin', sharpin', shufflin' rogue, like them that has brought me here this day!" turning, with a marked expression of the eye, towards the drill-sergeant. Then addressing the court, he continued:—

"No! gintlemen, askin' your honours' pardon, never! No! my poor ould mother!" extending his hand, and speaking with great energy and feeling, "though I deserted you, I will not disgrace you; your honest blood runs in my veins; in honest ways have you bred me, and never will Billy Conolly demean himself to stand fendin' an' provin' here, circumvinted as he is by the father of lies, and with the very divil himself, dressed up as a drill-sergeant to outface him!"

D'Arcy now addressing him, said: "Circumstances, Conolly, are strong against you; but yet I hope you are not guilty."

"You *hope!*" exclaimed Conolly, clasping his hands, in an agony of surprise and indignation; "Merciful Father! and is that all you can say for him who has sucked the same mother's milk, and slept upon the same bosom with you! But, may be, I make too free; yet, oh! Master Maurice, Master Maurice, dear! You onst could

read my very heart: try now to read this face, and say if rogue is writ there."

The force of this appeal removed all D'Arcy's doubts, and revived his feelings so strongly in favour of his accused friend, that, turning to the court, he said with great emphasis:—

"Gentlemen, whatever appearances may be, this man is wronged. I know him well, and I will stake my existence he is innocent!"

"Heaven's blessin's on you, darlin', for that word!" exclaimed poor Conolly, his arms extended towards D'Arcy, and the tears bursting from his eyes; "that's enough, an' all I wanted to comfort me in this cruel quandary; and oh! Master Maurice, jewel! though it mayn't save me here, becaise I'm twisted an' tangled in that divil's net," pointing to the drill-sergeant, "'twill go far at home with some that loves poor Conolly." Then turning to his judges, and drawing himself up with an air of injured dignity, that gave an interest to his manly figure, he added, in an exulting tone:—

"And now, your honours! I'm ready! come what come may! Shoot me, if you plaze: hang, draw, an' quarter me! Lay all your lashes on my back, till the very inside o' me is bare, and

if I winch or flinch, then call me a Bodkin,* and say I'd turn traitor for a quid of tobacco!"

Although he disdained to make any defence, and had really said nothing which could be considered as such, yet the indignant earnestness of the prisoner, and the conviction of his innocence, expressed by D'Arcy, had produced no small effect upon the court. But the circumstantial evidence appeared so decisive, and his known habits of intemperance gave such additional weight to the presumption against him, that his judges finally pronounced him guilty, and condemned him to be mulcted of a month's pay, and to receive fifty lashes in the presence of all the military on board, and the whole ship's company.

On hearing his sentence, Conolly bowed his head in silence; and perceiving D'Arcy to be much affected by it, he turned to him and said:—

"Master Maurice, jewel! never mind!—Let them cut deep;—you 've said the blessed word that heals the stripes afore they give 'em to me. Sure, 'tis you have tried me, and by the best of

* The name of a family in Ireland, which, at that time, from peculiar circumstances, had become obnoxious to the lower orders.

ividence,—the heart that beats within us,—the honest Irish heart (striking his breast with great energy) that never lied bechune us yet."

D'Arcy felt mortified, as well as grieved, at the situation of his friend. The evidence alluded to by Conolly, had certainly settled the question in his master's mind, and he suspected that foul play had been at work on the occasion. As a countryman, and a kind of connection of his, that, in Ireland, is allowed to have no small claim to consideration, he determined, if possible, to save poor Conolly the disgrace of the lash.

He, therefore, set on foot an inquiry, by which he ascertained, that on the day when the rum was stolen, Conolly had been confined from morning till night in a part of the ship the most distant from the officers' mess-room; and, as a punishment for some trifling irregularity, employed with one of his comrades, by the order of his old enemy the drill-sergeant, in cleaning the accoutrements of his company.

By representing this, and urging other favourable circumstances to the commanding officer on board, with whom D'Arcy had obtained some influence, the latter succeeded so far, as to have the sentence commuted to solitary confinement during the remainder of the voyage.

This alteration of the sentence, though he was glad to escape the ignominy of a flogging, hardly appeared to poor Conolly any alleviation of his punishment; so averse was his social spirit to solitude, and so little was he disposed to commune with his own thoughts, ever since the last interview with Biddy Farrell and the miller's man.

There was, however, no alternative; such was the final decree; and he was committed a close prisoner accordingly, to a part of the ship which was called the strong-room, from its being commonly used as a place of confinement.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM the moment that solitary confinement had been talked of, the spirits of poor Conolly began to flag; but when he found himself actually under lock and key, for what appeared to him an undefined period, they sunk to the lowest depth of despondency. Had the time of seclusion been fixed at a week or a month, or three months, there would have been some limit to which he might have looked for a release, but the probable length of the voyage he could not calculate. It had already occupied six weeks, and might extend to six weeks more, or for any thing that he knew, for six months; and to be condemned to the misery of his own meditations, during a period so vague and uncertain, was more than his philosophy could bear.

His desire to quit this "ugly world," returned upon him, therefore, with renewed force; and the only favour he asked was, that his master would

procure for him the privilege of pen, ink, and paper, "to write to the poor ould mother, just that she might know all about him, *in case of accidents.*"

Circumstances, however, soon occurred, which gave a new direction to his thoughts, and made him an instrument for the detection of a conspiracy, which, if it had taken effect, must have been attended with the most fatal consequences.

A few days only of Conolly's imprisonment had elapsed, when D'Arcy, by the hands of one of the cabin boys, who was employed in carrrying to the former his solitary meal, received from him the following letter :—

"HONOURED MASTER,

"May I make bould just to spake a word to you with the pin in my hand, since I can't by word of mouth; for it consarns your honour more nor myself, or I wouldn't ax it. Oh! Master Maurice, Master Maurice, jewel! I know my lafe is torn out of your book entirely, and why wouldn't it? for what is myself but a plague an' a disgrace to your honour, whom I'd lay down my life for any day, as well as the dear land that's far away, with the ould mother in it, not to mintion thim that's left a thorn stickin' in the very heart o' me.

"But this isn't what I'd be sayin' to your honour;

on'y, when woe's at the bottom there's always wailin' at top; howsomever, Billy Conolly won't be long a throuble to any body, for he's weary enough, God knows, of this ugly world, more partiklar in a ship, which is a wicked bad berth for him who's only a sodger, with a spiteful divil of a drill-sargeant at his elbow.

"But what am I talkin' about? That's neither here nor there. Whin he has made his own bed he's a fool that finds fault with the chambermaid; but a divil of a nap have I had of it, sure enough, as your honour well knows. And now to come to what I'd be at, Master Maurice, dear, its only just, that you'd let me come within ear shot of you for two minits, for I have got that to say to your honour that you won't like to hear, and that's the rason I make it my business to tell you. So no more at prisent from your honour's dutiful friend,

"Though undesarving and sorrowful

"Humble sarvant,

"WILLM. CONOLLY."

Poesscript.

"As its mather of life and death, and no time to be lost, I'm thinkin' may be your honour might come *to me*, as I can't convanientjly lave my present lodgin'."

The contents of this characteristic dispatch surprised and puzzled D'Arcy not a little. He knew enough of his correspondent, however, to be convinced that something serious would be found at the bottom of this mysterious communication; and he therefore immediately applied to the commanding officer for an order of admission to Conolly, that he might as soon as possible satisfy his curiosity.

On entering the room or berth in which poor Conolly was confined, D'Arcy found him seated disconsolately on his knapsack, comforting himself, as he expressed it, "chawing a quid of tobacco, which kind fortune sint him in his distress."

On seeing his visitor, he started up, eagerly signifying to him by the motion of his hand, to make no noise. D'Arcy, however, not perceiving any necessity for such a caution, addressed him in his usual tone of voice.

"Well, Conolly, what's the matter now? and what's the meaning—"

"Oh! blood an' age'!" interrupted Conolly; "Master Maurice, jewel, spake asy, or sure they may hear you as well as I heard them."

"Heard whom?" inquired his master. Looking round the little apartment, and seeing nobody

present but themselves, he was about to renew his question in a laughing way, when Conolly unceremoniously clapping his hand on D'Arcy's mouth, half angrily, exclaimed:—

"Why, then, can't you whisht a haguer! just for a minit." Then lightly stepping to the farthest corner of his "den," as he called it, he softly took down a piece of board that formed part of the partition of the room, and popped his head into a hole that had been made by its removal.

D'Arcy now began to fear that the poor fellow's intellect had given way under the irritation caused by his confinement; and he waited to be confirmed in this impression by further observation, when Conolly, drawing his head out of the hole and replacing the board with much caution, exclaimed, "So far, so good—all's safe—the coast is clear, your honour!"

"Conolly," now rejoined D'Arcy, "if you have not taken leave of your senses explain all this. What the devil does this absurd mystery mean?"

"Why, then, there's manin' in plenty, your honour," replied Conolly, nodding his head and looking big with importance; "and may be you'll find it out soon enough to your cost, if you don't take care, without my mumpin' to assist you—but

sure I had warnin'. God is good—praise be to his holy name!"

"Tell it then in the devil's name! if you are not mad or drunk," hastily exclaimed D'Arcy, quite provoked.

"Why then, that's not the name to be in our mouths, Master Maurice," said Conolly, with an air of pious reproof; "when may be, he and his imps are plottin' and minin' again' us this very minit; and as for being drunk, I'm no more drunk nor yourself, sir. It's not very asy to get drunk on short allowance any how I b'lieve; but to get drunk on no allowance at all at all, is more than ever Bill Conolly could manage, even if he had your honour to help him."

D'Arcy now saw, he must allow his friend to take his own way in communicating whatever he had to disclose. He, therefore, mildly requested that Conolly would let him know the object of his letter.

"Why, then, sure it was to tell your honour that made me ax you to come here," replied Conolly; adding, "and sure it's well for some people that I was in my sober sinses, with my eyes open, or rather indeed my ears, when thim that has done me great wrong were sleepin' and snorin' upon a barrel of gunpowder."

In his usual circumlocutory style, he now informed his master, that accident had discovered to him the existence of a conspiracy among the soldiers, to seize possession of the ship as beforementioned—to turn the officers adrift in the long-boat, and compel the crew to steer for some American port, in which the mutineers would be received as friends, and allowed to divide the spoil without molestation.

As the circumstance which put Conolly in possession of this important secret was curious, and characteristic of the peculiar notions entertained by the peasantry of Ireland, it shall be stated in his own words.

"Why then, I'll tell your honour exactly how it was; and sure 'twas heaven's marcy, and great luck besides, that brought me to this divil of a hole, though I little thought it, and liked it still less. But here was I sittin' glum enough, as your honour may suppose, just about duskish—an' sure the broad day itself is duskish enough in this den, with no light at all, but a bit of a bull's eye peepin' down upon you just like the moon in a fog. So as I was tellin' your honour, here I was sittin', musin', and meditatin' on my misfortins, without even the *shough* of a pipe for comfort or

company; and innocent of all offince, as your honour knows, to man or mortal, though shut up like any jail bird to sing myself to sleep with my own song of sorrow."

"For heaven's sake, Conolly," interrupted D'Arcy, "come at once to the point, and say by what means you obtained your information. There is no end to your eternal digressions."

"Why then, indeed," replied Conolly, "that's what I was comin' to; but when one meets a sore thought at every turn, it's apt to put a body astray. Well, where was I? Oh! just beginnin' to tell your honour how I was sittin' here on this sate—but true enough, why do I throuble your honour with mintionin' that, for where would I be, God help me! poor pill Garlick! or where would any poor prisoner be but in his cage? and for the matther of that, what is the whole ship but a prison without walls, where you can't escape for the wather surroundin' you? But the thought is free any how, thanks be to God for the same; and it will roam here and there an' everywhere, in spite of stone walls or wooden walls, on land or wather. So, though here I was, fast enough in all conscience, I was far—far away, at the very time, in the lovely land your honour knows of;

an' where Heaven send your honour safe an' sound once more—but that blessin' is never again for poor Billy Conolly; and may the divil run a jumpin' with him that driv me away from it to wander the wide world over."

A gesture of impatience and displeasure from D'Arcy, now checked the digressive prolixity of Conolly, who, in a hasty deprecating tone, observed:—

"Plague on it! what comes over me that I can never go straight on 'afore me, but must always be boultin' like an ill broke filly; but now your honour shall have it at once. While I was sittin' here mopin', and musin', and thinkin' of thim that's far away, and some that may be does not think of me at all—what should I see standin' afore me as plain as a pike staff, and fixin' its two eyes upon me—what should I see, but your honour's fetch!"

"My fetch," observed D'Arcy, with an expression of ridicule and surprise, half forgetting the peculiar superstition to which the word referred.

"Your honour's fetch, sure enough," rejoined Conolly; "and lookin' just as you do this instant minit, on'y more faint like, becase, you know, not raal flesh and blood."

"Why, man, you were dreaming," said D'Arcy; "and I think you are dreaming now."

"Why, then, may be so, your honour," added Conolly, a little piqued at the levity with which his master treated his story; "but in troth! you'd do better, Master Maurice, to have more faith in the ould well-known warnin's of the family, when death or danger came nigh hand of any o' them."

"Then," said D'Arcy, "you consider this appearance of my fetch, as you call it, to be a warning of danger or death to me?"

"Danger sure and sartin," replied Conolly, with much solemnity; "and mayhap death too, though the heavens presarve your honour safe through it all, and it won't be my fault any how, nor your's neither, if you take the warnin' sint."

"Why, really Conolly you are quite awful in your denunciations," observed D'Arcy; "but let me hear the full extent of this impending peril with which you threaten me."

"Why, then, I'll come to that if you'll on'y let me take my own road to it," said Conolly; "as I was sayin', your honour's fetch was fornint me, and lookin' at me for all the world just as if you said, 'There you are, Billy Conolly, and its no

place for you, nor any honest boy like you, and more's the shame for them that done you that ill turn;' so then you beckened me to folly you, and when I tried to do the biddin', as sure I've always been ready by night or by day, the divil a hand or foot could I stir; no, nor spake one word, no more nor if I was a stock or a stone; but when I saw your honour clane out of sight, through that corner yander, sure I thought there must be a door there, an' makin' one desperate struggle to be after you, I come with such a thumpin' whack, body an' bones, up again' the partition, that down I fell flat on the broad of my back, bothered entirely, and not knowin' what was the matther with me.

"I soon come to myself, howsomever, and there I was sprawlin' with this bump on my head, and a great piece of board that tumbled out of the partition a top o' me, an' a bundle of things tied up in an ould black handkerchief, among which there was a check shirt, some biscakes, a piece of cheese, and a small roll of tobacky.

"So says I to myself, what luck's here for Billy Conolly? and sure the cheese and the tobacky's a god-send and a fair prize any how. I soon had rason hows'ever to be thinkin' of other guess matthers, when just lookin' at the paper that was

about the cheese, I saw this piece of a letther;" (drawing a paper from his pocket), "the hand I knew at onst to be that divil of a drill-sergeant's, and your honour may be 'ill find in it somethin' worth attindin' to, more purticklurly when I come in with a little bit of a posecript."

Conolly here put the letter into the hands of D'Arcy, who now began to take some considerable interest in the long-winded narration he had listened to.

It will be readily conjectured, that in the midst of his melancholy ruminations, poor Conolly had yielded to the influence of sleep, the great soother of human sorrow; and that the vision he described as his "master's fetch," was neither more nor less than one of those illusions which, under the denomination of night-mare, so often impress the fancy with a character of reality, more than sufficient to impose on stronger minds, than that of which our slumbering Hibernian could boast. There are, indeed, few tales of ghost or "goblin damned," which may not be confidently referred to the agency of this common disturber of our dreams; and those who are the most subject to its visitations are aware, that what is called the evidence of our senses, is so much engaged in its operations, that nothing but their utter incon-

gruity with the circumstances of time and place, could enable us to distinguish the creations of fancy from the occurrences of fact.

On examining the fragment put into his hands, D'Arcy found it to be the half of a letter, apparently addressed to the boatswain of the ship by the drill-sergeant, and evidently alluding to a projected mutiny. Among other expressions to this effect were the following:—"The men are all ripe for it, and though they think only of sacking the purser's stores, and getting drunk, when once in for it, we can easily manage them for our purpose. I have taken care that the damned Irishman is out of the way, and perhaps, the shortest course would be, when the time comes, to chuck him and his saucy countryman overboard; but more of this by and by; we must not be seen talking; I have a reason for it; but if you'll be in your berth to-night, between twelve and one, I'll go to you, unobserved, and discuss the matter. It must be soon or ———." Here the torn manuscript was no farther legible.

The contents of this document, illustrated by what Conolly called his "posecript," D'Arcy felt to be of the most serious import. It appeared, that the strong-room, in which Conolly was confined, had been divided from the boatswain's berth

only by a sort of narrow slip or opening, which served as a depositary for spare cordage and oakum. At the end of this dépôt, a long narrow locker or cupboard extended from the boatswain's apartment, into which it opened, to the partition of Conolly's "den," as he called it.

Under the influence of the night-mare, he had, as he related above, dashed himself with such violence against this part of the partition, as to displace the panel which formed the back of the locker; and which, perhaps for the convenience of clandestine communication on some former occasion, had been but insecurely fixed.

Conolly had, it seemed, suffered not a little himself from the operation, and lay, for some time, stunned by the effects of the shock that stretched him on the floor. When, however, he had sufficiently recovered to be sensible of what had occurred, and had cast his eye over the fragment of a letter which the reader has seen, it may be supposed, that the intimations it contained, were sufficient to rouse all his faculties to attention and deliberation.

He found, that by introducing his head into the aperture made by the removal of the panel, he could overhear every thing that passed in the other apartment. He, therefore, determined to

be on the watch for the interview of the conspirators, as appointed in the letter; and, in the meantime, replaced carefully the different articles which had been disturbed in the locker, first cutting off a portion from the roll of tobacco, as a seasonable supply of that article.

Punctual to the time, the confederates met in the boatswain's berth; and Conolly, after removing the panel softly, had just popped in his head in the most convenient position for listening, when, to his confusion, he heard the boatswain propose to open the conference with a glass of rum; at the same time applying his key to the door of the locker, to take out a bottle of that liquor, which was deposited in a corner of it.

The consequence of this movement must have been the immediate discovery of poor Conolly, but that, luckily, either the boatswain had applied the wrong key, or the lock did not immediately give way to the right one; and Conolly had just time, suddenly to withdraw his head, and restore the panel to its place; an operation which the depth and darkness of the cupboard, and the noise made by the resistance of the lock, enabled him to perform unobserved.

Thus disconcerted in his proceeding, Conolly was, for some time, afraid to re-open the panel;

and though he heard the conspirators in close and earnest conversation, he had the mortification to find, he could catch only a disjointed sentence now and then.

At length, however, his eagerness overcame his apprehensions, and he ventured to displace the panel so far as to leave a small aperture, which he enlarged by degrees, till it completely answered his purpose; a result which was much facilitated by the door of the cupboard having been left open by the boatswain, when he took out the bottle of rum.

Conolly's whole soul was now fixed in breathless attention; and though he had lost the first part of the conversation, he overheard enough to make him acquainted with the design of the mutineers, the principal objects of which have been already stated.

Their plan was to be carried into effect at midnight. The officers, including those belonging to the ship, were to be seized in their beds, deprived of their arms, and confined, under a guard, in the cabin, until they could be turned adrift in the longboat. The boatswain proposed that they should be kept in confinement on board, till they could be delivered up as prisoners to the Americans. But the former mode of

proceeding was adopted, as the shortest and safest way to dispose of them.

The crew of the ship did not appear to be implicated in the mutiny; for, in reply to the question of the sergeant, whether he had made any progress in gaining them over to his views, the boatswain answered,—

No; d—n their eyes! I am afraid to tamper with them; for though they are ás rakehelly a set of lubbers as ever stepped from stem to stern, they 've such a mortal aversion to you red coats, that they 'll never join hearty in any row where you 're to have the upper hand."

It was agreed, however, that this was not of much consequence. "When you 're the captain," said the drill-sergeant, "you can easily manage them, with our assistance."

The night but one following that in which those two worthies held their discussion, was fixed for effecting their purpose. The boatswain was urgent to "do the job," as he termed it, on the succeeding night, for fear of treachery by delay; but the sergeant said, there were some qualms among a few individuals of the grenadier's company, to remove which required the interval proposed.

Before the confederates closed their conference,

Conolly had the gratification to hear his friend, the drill-sergeant, avow, "that he had concerted the accusation against the Irishman, to get him out of their way, as he would be either confined or disabled;" adding, with an oath, "that he was resolved to chuck him overboard for his impertinence."

As Conolly had now heard sufficient to put him in possession of their intentions, he quietly closed the aperture, and withdrew, to meditate on the impending danger, and devise, if possible, some mode of averting it.

The letter to his master was the only result of his deliberation, and it was the most prudent measure he could take; for, close prisoner as he was, and accused of a crime so degrading to his character, he could hardly expect to find credit for his statement in any other quarter. D'Arcy, however, had the most implicit confidence in him, and determined to act without delay on his information.

Having commended Conolly for his discretion and fidelity, D'Arcy was about to retire, when, with a most expressive look of disappointment, the former exclaimed,—

"Why then, blood an' 'ouns! is that all?"

"Conolly," said his master, mistaking his

object, "you will be rewarded for this in due time."

"Rewarded!" exclaimed Conolly, "worse again, and more of it! By my sowl, tis little I'm thinkin' of reward, for thryin' to save my own life, and yours too, that's dearer to me nor my own; but will you give me lave just to axe you one question, Master Maurice, jewel?"

"What is that?" said D'Arcy.

"Why then, on'y this," replied Conolly: "Since there's going to be a bit of skrimmage aboord, will they have the heart to lave a poor boy here, a frettin', an' fumin', an' blowin' his fingers, when he might take a hand o' the game with you, an' be doin' somethin' for his meals like other people?"

D'Arcy now declared he would use his influence in the poor fellow's favour, and assured him he had no doubt of his speedy liberation.

CHAPTER VII.

The intelligence of the projected mutiny excited, as may be supposed, the most serious alarm among the military officers. The number of soldiers on board so far exceeded any force which could be relied on for assistance, and there was so little time for decision and preparation, that the case seemed to be almost desperate. Colonel Hubbard, however, who had the command of the detachment, was a man of great firmness and resolution, and his example infused order and spirit into the little band around him.

After a consultation with the captain of the vessel, conducted with great secrecy, to avoid exciting suspicion among the soldiers, it was deemed advisable to examine the boatswain, whose participation in the plot, the naval cap-

tain was very unwilling to admit, as he had sailed with him for several years, and had always been considered trustworthy.

At first, the boatswain indignantly repelled the charge against him, and was disposed to be boisterous, probably, with a view to give an alarm to his accomplices; a cocked pistol, however, at each ear speedily lowered his tone; and on searching him, the other half of the letter which Conolly had given to D'Arcy, was found in the ruffian's pocket, with the characteristic carelessness of his profession, twisted into the most convenient shape for lighting his pipe.

Farther denial of his villainy was now useless; and when he saw the corresponding part of the letter produced, to convict him, his boldness entirely forsook him, he fell on his knees, pleaded for mercy, and was as anxious to betray his confederates, as he had been forward to join them.

It was deemed advisable to deprive this fellow of all means of communication with the ship's company; he was therefore gagged, fettered, and confined, under guard of one of the officers, in the colonel's state cabin, to which no access of the attendants was permitted.

It was proposed to try and get possession of

the arms of the military, which were generally deposited in a particular part of the ship, to be ready in case of need; but this, they learned from the boatswain was impossible, as they had been already removed by the soldiers, and placed, ready primed and loaded, under a guard of their own appointment.

As the captain of the sloop of war declared he would answer, with his life, for the fidelity of his officers and men; and as the boatswain admitted, that none of the crew were concerned in the conspiracy, it was agreed, that the ship's company should be cautiously prepared for the approaching crisis.

The day had now closed on their deliberations, and all precautions were suspended till the midnight watch, when the soldiers, asleep in their hammocks, would be out of the way of observing the operations which were now deemed necessary. Luckily the night was boisterous, and amid the turmoil of the elements, and the manœuvres for working the ship, which in consequence became necessary, the additional bustle occasioned in preparing for their defence, passed off without particular notice.

At a signal previously agreed upon, the different centinels posted on deck were at the same

moment seized, disarmed, and confined in the officers' cabin. Three of the largest guns, loaded with grape-shot, were unlashed from their ports, and placed on the quarter-deck, in such a position as to rake the ship, and sweep all before them. A strong barrier of spars, lashed together, was raised breast high, to prevent a sudden rush of the mutineers upon the quarter-deck; and every man, to whom the state of affairs had been confided, prepared his arms, and strung his nerves, as if for mortal conflict. In all these operations, Billy Conolly, who had been, to his great delight, liberated according to D'Arcy's promise, was found to be an active and able assistant.

It had been at first suggested, to close the hatches upon the mutineers, and point a gun to bear upon them in the hold; but the colonel disapproved of this proposition, declaring, he was determined to meet the danger in an open, manly way; and he held it to be his duty, in the station he occupied, to sacrifice his life, or reduce them to obedience by authority.

This plan was, also, the more readily relinquished, from the consideration, that the disaffected were too numerous to be restrained in such a way. The difficulty of accommodation

had scattered them through the ship, and the want of precaution against such an unforeseen contingency, had left too much in their power between decks; the powder-room and purser's store being under guard of those who were themselves engaged in the plot; and as the first movement of their desperation would, doubtless, be, to indulge their intemperance in a general waste of the liquor and provisions, already so much reduced, such a proceeding would lead to a result more fatal to the whole ship's company, than even that against which they were endeavouring to provide.

Every practicable preparation for their defence having been successfully completed, and orders issued by their officers, to the different gangs of seamen, to muster on deck at day-light, armed with their pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, an awful pause succeeded: even the winds appeared to subside, as if unwilling to disturb the quiet which formed so striking a contrast to the scene of terror and turbulence that was so soon to follow.

The relaxation of exertion allowing the parties leisure to dwell upon the dangers of their position; and the doubtful issue which it involved, anxiety occupied the bravest hearts, and sat on every

brow, save that of Billy Connolly, the effervescence of whose humour could hardly be restrained within the bounds of prudence; and who, finding himself restored again to the good opinion of his officers, appeared to prepare himself for the conflict which he expected, with pretty much the same alacrity that he used to feel in joining a fight at a fair, or mingling in the half-fray, half-frolic of a hurling match.

He seemed to sigh, however, for his shilelah, and doubted whether it would not be a more effectual instrument in his hands than any weapon he could wield.

The day now broke in silence; every man repaired to his post. The gunners, with lighted matches in their hands, standing at their guns, which seemed ready to pour destruction on all who should venture to present themselves before such a battery. All the seamen that could be spared from the necessary business of the ship, were arranged in a strong body on the quarter-deck, in the rear of their officers; and Conolly, armed with a case of pistols and a boarding-pike, took post at his master's side.

The sun had just begun to appear in red and misty radiance above the horizon, when Colonel Hubbard, with a calm and steady aspect, gave

the signal, and a drum-boy immediately beat the roll-call, by which the soldiers were usually summoned to assemble on deck.

Aroused from their sleep, and surprised at so early a muster, the men started from their hammocks; and some of them, anxious to ascertain the cause, sprang half dressed up the gangway, when, observing the formidable array on deck, and seeing no enemy within view, the real state of the case flashed upon their minds, and they ran down as quickly, to communicate their alarm to their comrades.

The utmost confusion now prevailed among them; a cry of "treachery, treachery! we are betrayed!" ran through the whole body; the leaders of the mutiny were heard calling to the men to seize their arms, and fight for their lives; and amidst a general scene of disorder and dismay, the whole body rushed on deck from all the forepart of the ship.

"Down with the officers!" was heard to issue from several voices; and the first measure of their frenzy was to press forward to the quarter-deck, evidently for the purpose of carrying that order into effect; but when they saw the preparations made to receive them—the guns pointed to play upon them with such certain execution—

and, above all, the cool and resolute aspect of the little party drawn up to oppose them—their rage was checked. Those who were foremost, seemed panic-struck, and fell back in confusion on their comrades, who were still advancing to the attack—oversetting some in the counter-movement, and creating consternation through the whole intermingled throng.

The moment seemed favourable for making an impression on them, and Colonel Hubbard rushed instantly to take advantage of it. He advanced to the barrier, and ordered the bar, at the opening, to be raised sufficiently to admit of his passing through. His officers pressed round him, representing the danger to which he was about to expose himself.

"Danger!" exclaimed the gallant fellow; "a soldier, gentlemen, thinks not of his danger, but of his duty." He passed out, ordering that no man should follow him. D'Arcy, however, attended by Conolly, was already at his side.

The noble spirit of their commander appeared to strike the mutineers with astonishment. Confounded and irresolute, they gazed upon him as waiting the result of so heroic an act; and each individual, apprehensive of the effect it might

produce upon his comrades, seemed to fear least he himself might be dragged forth by his intrepid officer, as a sacrifice for the submission of the rest.

Coolly taking his place in the interval between two of the guns, without a weapon in his hand; his sword in its scabbard by his side, the colonel cast a stern look on the armed crowd before him, and addressed them in a loud and resolute tone.

"Soldiers! What means this disgraceful tumult?—Fall in!"

Such are the effects of habit, and the influence of authority on inferior minds, that even in the very moment of turbulence and disorder, the unruly mass, as if mechanically, obeyed the well-known word of command, and sullenly assumed their accustomed military forms,—to the surprise and exasperation of their leaders. The word "attention!" now resounded through the decks, and their commander thus continued:—

"Soldiers! you have been seduced from your duty by villains. I am aware of your wicked designs; and, as you see, prepared for them. One of your leaders is already in irons—deliver up the others, and all shall be forgotten;—but

advance one step against your officers, and at a word, these guns shall sweep the decks, and blow you all to atoms!"

"Sink me to h—l, then!" exclaimed a light infantry sergeant, who had been one of the warmest promoters of the mutiny, "sink me to h—l! then, but we 'll have you in front of us, and you shall be the first to fall by your own fire." Starting forward as he spoke, and seizing the colonel by the collar. But a timely stroke from the vigorous sword of D'Arcy made him quickly let go his hold, and the colonel, drawing a pistol from his breast, laid the ruffian dead at his feet.

A general tumult now appeared inevitable; loud murmurs burst through the ranks, but the men, as if by fascination, still remained in their places. Two of the officers, observing the peril of their commander, sprang over the barrier; and the rest, with the captain of the vessel, and the seamen under his orders, were rushing to follow their example, when the colonel, conscious how much such an imprudent proceeding must operate to disconcert their plan of defence, cried out, that "not a man should stir from his post, on peril of his life!"

A dreadful moment of suspense and irresolution, of rage and consternation, succeeded. Each party felt it as the crisis of their fate. Conolly's friend, the drill-sergeant, now the only remaining leader, was seen raging through the disordered and hesitating ranks of the mutineers. Aware that he had no hope but in desperation, he vociferated: "Cowards! will you allow yourselves to be hanged like dogs? rush on the tyrants like men, and the day's your own."

A general uproar now prevailed amongst them; each man seemed to grasp his arms, as if ready for the frantic assault, yet paused, as if doubtful how far his comrades would support him. Colonel Hubbard, with experienced eye, watched the fluctuating emotions of his men, and called aloud to the gunners to prepare to fire. Maddening with fury and despair, the drill-sergeant now rushed forward, hoping the men would follow him, and aimed a blow at D'Arcy, who stood the nearest to him; a blow which would certainly have terminated his career, if it had not been intercepted by the faithful Conolly, who, with his boarding-pike, struck the sword out of the assailants's hand, saying at the same

time to his master: "Lave him to me, your honour!"

The sergeant now drew forth a pistol, but before he had time to cock it, Conolly wrested it from his grasp. He then, with a back-hand, seized him by the breast, and tripping up his heels at the same time, in a manner peculiar to the Irish peasantry, with a sudden twist of the arm, he drew his enemy near the gunnel of the ship, and jerked him clean overboard.

"Why then, by my sowl! I b'lieve I've had the first chuck after all," said he coolly; in allusion to the sergeant's declared intention of treating him in a similar manner.

Confounded on finding themselves thus deprived of their leaders, and cowering under the aspect of authority, which, from the dark and dauntless brow of their commander, now began to resume its habitual influence over them, the mutineers, irresolute how to act, seemed, for an instant, wavering between desperation and dismay, when Conolly, after settling the point of precedency with his friend, the drill-sergeant, turning round to his own company, the grenadiers, exclaimed: "Come now, my jewels! *you* 're not going to turn mutineers, I'm sure, any how.

Here 's one huzza for King George!" throwing up his cap in the air.

This movement was decisive; the grenadiers, who had never been very hearty in the project, with one accord joined in the cheer, and the rest, seeing no hope of success, in a feeble huzza, reluctantly followed their example.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE mutiny was, from this moment, at an end. In matters of this sort, when once the tide turns, its impetuosity is even greater in the new than in the old direction. There is an electricity of imitation, if I may so call it, which operates on the mind, and irresistibly impels bodies of men, like sheep, to follow their leader. When once the impulse or shock is communicated, the brave man becomes a coward; and he who, the moment before, would have faced, without flinching, every form of danger, now shares in the general panic, and flies without knowing why or wherefore.

Thus, the individuals who had been so lately engaged in the open violation of every military and moral principle, were now eagerly contend-

ing, which should be the most forward in manifesting submission and obedience. Circumstanced as the officers were, Colonel Hubbard thought it prudent to relax, in a considerable degree, the severity with which such an outrage on military discipline should be visited; for it is always hazardous to punish, where the offenders are the great majority.

The leaders in the mutiny were, therefore, alone held responsible; of them, one had already paid the forfeit of his crime—another, the boatswain, was confined in irons, and the third, had been, as already related, chucked overboard by Billy Conolly; but as he was born to a different fate, he saved himself, by catching at a rope which hung from the stern of the vessel, and was reserved to expiate his offence by a more appropriate punishment.

The conduct of Conolly, through this whole affair, had gained for him considerable credit; and every imputation on his character, with reference to the charge which had been brought against him, was completely removed by the voluntary testimony of one of the drum-boys, who confessed that he had placed the bottle of rum in Conolly's hammock, at the instigation of the drill-sergeant; and that fear alone had prevented his before dis-

closing that circumstance, as he was threatened with death if he uttered a word upon the subject.

D'Arcy had again taken Conolly into his service, and for some days he appeared to enjoy his restoration to favour and to freedom. For the latter, indeed, as far as the idea could be associated with his present situation, he entertained no great respect.

"Why, then, a mighty purty freedom it is, I'm sure!" he would say; "just like turning a man out of the pulpit to walk about the church."

The excitement produced by the circumstances of the mutiny had no sooner subsided, than his former despondency returned upon him with increased effect. They had now been above two months at sea, and, according to the ship's reckoning, were still far from port. Better weather, however, and more favourable winds, appeared to promise a speedy termination of their voyage.

But Conolly contemplated their expected arrival at the place of their destination with no pleasure. Every league that increased the distance between him and "the green sod," seemed like an additional drag upon his heart; and the very idea of actually finding himself in America,

appeared to close up all the avenues of hope, and doom him to transportation for life.

The thoughts of Biddy Farrell, and "the poor ould cratur of a mother, left with nobody but the pig and the chickens, and not a sowl to do a hand's turn for her, if she was even at the last gasp," occupied his mind to the exclusion of every other idea. Often would he sit for hours at the prow of the vessel, in moody abstraction, swaying his body to and fro, according to the custom of the Irish peasantry when in affliction; his eyes intently fixed on the troubled waves beneath him, as if he watched for something in the deep, or would explore the lowest bottom of the abyss. While thus employed, he appeared wholly unconscious of every thing that passed around him; and when with difficulty aroused from his reverie, he would stare wildly about, as if struggling to recollect where he was.

D'Arcy, who had a real regard for the poor fellow, began to be seriously apprehensive that his intellects were somewhat impaired; a suspicion which was not a little strengthened by Conolly's mode of accounting to his master for those communings with the deep, that occupied him so much of late.

"Why, then, your honour, said he, "one fine moonshiny night, as I was standin' a-lanin' over the starn of the ship, as they call it, just lookin' to'ards poor ould Ireland—"

D'Arcy, who was rather surprised at the knowledge of the compass which this expression implied, asked him how he knew in what direction to look for it.

"Why, then, as to the matter of that, Master Maurice," replied Conolly, "it's little myself knows about it; on'y as we're goin' straight away from it,—and more's the pity, God knows! and an ill day was it when we quit it, and sure I've never repinted it but oncet since, and that's always, and oftener too; but as we're goin' straight away from it, I thought if I looked straight behind the ship, I might see where the dear land lay, though far—far enough from the blessed sight of it. But while I was strainin' my poor eyes, lookin' for what I couldn't see, and thinkin' of ould times, what should rise up afore me, sailin' along, like a cork upon the waves, but a beautiful marmaid, a combin' her fine long hair, that was floatin' an' flutterin' in the wind all round her! So there she was forenent me, a sittin' quite at her aise, an' singin' her sweet songs, just like any Christian; and, sure, no

wonder; for who should it be, when she came nigh enough for me to see? Oh, Master Maurice, jewel!" added he, with great emotion, "who do you think?"

"I am sure I cannot conjecture, Conolly," replied D'Arcy.

"Why, then," continued the former, with increased agitation, "'twas Biddy Farrell, her own self."

"Biddy Farrell, herself!" repeated his master, with surprise, and a strengthened conviction of poor Conolly's derangement.

"As sure as I'm a livin' sinner, standin' here this minit!" vehemently replied Conolly; "an' she shook back her beautiful brown locks, as she used to do, when I'd be overtakin' her a comin' from chapel of a Sunday, in happy days; an' she looked up an' shot her two livin' eyes into me, in a way that made me at oncet forget the scaldcrow of a miller's man; an' she beckoned me to her, an called me by my name, in a bit of a song that went to my very heart. Oh! I'll never forget that song. The chune, indeed, I can't tell; it was a great dale more molancholy nor "Ailen Aroon," or "Candu Deelish," that Biddy used to sing for me. But this was always the endin' of the words, an' sure I've pinned it down in this bit of paper;" presenting a small

slip to his master; who, with difficulty, decyphered something, which, for the credit of Biddy Farrell's muse, in her character of mermaid, has been metrically metamorphosed into the following lines:—

"Come, Conolly, come! 'tis your true love that's near,
And we'll never part more, if you come to me here.
For the sea is not cold, and the sands of the deep,
Make a pillow that's soft, for a true lover's sleep."

"And so, your honour," continued Conolly, "when she made an 'ind of it, and stretched out her beautiful arms that were as white as the very driven snow to resave me, I makes no more a' do, but jumps directly down into the say. But whin I thought to find myself in the water with Biddy, where should I be but stretched on the flure of the ship, just under my own hammock, and all my bones achin' as if I had been tumbled out of it."

D'Arcy soon perceived, from Conolly's story, that the night-mare had been again busy with him, and had produced a serious effect upon his imagination.

The strong impression of reality, which characterizes this species of illusion, was, to his mind, quite irresistible; and it was vain to persuade him that images so palpable, and so much

in accordance with the prejudices and superstitions peculiar to his class, were nothing more than the shadowy creations of a dream.

"Ah, Master Maurice!" would he say, in reply to his master's representations, "there's more in it nor all that comes to; and sure, any how, I couldn't make a song in my dream, who never could, when I was awake, make the smallest bit of a posy upon Biddy, though I thried often and often enough, when I used to be sittin' on the stile, a waitin' for her of an evenin', with 'Sa vourna deelish aileen ogue' in my head.'"

This certainly was the strong point of Billy Conolly's case. The "bit of a song," was a sort of poetical deposition in his favour, which it was by no means easy to set aside; for though some distinguished writers have confessed their obligations to the muse, when under the influence of the drowsy god, and have proved, indeed, in their effusions, as successful when asleep as when awake, yet Billy Conolly was certainly not one of those gifted characters; he "could sleep without a poem in his head," and was never known to indulge in any Morphean musings of this nature.

Aware, therefore, of his poetical incompetence, it was not in the power of reflection or philoso-

phy, to shake the conviction of Conolly, that Biddy Farrell, "her own self," was the mermaid muse to whom he was indebted for the strain in question. The more he ruminated on the subject, the stronger was the impression it made upon him, till at length it seemed to take full possession of his soul, and absorb all his faculties.

For some days after the relation of his imaginary interview with Biddy Farrell, Conolly walked about the ship, restless and uneasy, as if brooding over some engrossing thought; and although the civility of manner which seemed to result from the natural kindness of his disposition, would not allow him to be surly or ungracious to those who addressed him, yet, he avoided as much as possible, all intercourse with the people around him. His droll humour, that before used to flash out now and then, even through his darkest glooms, appeared no more; and his ready joke no longer extorted the reluctant laugh, from the dogged dullness of his comrades.

When he thought himself unobserved, he would lean over the side of the vessel, looking anxiously into the sea, and listening with the greatest attention, as if he expected again to hear the "sweet song of the mermaid." To his master, however, he was as attentive as usual,

and, if possible, more affectionate; the tears would sometimes start into his eyes, while looking at "the brother of his cradle," as he called him; and D'Arcy was more than once surprised at the fervency of manner with which, on retiring for the night, his humble attendant ejaculated,—

"Why, then, the heavens bless and presarve you, darlin', by night and by day, an' send you home safe an' sound to the dear ould country, whatever may bide, or betide Billy Conolly."

For a few days, he appeared to be particularly occupied in writing something, over which he was frequently observed to weep; but on the morning after he had completed his composition, he seemed to be more cheerful, and as if a weight had been taken off his mind. He had dressed himself as if preparing for parade, and seeing his master walking alone on deck, he approached and said,—

"Plaze your honour, I want to spake to you."

D'Arcy immediately retired with him to the head of the ship, where they were less likely to be interrupted, and Conolly continued:—

"Master Maurice, dear, you 're always kind to me, and I've a great favour to axe of you."

"What is it, Conolly?" replied D'Arcy, "you

know I am your friend, and indeed you have no enemy but yourself."

"Why, then," said Conolly, "sure your honour forgets that ugly divil of a drill-sergeant, who'd ate me up with a bit of salt any day; but faith, I b'lieve I am the worst inemy of the two, sure enough! for I could manage a bout with him pretty dacently, but I can't get the betther of myself any how."

"Well," observed D'Arcy, "your enemy is not in a state to molest you at present; but what is the favour you would ask?"

"Why, then, your honour, I'll tell you," resumed Conolly; "and may be it's the last time I'll be troublin' you, and trouble enough I've been to you, God he knows, and a heavy handful you 've had o' me, since the blessed day we met in Cork."

"Come to the point, Conolly," said D'Arcy.

"Why, then, indeed, that's what I'd be drivin' at," rejoined the former; "but somehow or other, with me, round about, is always the shortest way home; but there's no home for me now, barrin' the long home of all; and there's a short cut to that any day, and no one knows how soon a body may be thravellin' that road."

"Why, Conolly," observed his master, with

a smile, "if I did not know what a wicked sinner you are, I should suppose you were going to turn methodist."

"Wicked enough in troth, your honour," added Conolly; "but not quite so bad as that either, but I'm thinkin' what a divil of a pinance I'd have, if Father Cassidy had his will of me now."

D'Arcy began to lose all patience with the circumlocutory style of his humble friend, and rather eagerly asked, "What the devil nonsense he had got into his head, that was so long finding its way to his tongue?"

"Ah then, asy honey, with me this oncet," entreatingly rejoined Conolly, "and my tongue 'ill soon come into the right track." D'Arcy now gave a shrug of helpless resignation, and the former proceeded:—"Sure then, all I want to say to your honour is on'y this; somethin' tells me, Master Maurice, jewel," his voice faltering a little as he spoke, "that your own light foot will tread the green sod long afore mine, and so I've writ a little bit of a letther for the poor ould crature of a mother, (drawing a letter from his bosom), just to give the poor body the satisfacshon to know, that Billy Conolly has never known pace since he quit her, in an evil hour; an'

sure he never expects to see her again in this world, tho' he doesn't let on to her about that, becase why, he wou'dn't make her unasy. But if your honour wou'd on'y take charge of this little scribble for her that loves your honour jist like her own son, myself will beg for blessin's on your honour's head, and lave the world contint."

"Conolly," said his master, "I am surprised and vexed to hear you talk in this manner, and begin to fear you are not right in your head."

"Why, then, in troth, Master Maurice, I've been wrong-headed enough, often and often in my time, tho' that's a short one; but it's the *heart* that was wrong whin I cou'd lave the mother that bore me, to sup sorrow an' sufferin', in her ould age; and sure the very bottom of that say that keeps rollin' afore us, is place good enough for such an unnat'ral wretch, an' it's little myself cares how soon I am lodged there."

"Come, come, Conolly," said his master, struck with the agitation of the poor fellow's manner; "you must get rid of these gloomy notions; you will make amends to your mother one of these days, and at the bottom of the sea you would have but a cold birth of it."

"Indeed, then, that's thrue for your honour," replied Conolly; "but I'm thinkin', whether it's

could wather or could earth the poor carcass is berried in, it's all the same, on'y as to the differ of the worms or the fishes a feastin' on us. An' I'm sure, it's little matther to me, any how, what sort of berth I have for my death, since my life on dhry land has been spint in hot wather."

Notwithstanding the serious character of their discourse, D'Arcy could hardly suppress a smile at the ludicrous opposition of ideas, which Conolly contrived to introduce in his last observation. His master now remonstrated warmly with him on the tendency of his late moody habit of mind, and endeavoured, kindly, to withdraw his thoughts from the subject which seemed so entirely to occupy them, by holding out the prospect of their returning together to old Ireland, after a short campaign in America; but Conolly only shook his head, in a melancholy way, and more urgently repeated his request.

To pacify him, D'Arcy promised to do whatever he wished.

"Then," exclaimed he, "I've one favour more to axe, Master Maurice; will you condescind to shake hands with your ould play-fellow?"

D'Arcy affected he knew not why; answered only by holding out his hand. The poor fellow seized it in an agony of feeling, fell on his knees,

sobbed aloud, and smothered it with kisses; then starting up wildly, he exclaimed:—

"Now, I've done with this ugly world! and at one bound, before D'Arcy could be aware of his intention, sprang over the side of the ship, and plunged into the sea.

CHAPTER IX.

With surprise and consternation, D'Arcy beheld the desperate act of poor Conolly, which has been just related. Though aware of his entertaining some superstitious impressions that, to use his own words, "he was not long for this world!" yet his master had no suspicion that he intended to shorten his own life, much less that he would adopt the mode which he had chosen to effect such a purpose.

After the first exclamation of horror, which involuntarily bursts forth on such an occasion, D'Arcy gave the alarm through the ship of "a man overboard!" and, with the alacrity which ever characterizes British seamen, in similar emergencies, all rushed forward to assist.

The sails were promptly taken aback, and a

boat immediately lowered from the deck. This operation, however, though executed with almost inconceivable rapidity, appeared too slow for the impatient interest which D'Arcy took in the fate of poor Conolly. Hastily throwing off his hat, coat, and shoes, therefore, he, without a moment's hesitation, jumped overboard, determined, at the hazard of his own life, to save, if possible, that of his humble friend.

D'Arcy was an excellent swimmer;—the sea luckily was calm, and the ship made but little way. When he emerged from his plunge, and looked around him for the object of his solicitude, his pleasure was equal to his surprise on beholding Conolly, who, like most of his countrymen, was also a good swimmer, stoutly buffeting the waves at no great distance from him, holding up with one hand, as high as he could, above the water, what seemed to be a piece of white paper, and loudly exclaiming at the same time:—

"Oh! blood an' ouns! the letther! Holloa! the letther!--Master Maurice, jewel! the letther!"

To account for his clamorous vociferation, and the vigorous efforts he made to approach the ship, so apparently inconsistent with his desperate intentions on quitting it,—it is necessary to state, that in the confusion of his last interview with his

master, poor Conolly, instead of giving him the letter intended for his mother, inadvertently returned it to the place from which he drew it forth,—the bosom of his coat, and in his sudden plunge, it fell from this situation into the water. His mistake at once flashing upon his recollection, overcame the perturbation of the moment, and superseded every other purpose, in his anxiety to have it transmitted to his poor mother. His first effort, therefore, was to grasp the letter, and endeavour, by hailing the ship as loud as he could, to get it conveyed to his master, who had promised to take charge of it.

The appearance of somebody, eagerly swimming towards him, now drew his attention; but when, in the individual approaching, he recognised his master, his agitation rendered him almost incapable of sustaining himself in the water.

"Oh, blessed Father!" exclaimed he; "Master Maurice, is it you? Holy St. Patrick! and is this my doin'? Is it for the likes o' me, you'd be venturin' your precious life, in this way, in the middle of the wide ocean? and the ship sailin' away from you!"

Seeing the boat approaching, he now cried out to the sailors:—

"Oh! murther, murther! save the master, jewels! for Christ's sake!" he himself, at the same time, springing forward to assist, by laying hold of D'Arcy, who, on his part, was equally eager to secure Conolly.

The boat being now within reach, D'Arcy got into it, desiring the men to assist Conolly, who seeing his master safe, ejaculated fervently,—

"Heaven be praised for all his marcies! I have n't his precious life to answer for!"

One of the seamen now took the letter from Conolly's outstretched hand, and proceeded to assist him into the boat; but he resolutely refused to enter it, saying,—

"No, no, boys! the worst half o' the job is over; and now I'll finish it, if you plaze—on'y you take care of the master, that's all, and never mind me."

Then, suddenly breaking away from their grasp, before the seamen could recover their hold, he plunged under the boat, and disappeared.

D'Arcy, who had considered Conolly's rescue from death as quite certain, was thus, a second time taken by surprise, and confounded by his renewed attempt to effect his own destruction. He offered the sailors any reward if they could recover him alive. Conolly was too good a swimmer to sink

easily ; and the instinctive desire of life brought him, after a lapse of a few seconds, again to the surface of the water, and so near to the boat as to enable one of the men who were on the watch, to grapple with him the moment he appeared. They succeeded, therefore, in securing him, and hauled him, by main force, into the boat.

His mortification and disappointment on being thus obstructed in the execution of a purpose on which he had so deliberately determined, were great and evident. All the exertions of the seamen were required to overcome the desperation of his resistance ; and nothing but the presence of his master, prevented his manifesting his exasperation in vigorous personal assaults on those who thus thwarted his design, "to quit this ugly world."

D'Arcy now kept such a vigilant guard over him, as to prevent his throwing himself again into the water ; and Conolly was obliged to submit ; his never-failing civility appearing to be considerably embarrassed, between his desire to acknowledge the kindness of those who endeavoured to save his life, against his will, and his dissatisfaction at the success of their exertions.

"Why, then, sure, I'm for ever obliged to your honour," said he, "for all the throuble you take,

on'y it's no use; for when a body is tired of this world, it's a pity not to let him folly his own figary."

In reply to D'Arcy's remonstrances, on the wickedness of making away with himself, he shook his head mournfully, and observed,—

"Ah! Master Maurice, jewel! it's a folly to talk; (beggin' your honour's pardon), when a man has got his warnin', what must be, must be! and, sure, death can be had at any time, by land as well as by say; and though a ship is nothing better nor a jail to those who're shut up alive in it, it's azy to break prison when we want to die, whether wooden walls or stone walls crib in the poor carcass of us."

Then, full of affectionate anxiety for his master, on observing his dripping state, he would exclaim,—

"Oh! thunder an' ouns! sure you'll be kilt with the could, in your wet clothes, an' I the cause of all, miserable cratur', that I am! an' sure t'would be well for your honour, that I was at the bottom of the say, for I'm a plague and a heart-scald to you entirely."

As they approached the ship, which had shortened sail to wait for them, the deck was crowded with the officers and men; for poor

Conolly had excited an interest in all parties on board, which D'Arcy's adventurous generosity in his favour, had not a little contributed to increase.

On entering the vessel, Conolly hung down his head, and appeared very much abashed; nevertheless, addressing those around him, he said,—

"Why, then, gentlemin, I'm sorry to give you all this throuble; but 'twas never my manin', any how."

He had no sooner got on board, however, and found that the vigilance which guarded him in the boat was relaxed, than watching his opportunity, he took advantage of an opening in the crowd on deck—darted, with the rapidity of lightning, to the other side of the vessel, and again sprang head foremost into the sea, before any one was sufficiently aware of his intention to prevent him.

There was now a general rush to that side of the ship. D'Arcy's distress was, if possible, greater than before; and he could be withheld only by force from again jumping overboard, in a renewed effort to rescue his infatuated friend from the fate he seemed so eager to seek.

The boat, which was still alongside, was again

hastily manned, and instantly put off to that part of the sea where Conolly was last seen to plunge; but there seemed to be no trace of him, and it was supposed he had finally disappeared.

After an anxious pause, however, of some minutes, the boatmen, looking out on all sides, discovered his black head on the surface of the water, at a considerable distance. They now eagerly plied their oars to come up with him, and all the glasses on board the ship were employed in watching, with indescribable interest, the extraordinary kind of chase which followed.

Notwithstanding the incumbrance of his clothes, Conolly had such command of himself in the water, that it seemed almost his native element; and though he was so determined to drown himself, his muscles, as long as his strength lasted, acted mechanically to retard the result he desired.

At first he seemed to rest motionless on the wave; but, as the boat advanced, it was evident he was exerting every nerve to escape from his pursuers. They, however, soon gained upon him; and though sometimes at fault, as the undulation of the waves concealed him from their view, they at length, by a vigorous exertion, approached him once more.

Poor Conolly had remained so long under water during his last plunge, and was so benumbed by the cold, and weakened by the struggles he had made, that although he still floated on the surface, his faculties were confused, and his strength almost entirely exhausted. He appeared to be insensible of the boat's approach; the buoyant spring of his action, which had enabled him to rise proudly above the wave, was now so enfeebled that he could scarcely elevate his head sufficiently to breathe, without swallowing such a quantity of water as nearly to suffocate him.

In this way he mechanically sustained himself, till all consciousness forsook him; and the last wave had just closed over him, when one of the seamen, with a long boat-hook, made a lucky catch at him, and succeeded in raising and drawing him towards the boat, but unluckily in such a position, that his head was downwards; and when they had got him on board there was no sign of life remaining.

There was nothing now to be done but to return to the ship as speedily as possible. D'Arcy, who anxiously watched the boat's approach, soon perceived the state of the case; and his affliction, when he beheld the body of his playfellow and

faithful follower stretched before him on the deck, almost wholly unmanned him.

As the functions of life, however, had not been long suspended, D'Arcy immediately resolved to try every possible means of resuscitation. The surgeon of the regiment was luckily on board, and, with the assistance of his skill, after a long perseverance in the usual process, symptoms of returning animation rewarded their exertions.

The powers of nature, more than ordinarily vigorous in his athletic frame, gradually resumed their operation; and poor Conolly, to the delight of his master, opened his eyes once more on "this ugly world."

In the first struggles of returning consciousness, his senses were entirely bewildered; his eye wandering round on all sides, as if in eager search of something, or somebody, he was evidently disappointed not to find. His first use of speech was to exclaim,—

"Oh, Biddy, Biddy Farrell! where are you?" On recognising his master, in great agitation, he cried out,—

"Oh, blessed father! Master Maurice, jewel, are you then drownded as well as me?"

With difficulty, notwithstanding the state of

weakness to which he was reduced, could he be kept quiet till he was sufficiently recovered for D'Arcy to explain to him what had occurred, and how he had been preserved, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary.

He heard the relation evidently with more surprise than pleasure, observing at the end of it,—

"Why, then, after this, sure I may put to say in a cockle-shell, and not be afraid of a ship-rack."

But though he considered it a great hardship "not to be allowed to die when he liked," he could not bring himself to requite his master's anxiety about him so ungraciously as to manifest his dissatisfaction. He only observed, amid many profuse acknowledgments,—'Why, then, your honour, I'm afeard my next bout o' chokin' may not be quite so azy as this, for sure enough, they say the man that can't drown himself is born to be hanged."

He seemed, indeed, to think there were only two modes by which he could make his exit from this world--hanging and drowning--a hempen cravat, or a salt water winding-sheet; and as he had been, in such an extraordinary manner, saved from the one, he took it for granted he was destined to suffer by the other. But he confessed he did not

like "to go off in a caper, and die a dancing the widow Murphy's jig."

D'Arcy now endeavoured to impress strongly on his mind the wickedness of his conduct, not only as it regarded himself, but with reference to his poor mother, whom he ought to live to protect in her old age—to his mistress also, who might be faithful to him, notwithstanding her apparent civility to the "scaldcrow of a miller's man;" and, lastly, to his friend, D'Arcy himself, who declared, that he considered Conolly's care and attendance upon him essential in the country to which they were going, and the contest in which they were about to engage.

These arguments touched poor Conolly in the right place,—his heart, that never was wrong but when he deserted his poor mother. With tears in his eyes, he assured his master, that he would make no further attempt to destroy himself; but D'Arcy was not content with his promise alone, he knew how to bind him by a tie that nothing would induce him to break.

Though there was no parson on board, there was a prayer-book, and a small Testament, which had been packed up among his shirts, by the affectionate mother of a young midshipman, who had just entered upon his first voyage, and was

not yet ashamed of being known to possess such articles.

Being thus provided, D'Arcy made Conolly "kiss the book" upon it, and take his "Bible oath," that until he received some intelligence from Ireland, he would make no attempts whatever on his life, but quietly wait the result.

D'Arcy promised to take the earliest opportunity of procuring news for him; and he was well aware, that when Conolly heard that his mother was well, and Biddy Farrell faithful, he would no longer feel any desire to quit "this ugly world."

Our hero was now completely at his ease as to any further suicidal attempts on the part of poor Conolly. He knew enough of his Catholic countrymen, from the early impressions of his childhood, necessarily passed among them, to be perfectly aware, that even the Stygian oath was not more binding on the "Father of gods and men," than a solemn adjuration of this kind, on the poor Irish peasant, when made under such circumstance.

Its efficacy has, indeed, been long and fatally notorious, for good or for evil—for his weal or his woe—his ruin or his rescue. Its power is sufficient to repress the most ungovernable pas-

sions, and extinguish the most flaming animosities.

The habitual toper, who drinks, though death stare him in the face at the bottom of the cup, refrains with the severity of an Anchorite, within any given limit of its exactions. The enraged associator, who combines with others for his defence, or his revenge,—from the impulse of patriotism, or plunder, fulfils its secret conditions in the worst extremities of this world, through his terrors of the next, as if its breach were the blackest of mortal crimes, and its observance the first of human virtues.

Yet such is the perverse character of religious controversy, that a people who have given the most striking examples of fidelity to engagements of this nature, which are to be found in the annals of civilized man, are shamelessly aspersed in a "hue and cry" of sanctimonious misrepresentation, as faithless on principle, and "regardless of the obligation of an oath!"

CHAPTER X.

THEIR long, stormy, and eventful voyage to America now drew to its close; and having escaped all the perils by which it was attended, D'Arcy and his companions arrived safe in the harbour of New York.

After the delay of a few days in that city, to steady their heads, and recover their land legs, the detachment, to which D'Arcy's company belonged, proceeded to join the main army, under Sir Henry Clinton, then about to enter into winter quarters.

D'Arcy's first impressions of America were unfavourable, and his first march was discouraging. The people seemed vulgar, and invariably hostile, whenever they dared to betray their real sentiments. The route was long and harrassing

—through ravaged plains, half-cleared woods, and broken-up roads, enlivened only by their now and then sinking in a swamp, struggling through a ravine, and starting at a rattlesnake. The footsteps of war were to be traced on all sides, amid the ruins of deserted farm-houses and devastated plantations.

Now this would be a good opportunity to enlarge, for a few pages, in a spirited declamation on the horrors of war, and the wickedness of that pugnacious little animal, man. I might, also, *selon les règles*, in the noble art of book-making, exercise my narrative powers, in a brief sketch of the American contest, with anecdotes of Washington, Franklin, and Adams. But I am resolved manfully to resist the temptation; though it is evident, that a slight historical scamper, from the battle of Bunker's Hill, to the surrender at Saratoga, would fill me half a volume, at least, without the aid of an official document, or a gazette extraordinary.

To say the truth, I have no more taste for the plantations, as the colonies used to be called, than Billy Conolly himself. I could never feel comfortable in that half-civil, half-savage state of society, which they, at that time, generally presented.

But the Americans have become a powerful,

wealthy, and intelligent people; who love their liberty and their money too well, not to know the value of both, and to be very unwilling to part with either. They have wisely rejected, in their system, the feudal follies which cling to, and encumber the most improved of the old governments in Europe. But in their contempt for the gewgaws of society, let them not disregard its graces, or forget, that the ornaments of life are amongst its best utilities; that manners are as important to our happiness as morals; and that men may be politically free, and commercially prosperous, without being either personally amiable, or nationally interesting.

With all due respect, however, and every assurance of the highest consideration, I shall take my leave, as soon as possible, of a country which may be said to be the *spes melioris ævi*, in which the Muses and Graces will, I trust, be soon naturalized, and taste find an asylum as well as liberty.

To D'Arcy, America opened an entirely new scene; and novelty was always a charm to his ardent imagination. His disposition was equally versatile and adventurous—alike suited to voluptuous ease, or vigorous exertion. As the occasion offered, he could enjoy the pleasures, or submit to the privations of life—would riot in luxury to-day,

with the relish of a Sybarite, and rough it to-morrow, amidst all sorts of discomforts, with the hardy spirit of a Highlander.

He was not more a man of gallantry in love than in war; but as his present position was favourable to his operations only in the latter sphere, the pursuits of the lover were necessarily superseded by the duties of the soldier.

He soon distinguished himself in the field; which means, that he was more daring and lucky than his companions. Through the whole course of his service in America, indeed, he was reported to have acted quite like a hero; that is, he showed very little regard for his own life—still less for the lives of his men; and a commendable desire to destroy the lives of the enemy.

As to the cause in which his prowess was displayed, he never troubled his head about it—that was no part of his business. He entered with as much zeal into a contest which a late "heaven-born" minister characterized as having been "conceived in injustice, nurtured and brought forth in folly;"—as "having its footsteps marked with blood, slaughter, persecution, and devastation, and every thing which constitutes moral depravity, and human turpitude;"—into such a contest, our hero entered with as much spirit, and as

little compunction as if it had been a sacred struggle, *pro aris et focis*—for life, liberty, and honour.

No man, indeed, could more religiously conform to the laudable military maxim, that a soldier should not deliberate: his duty is to act, not to reflect—not to reason, but to obey. No matter for what purpose the sword is drawn;—good or bad, right or wrong—whether for protection, or oppression—to liberate or to enslave—still the soldier has no business to think; he is a passive instrument of slaughter, and must cut away according to orders.

If he be commanded to burn a church, with the priest at the altar, and the congregation on their knees;—if he be desired to sack a city, depopulate a province, or extirpate a whole people, there is no room for hesitation, reason for compunction, or ground for punishment. He has his cockade in his hat, and his authority in his pocket. The moment he puts on his uniform, he ceases to be an animal morally accountable for his actions: his commission supersedes the law and the gospel, and he is relieved at once from the restraints of religion and morality.

All nations appear to acquiesce in this beneficial arrangement; and seem to have agreed in the satisfactory conclusion, that crime, upon a large

scale, should not be degraded to the low level of petty delinquency, but rather aspire to reverence, and assume the dignity of virtue. Thus it is, that wholesale atrocities, at which the heart sickens, and humanity shudders, change their character in their magnitude, and are wisely held up to the admiration of mankind, as heroic achievements and glorious triumphs. Well has it been said, but it has been said in vain,—

> "One murder makes a villain,
> Millions a hero. Princes are privileged
> To kill, and *numbers* sanctify the crime."

> Kings seek diversion in the tented field,
> And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
> But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings should not play at. Nations would do well
> To wrest their truncheons, from the puny grasp
> Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
> Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
> Because men suffer it, their toy the world.
>
> COWPER.

"But," cries the enthusiast for military glory, "what would you do? would you preach up quietism; clothe society in drab colour; and suffer no spirit to move but in a world of Quakers?"

"What!" cries the sage Malthusian, "do you not know that war is the great drain through which are drawn off the lees and dregs of society, leaving the liquid more pellucid and pure? Will you allow the social hive to swarm around you, till population swell beyond the limits of subsistance, and war be superseded by famine?"

"What!" also exclaims the politician and statesman, "are you not aware that war is a kind of wholesome national phlebotomy, which relieves the social circulation, and removes inflammatory symptoms, when they begin to show themselves in the body politic, to the prejudice of the constitution? Would you disturb the established order of things, obstruct the ennobling projects of ambition, and condemn the heroic qualities of man to rust in enervating tranquillity, and stagnate in inglorious ease?"

By no means, gentlemen; I would not presume to derange a system that "works so well," and is at once so rational and so religious. Hobbes, I believe, says, that war is the natural state of man; and Hobbes was a great philosopher, who proved that he was well acquainted with his species, by the opinion which he has expressed of them. I am aware, therefore, that to speak craniologically, or rather phrenologically, nothing can surpass

the folly of attempting to counteract the organ of destructiveness in man, except—the folly of facilitating its developement.

That men and dogs will fight, and worry each other to death, if we stand by, and halloo them on to their destruction, there can be no doubt; and if their pugnacity must be considered their virtue, the Indian is right in estimating the worth of the warrior by the number of his scalps.

Let the venal poet then come forth, with his "Io Pæan"—the pompous historian prepare his record of renown—and monsters who have spread carnage and calamity over half the globe, whose lives have been one long massacre of their fellow-creatures, may be lauded through all the trumps of fame, under the character of heroes and conquerors.

"But all this is very absurd," cries some learned Theban; "it is useless to inveigh against ills which result from the nature of things, and therefore cannot be remedied. We must view these matters upon a larger scale, and with a more *philosophic* eye. We shall then comprehend the true effect and utility of war, which has been prescribed by the state physicians of every age, as the grand political panacea for all domestic disorders."

That the evils inflicted upon mankind by the sanguinary race of heroes, may be in some degree inseparable from a system which we can neither comprehend nor correct, is very possible. Like the earthquake and the pestilence, "Macedonia's madman," and the still greater military maniac of our own days, may, for some wise purpose, inscrutable to us, have been appointed to fulfil their dreadful functions. But how shall we characterize the infatuation which prompts us to hail with acclamations their horrible antics, and endeavour to exasperate the paroxysms of an insanity, which revels amidst the ruins of a world.

We may not be able to argue down the passions, with much more effect than we can reason with the elements; the moral, as well as the physical convulsion, may be beyond our control; but we find, we can inflame the mischievous propensities of man, though we cannot influence the operations of nature. If, by the blow-pipes of panegyric, we could kindle a volcano, and fan the fires of Etna to a blaze—if, with the puny trump of fame, we could rouse the slumbering hurricane to rage—call down by acclamation the consuming fires of heaven, or create an earthquake at will beneath our feet,—such an exercise of our powers would not be less rational, and would certainly be

much less disastrous to man, than that which encourages the devastation of war, and teaches the world to look with respect and admiration on the wretch whose frantic ambition is the scourge of his age.

But so it is, so it has been, and so, I fear, it ever will be; and though "the schoolmaster be abroad," he will, I suspect, teach the same lesson as the poet, the historian, and the philosopher. The wholesale destroyer of his species, will still be the *hero* of his vocabulary, and the peaceful ruler of his people, the *pusillanimous* prince.

War—glorious war—will still be sung and celebrated as the great game at which the master-spirits of the world should play; and the mighty "march of mind," of which we hear so much, will be interrupted in its course by that astronomical jostle, which is to shove our globe from its orbit, before the weak shall become wise enough to guard against the wicked, or fools cease to be the prey of knaves.

Like many other persons who are more vigorous in resolve than in resolution, I find I have fallen into the temptation which I had declared my intention to resist; but as I have not indulged much in digression of late, this little ebullition of spleen against the warrior race, may, I trust, be excused.

Although D'Arcy, from the peculiarity of his temperament, took the warmest interest in the operations of the army to which he was attached, yet the aspect of war which he beheld, had little that was splendid or flattering to the fancy of a young soldier. Much of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" was wanting. The continental forces were so rude in their equipments, so coarse in their manners, and so unmilitary in all their manœuvres, that they could hardly be considered as worthy of entering into a contest with regular troops. They looked so ill, that when you beat them, there was little credit to be derived from victory; and they fought so well, that it was difficult to avoid the disgrace of defeat.

From the acrimonious character of the struggle, there was none of that liberal intercourse between the officers on both sides, which tends so much to soften the evils of hostility amongst men who are enemies only in the field; and the constant use of the American rifle in picking off all stragglers, made it hazardous for the English to stir beyond their own lines, and prevented even the ordinary communication which takes place between outposts.

Billy Conolly, however, was quite at home. The novelty of the circumstances in which he

found himself placed, the wildness of the scene by which he was surrounded, and the constant bustle of adventure in which either his duty or his indiscretion engaged him, had succeeded in diverting his mind from the gloomy thoughts that engrossed him on the voyage.

After his master had procured for him intelligence from home, that "his ould mother" was alive and well, and Biddy Farrell neither married to the miller's man, nor metamorphosed to a mermaid, as he had imagined, he entirely recovered his facetious humour, and no longer felt a desire to quit "this ugly world," before his time. The warfare of the American woods, and the wild character of the combatants, excited his imagination. It was a combination of manœuvring and marauding—of hunting and fighting, which exactly suited his taste. But he never could be reconciled to the "copper coloured divils of Injins, who were not the laste like Christians;" their painted bodies, their tomahawks, and their scalping-knives; and the use of the latter instrument in taking the scalps of their enemies, which Conolly called "putting a man to sleep without his night-cap," had such an effect upon him, that he at first felt a disposition to treat them like the wild beasts of the forests which they inhabited; and could with

difficulty be brought to regard them as our allies in the cause of loyalty and legitimate government.

But our hero and his humble associate in the field, did not gather the laurels of their profession, without also experiencing some of its evils.

D'Arcy past twice through the hospital in the short course of his military career; once for a wound which he received when advancing in front of his company under fire. Having been observed to drop and lie without motion, it was at first thought that he was killed; but though he had been apparently shot through the body, yet, by one of those extraordinary circumstances which sometimes influence the direction of a ball, the vital parts were untouched, and a skilful surgeon soon repaired the damage he had sustained.

Poor Conolly's distress, on seeing his master fall, almost deprived him of his senses; and with great difficulty could he be prevented from rushing forward, single handed, to be revenged of "the rebel thieves and ragamuffins, that kilt you like cowards at a distance, but would not come close enough for you to tell what their mettle was made of."

D'Arcy's second visit to the hospital was occasioned by an attack of fever, brought on by fatigue

and exposure to bad weather, in the woods, during an expedition to surprise an American post. Youth, and a good constitution, however, with the help of bark, and Billy Conolly, who nursed him with an affectionate attention which supplied all wants, and assisted all remedies, soon enabled him to resume his military duties.

But the worst disasters of a soldier he had yet to encounter; for, at the close of his military career in America, he found himself a prisoner with Lord Cornwallis and his brave companions in arms.

The result of our transatlantic struggle, certainly affords matter of anxious inquiry to the philosophic observer of that great game of chess in which the world is engaged, where the people are the pawns, and monarchs make the moves.

That the most powerful empire of the earth, ruled by the wisest statesmen of the age, with the most experienced generals, and best disciplined armies, composed of soldiers as intrepid and unthinking as the strictest rule of military obedience could require, should be worsted in a contest with a few fanatical colonies—semi-savage hordes of settlers, scattered over an interminable waste, and hardly deserving the name of a people;—that veteran battalions, conscious of their prowess, and

confiding in their fame, should yield before raw levies of rustics, equipped like Falstaff's ragged regiment, with smock frocks, rusty fowling-pieces, and leather leggins;—that, in the face of an active enemy, mobs should be drilled into military bodies, plantations converted into fortresses, and farmers fashioned into field-officers—that a seven years' obstinate dedication of the wealth, power, and policy of Great Britain to a favourite project, should, under such circumstances, proceed in infatuation, and end in discomfiture,—was as little to be anticipated as regretted; and proved that the most specious calculations of probability are not always to be depended upon in the management of human affairs.

The sanguine advocate for liberty will ascribe the event to the inspiring influence of a good cause; he will expatiate largely on the energies of men contending for their rights, and tell us how little tactics can avail, or the mercenary machine of war, a standing army, can effect, against a people whose hearts glow with the fire of freedom, and whose arms are nerved by the vigour of patriotism and public virtue.

This is, certainly, an agreeable elucidation of the matter; for there is no theory so gratifying as that which teaches that the righteous cause must

still prevail. But, unfortunately, the ordinary course of events does not sanction this conclusion. The present aspect of the civilized world, as the more populous, profligate, and rapacious portions of the globe are denominated, would rather tend to justify an opposite impression.

It is indeed surprising, how much there appears to be of wrong, in a world where we are told "Whatever is, is right." It requires a pious prostration of the understanding, sufficient to satisfy the Grand Inquisitor, or the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, to acquiesce in a disposition of mundane affairs, at once so morally and politically preposterous.

Providence, it would appear, interferes but little with the freaks of that ferocious little reptile, that dubs himself the "lord of the creation," and exercises his sway through the usual characteristics of sovereignty—pride, rapine, and oppression. He riots in the full free agency of evil, here; and as to retribution hereafter, like Macbeth, "he jumps the world to come."

All history demonstrates that an appeal to the sword is the triumph of might over right, the subjection of weakness to wickedness. The decree issued from the cannon's mouth is seldom in accordance with justice. The *ultima ratio regum*

is generally a *coup de grace* to the agonies of public virtue, when stretched upon the rack of oppression; and although we are assured from the highest poetical authority, that

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,"

yet, if we judge by the general result, we must suppose that the incumbrance of this triple equipment is unfavourable to the champion who takes the field in a panoply so inconvenient.

CHAPTER XI.

If I had learning, leisure, and resolution, to qualify me for so revolting a task, I should certainly write a history of the principal wars of the world, from the earliest annals of heroic butchery, down to the more passionless and systematic massacres of modern times; I should give a clear exposition of their causes and their consequences—show what were the objects for which they were undertaken, and how far those objects were attained—calculate the expense of blood and treasure with which they were attended, and the amount of human misery which they occasioned.

To bring into one general view a judicious aggregate of the evils which have flowed from this prolific source—to collect the scattered facts of rapine and desolation—to sum up, in a conve-

nient compendium, the grand total of outrage and inhumanity which illustrates the weakness and the wickedness, the inutility as well as the atrocity of war, would afford a salutary lesson to its victims, at least, if not to its advocates.

Recorded on the pompous page of history—described with philosophic calmness, as the most interesting occurrences of human affairs, and invested with a character of chivalrous enterprize and gallant achievement, those horrible paroxysms of national frenzy, called wars, are presented to the admiration of the world, as glorious projects of enlightened policy, and necessary operations of inter-national police.

In this compressed record of national quarrels, the wars of Great Britain would necessarily occupy a conspicuous place; as, in her political cranium, the organ of combativeness appears to have been as actively developed, as in that of any other state of modern times.

John Bull has gone about the world, like an Irishman at a fair, crying out, "Who dare say pase?" and stimulating others to fight when he could not himself find an adversary. He has long been the swaggering bully of the European ring—ready for a set-to with any chance customer, cocking his hat and looking fierce at his neigh-

bours, when any of them happen to cross his path or his purpose.

In the detail of his pugnacious proceedings, would be found some of the most striking examples which could be adduced in illustration of the object proposed in the work in question. There we might observe, how far a wanton indulgence of the belligerent spirit, contributes to harden the character, and corrupt the moral feeling of a nation. We should there behold the melancholy process of perversion, by which a people who have taken "the start of the majestic world," in arts, science, literature, and liberty—a people who have been long distinguished by some of the noblest attributes of the human race, and whose annals shine with the most splendid examples of genius and virtue—a people, individually generous, benevolent, and just,—who boast of possessing the most rational religion and the purest morality, could be brought to the habitual violation of the principles inculcated by both, in the wholesale practice of political delinquency, throughout the four quarters of the globe; at one and the same time, devastating their dominions in Asia—ravaging their colonies in America—enslaving the unfortunate blacks in Africa, and persecuting the equally unfortunate whites in Ireland.

We should there see how men with the Bible in one hand, may take a fire-brand in the other, and become at once, canting and cruel—fanatical and ferocious—how, accustomed to reduce all good and evil to a calculation of profit and loss, some amongst them may be found to speculate on war, as a measure of mere commercial policy, and drive the bargain for blood, as they would negotiate a bill of exchange; till, in the *furor* of avarice and ambition—of folly and frenzy—they grow so callous to every consideration of human misery, as to raise a war-whoop of exultation, on hearing the decree that announces the carnage of their fellow-creatures; and willingly embroil a world, if they can but hope, in the general confusion, to grasp at a sugar island, lay open a new channel of traffic, or preserve some absurd, selfish, and oppressive monopoly.

But this is really becoming serious, and the consequence may possibly be, that my reader will become sleepy, and begin to suspect me of an intention to rival the rhapsodies of that reverend divine, who piously pounces upon all things,—law, physic, and divinity,—arts, science, and literature, in the wide sweep of his conventicle vituperation.

When, however, we consider the great increase

of authors,—that the *cacoethes scribendi* rages amongst us, to an extent far beyond any thing which Juvenal could have even imagined; when we reflect, that numbers of the unemployed literary population are at this moment sitting with their pens fresh nibbed, ready to be plunged in a sea of ink, if they could but find a topic on which to employ them, I conceive, that by suggesting a subject so comprehensive, and likely to be so interesting, I render a service to the cause of letters, as well as to society at large, which cannot fail to derive some benefit from the discussion which must result from it.

To return, however, to the last military disaster in which our hero was concerned—the capitulation at York Town. The brave and benevolent commander of the little army whose valour had been so perniciously and unsuccessfully employed, was hardly more mortified at his position, than D'Arcy, when he found all prospect of professional fame and advancement at once closed upon him in America.

The situation of a prisoner was one which the restless activity of his spirit, and the peculiar impetuosity of his temper, rendered irksome to him in the highest degree; and all its evils were aggravated, by the humiliating reflection, that he had

surrendered his sword to adversaries, whom as a people he detested, and as an enemy he was anxious to despise.

I have spared my reader any particular account of the military details that characterized the campaigns in which he was concerned, because I have no pleasure in dwelling on events which sully the page of British history. To say the truth, also, I never could find any thing very interesting or instructive in the military *verbiage* in which the endless routine of marchings and counter-marchings—encampments and entrenchments—reconnoitring here, and taking post there, must, it would seem, be technically, and therefore unintelligibly described.

Even that grand catastrophe of war—a pitched battle, excites but little interest either in narration or representation. The pen and the pencil are alike unsuccessful with such a subject; and Gibbon and Hume produce as little effect upon the feelings, as Le Brun or Bourgognoni. A single murder may be made interesting, in the highest degree, by the narrator or the painter; as in Carte's Assassination of Richard II., or the St. Peter Martyr of Titian; but a massacre *en masse* is revolting rather than affecting. The one may arouse the finest emotions of pity and terror;

we turn from the other with horror and disgust, and are much more disposed to execrate our species than to sympathize with them.

In this respect the battles of the Ancients were more picturesque, as subjects for poetry or painting, than the conflicts of modern times. The heroes of Homer fight hand to hand; from the confused crowd of combatants he draws forth such groupes as best suit his purpose,—leaves the general scene of carnage in the back ground, and fixes our attention on some of the most interesting and extraordinary incidents of single combat, between the most celebrated chieftains in the field.

But even Homer himself fatigues us with the endless repetition of wounds traced through their sanguinary course with an anatomical precision, more suited to the patient details of a dissecting-room, than to a description of those rapid operations of the sword, which characterize a battle.

Le Brun brings forward Alexander in personal conflict with Porus, and endeavours to produce that impression by the energies of individual valour which the more extended operations of general slaughter always fail to effect. The invention of gunpowder has enveloped the movements of modern warfare in volumes of smoke,

from which, as from a thunder-cloud, issue those fires of destruction, that by a sort of invisible agency, sweep down whole ranks of defenceless victims. Large masses of men wave to and fro in disastrous undulation, rolling the tempest of war over a vast expanse of indistinct havoc and undefined devastation.

The divisions of modern armies are worked as component parts of the great machinery of war; and each is effective, only as co-operating in the general movement. The personal strength and valour of an Achilles are of no avail before a discharge of cannon, or a volley of musketry. The soldier's sword, except in an occasional charge of cavalry, rarely comes in contact with his enemy; and all individual prowess is reduced to the common level of military discipline, or obscured in the cloudy maze of general confusion.

I shall not, therefore, be tempted to try my hand at a battle-piece, but rather content myself with selecting from the transatlantic adventures of my hero, two incidents, which may be more appropriately recorded in this brief memoir of his fame.

In the engagement which took place at Guilford, North Carolina, where, some months before the capitulation of York town, the American

army, under General Greene, was defeated by the British forces, several detachments were ordered to advance in pursuit of the routed enemy.

D'Arcy's regiment was amongst the most forward in executing this duty. From the nature of the ground, which was covered with thick woods, the continentals were favoured in their retreat, and the victors were consequently, almost as much dispersed as those whom they pursued.

When prudence made it necessary to check the ardour of the troops, D'Arcy, whose impetuosity always placed him amongst the foremost on those occasions, found himself, with Billy Conolly and half-a dozen of his company, considerably in advance of the rest of the regiment.

On their return through the *bush*, as the Americans term it, several discharges of musketry were heard, apparently within a short distance; and Billy Conolly, who was ever alert and adventurous, dashed into the thickest part of the wood, in the direction from which the shots proceeded. D'Arcy and his companions paused for a moment; when Conolly immediately re-appeared, making signs to them to follow him with

as little noise as possible, through an opening which he pointed out.

They now distinctly heard the confused sounds of men in desperate conflict; and on making their way a little farther into the thicket, they saw a party of seven or eight British soldiers, guarding what seemed to be a litter, and engaged in furious encounter with double their number of American back-woodsmen; a rude and disorderly description of freebooters, whose knowledge of their forests and fastnesses, enabled them frequently to annoy our troops, by the irregular kind of hide-and-seek hostility which they carried on.

Although D'Arcy and his party had now approached, unperceived, within musket-shot, they were afraid to fire; lest, from the manner in which the combatants were intermingled in close contest, their friends should suffer more than their enemies. Trusting, therefore, to the sword and the bayonet, they rushed forward with a loud huzza, which struck terror to the hearts of the Americans, while the appearance of their countrymen cheered the few English, who still continued to defend themselves, although on the point of being overpowered by numbers.

The attack made by D'Arcy and his men

was so impetuous, and unexpected by their opponents, that they soon gave way, and fled in all directions through the wood, leaving several of their party killed and disabled behind them.

Billy Conolly laid about him with his sword most manfully on the occasion; his habits of Hibernian warfare with the shilelah, giving him peculiar dexterity in the use of his "Andrew Ferrara," as he called it.

Having succeeded in driving off the American marauders, and being reinforced by some stragglers of his regiment, who had been attracted to the spot by the noise of the affray, D'Arcy now approached the litter, which, for the greater facility of defence, had been placed at the foot of a large tree, on the first appearance of the assailants.

Beneath a kind of canopy, constructed of green boughs, put together so as to form a shade from the heat of the sun, lay, extended on his back, a British officer, severely wounded, deadly pale, disfigured by blood and dust, and apparently insensible to what was passing around him.

On D'Arcy's addressing a few words to him, congratulating him on his rescue, and assuring him that he was in the hands of friends and

fellow-soldiers, the wounded man made an effort to raise himself on his elbow, that he might see the person who spoke to him; but no sooner did he cast his eyes on our hero, than, uttering a feeble exclamation of surprise, he instantly fell back and fainted from the combined effects of sudden emotion, and weakness through loss of blood.

Strongly excited by the circumstance, and wondering at the sensation which his presence had occasioned, a confused feeling of recognition suddenly arose in D'Arcy's mind; and drawing nearer to satisfy his curiosity by a closer examination, in the death-like aspect of the wounded officer, he discovered the features of his former commander and old enemy, Colonel Shervington.

To meet our bitterest foe under such circumstances, would be sufficient to affect the most callous mind; but D'Arcy's disposition was generous and forgiving; he had long ceased to entertain any enmity towards Shervington, and the satisfaction which he felt, in rescuing a brother officer from danger, and perhaps from death, was enhanced by the reflection, that he had rendered that service to a man who had once treated him with harshness and injustice.

Certainly, the noblest vengeance is that of

rendering good for evil; and the mind is never so satisfied with its triumph over an enemy, as at the moment when we can forgive a wrong, while we confer a favour.

Although Colonel Shervington had embarked with his regiment for America, shortly after D'Arcy had thrown up his commission, yet, as the regiment formed part of the force which had surrendered at Saratoga, the latter had no idea that Shervington, who had exchanged into another corps, before that unfortunate affair, was now serving with him, under Lord Cornwallis. His surprise was therefore great, to meet his old commander in such a situation.

Colonel Shervington, early in the engagement, had been ordered to lead, in an attack on part of the American line; and had not advanced far, when his horse was shot under him. The animal plunged for a few paces, fell forward, and threw his rider over his head.

Stunned by the fall, before he could be extricated from his perilous situation, Shervington received a kick from the poor brute, struggling in the agonies of death, which broke one of his legs.

Some of the men were immediately ordered to carry their commander to the rear for medical succour; and, accordingly, they were proceeding

with him, slowly, in consequence of the pain which motion occasioned to the sufferer, when they were overtaken and borne down by the rapid and tumultuous retreat of the division to which they belonged.

The corps had been unexpectedly encountered in the clear ground, about the Court-House at Guilford, by a force of the enemy greatly superior in numbers. The British were consequently driven back with great loss; and in the confusion and disorder of such a movement, carried away by the general rush, the men who bore poor Shervington in their arms, were obliged to relinquish their burthen, and scramble for their own lives amongst the fugitives.

Shervington, again stretched on the ground, had scarcely a second to reflect on his situation, when Colonel Washington's regiment of dragoons actually charged over him.

Whether from loss of blood, or the injuries he had received in this latter operation, from which it seemed miraculous that he escaped with life, he lay for a considerable time senseless; and when he recovered his faculties sufficiently to observe his position, he found himself surrounded by dead and dying soldiers of both parties, and the field apparently clear of any active enemy.

Amidst the horrors of the scene, and his own sufferings, his attention was attracted by a loud moaning at a little distance from him; he tried, as far as his wounds and bruises would permit, to raise himself to a sitting posture; and directing his eye to the quarter from which the sounds proceeded, he heard himself addressed by an American soldier in the following words:—

"What! you d——d Brittainer, ar'n't you dead yet? Can you still raise your cowardly pate in the presence of a Saratoga man? I guess I have life enough left yet to settle your account."

The speaker appeared to be sitting on the ground, covered with blood, and propped up in his position by the body of a dead man that lay beside him. While uttering the last words of his speech, he took up his rifle, and brought it to his shoulder; but wholly exhausted by the effort, before he could draw the trigger, the gun dropped from his hands, and he fell back lifeless on the body that had supported him.

Shervington's first emotion was that of pleasure at his escape from the vengeance of his ferocious neighbour; but a moment's reflection on his situation, made him rather regret that the good intentions of the Yankee had not been

seconded by his strength; as a bullet directed by the unerring hand of an American rifleman, would have put him at once out of pain, and saved him from that lingering death, under the most horrible circumstances, which now appeared to await him.

But the love of life is powerful in every situation; and while his reason told him that death would be a blessing in his unfortunate predicament, he was still actuated by the hope of preserving his existence; and eagerly exerted himself to staunch the blood which he found flowing from a sabre cut on his left arm.

While thus employed, he perceived an Indian, apparently belonging to one of the tribes engaged in our service, cautiously stealing out of the wood which bordered the open space where he lay, and advancing with all that wariness and circumspection, for which the children of the desert are so remarkable.

Shervington's first impulse was to call to him for assistance, conceiving him to be one of the friendly natives that followed the army; but remarking that the savage was evidently anxious to avoid observation, he thought it better to watch his motions before he trusted him.

Shervington soon saw him approach a British soldier, who lay apparently senseless upon the

ground near the wood. The man, who as far as Shervington could judge, appeared to be an officer, raised his hand as the Indian drew near; the latter immediately struck at him with his tomahawk, and coolly proceeded to scalp his unfortunate victim.

The effect which this barbarous act produced on Shervington's mind, surpassed all the previous horrors of the day; his heart sunk within him, as he anticipated for himself a similar fate. In the weak state to which he was reduced, with difficulty could he prevent himself from fainting at the thought of the scalping-knife; and death in any other shape, would have appeared to him a rescue from the dreadful infliction which he thought he was about to undergo.

As he lay breathless and panting, he was concealed in some degree from the view of the Indian by a little rise in the ground, and some low brush-wood in the neighbourhood.

Expecting momentarily the approach of his enemy, in the confusion of his mind, he anxiously looked around for some means of resistance or revenge. Observing a horse-pistol lying within a yard or two of him, he made a desperate effort to grasp it, and succeeded; but, unfortunately, in drawing it towards him, a bramble

came in contact with the trigger, and the pistol exploded.

This unlucky circumstance, Shervington considered as rendering certain and immediate the catastrophe of his fate. The report of the pistol would rouse the attention, and the smoke would direct the steps of the savage to the spot where he lay. But to his great surprise, he beheld the assassin start up from his horrible operation when he heard the explosion—look around him in evident alarm, and rush with the utmost precipitation into the thickest part of the wood.

This was a reprieve, at least, from the appalling terrors of the scalping-knife; and a considerable time passed, while, enduring the bitterest agonies of mind and body, Shervington had the mortification to perceive parties of the British troops searching for the wounded in various directions; but though he made every effort by crying out to them as loudly as his debility would permit, and holding up the handkerchief, which he tore from his wounded arm, as a signal, they passed at too great a distance to observe him.

He now felt himself gradually becoming weaker, and had resigned himself to his fate, when, to his horror, he perceived the same Indian again stealing from the wood, and advancing in a direc-

tion in which he must inevitably discover him. Despair revived his energies in a considerable degree; and, half-frantic with the desire to obtain some means of defence, he again eagerly cast his eye around him for that purpose. Observing the body of a Highlander lying at the foot of a tree a little below him, he thought he might possibly procure one of the many weapons with which that description of soldier is generally supplied. But how was he to effect his object? From the state of his leg, and the wounds and bruises he had received, he could not even crawl upon his knees for the few yards that intervened.

At length an expedient occurred to him, and though at the expense of great torture, he contrived to roll himself over and over, till he reached the spot where the brave North Briton lay covered with wounds. The sloping nature of the ground favoured Shervington's movement, and he immediately began to search for the dirk which always forms part of a Highlander's equipment for the field, conceiving, that with such an instrument, if he could not save his life, he might at least inflict some punishment on his barbarous assailant.

He was, however, again unlucky. The High-

lander's sword lay broken by his side; but he had neither his pistols nor his dirk.

In the bitterness of his disappointment, Shervington sunk down on the body before him; and observing something to jingle in the poor fellow's pouch as he fell upon it, he thrust his hand into it, and found there a large clasp-knife and a tobacco-box.

The first he eagerly seized, as well adapted for his purpose; and deriving a sort of desperate consolation from the idea, that, although he could not hope to escape from his cruel enemy, he might have an opportunity of satisfying his feelings by one avenging blow, he quietly stretched himself beside the inanimate remains of the unfortunate Highlander.

He thought it most prudent to lie as if dead; and had scarcely time to take his position, and cover his face with a portion of the Highlander's plaid, when the Indian cautiously approached.

He appeared to be a tall athletic figure, in the full costume of a warrior, and as well as Shervington could judge, from the occasional glances which he could steal at him, not one belonging to any of the friendly tribes. The savage looked

round him on all sides, to be satisfied that he was unobserved, at least by any eye that he had reason to shrink from; and, with a grin of fiend-like ferocity, as if he were about to glut the vengeance of his whole race, he drew forth his scalping-knife, and approached the Highlander, whose dress seemed particularly to attract him.

He first stirred the body to see if any life remained in it; but to make all sure, he struck his weapon deep into the senseless mass. He now snatched up the Scotch bonnet, and clapping it on his head, nodded the feathers too and fro, seemingly much pleased with the acquisition he had made; then, as if suddenly recollecting that he was losing time, and neglecting his principal purpose, he dashed it on the ground, and bending down upon one knee, seized the Highlander by the hair, and giving the preliminary circular cut, with a dexterous jerk tore off the bleeding scalp, and held it up with a half-muttered exclamation of joy and triumph.

The feelings of Shervington during this operation, lying as he was within reach of the deadly instrument which he saw employed with such horrible skill, and expecting every moment to be himself the subject upon which it was next to be exercised, may be more easily imagined than described.

Shervington was a truly brave man, and had faced the most appalling dangers of his profession with coolness and resolution; but there was something in the fate that now awaited him, which almost entirely unmanned him.

To undergo the dreadful process which he had just witnessed, while perhaps consciousness remained, and life yet quivered in every limb, was a thought of anticipated torture that excited him to a degree of frenzy. His mind became a chaos of confusion, cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore, and he shook with a universal tremor, which, if the savage had not been otherwise occupied, he must have perceived.

At one time Shervington determined to start from his position, as well as he was able, and attack his enemy at all hazards; but the reflection of his disabled state, and of his incompetency from weakness to enter upon such a contest, withheld him; and he resolved tranquilly to wait for the most favourable opportunity the movements of the Indian might present to him.

He was not long kept in suspense. Rising from the ground with his sanguinary trophy in his hand, the assassin accidentally removed the plaid which covered part of Shervington's figure as he lay; his gorget and epaulets being by this means exposed to view, immediately caught the eye of

the Indian, who eagerly stretched over what he thought the dead body of the officer before him, to tear the glittering ornaments from his breast.

Shervington saw that this was the crisis of his fate—the clasp-knife was firmly grasped in his hand—the gorget did not give way at the first tug —and, to make a second effectually, the Indian placed himself more in Shervington's power, who, in a fever of agitation, collecting all his strength for one decisive blow, and watching the critical moment, plunged the knife up to the handle in the heart of the savage as he bent over him.

A horrid yell of surprise and agony announced to Shervington the effect of the wound which he had inflicted; the barbarian gave one convulsive spring upon his feet, raised his tomahawk in the act to strike it into his foe, and fell dead on the body of the poor Highlander, whom he had just mangled with such ferocity.

But Shervington was not now conscious of the complete success which had attended his exertions; overcome by the tumult of his feelings, and exhausted by a degree of excitement too intense for his strength, his senses failed him, and he sunk into a state of insensibility which seemed to him the sleep of death!

CHAPTER XII.

PERHAPS there is no moment of a soldier's life more interesting than that in which, after the bustle and excitement of a battle, his regiment is mustered, in order to ascertain at what expense of blood the triumphs of the field have been achieved.

Then it is, that his eager eye glances around in search of his comrades—his companions—his friends; that he listens, with palpitating heart, to the roll-call of his corps, and shudders when he hears no answer!

Then it is, when he sees *him*, from whom, but a few hours before, he parted in health and bloom—full of ardour and hope—him whose hand he has, perhaps, pressed with the peculiar feeling which belongs to that ceremonial amongst

military men, at such a moment—when he sees the long-endeared associate of his mess, the partner of his dangers, and the enlivener of his social hours, laid low—borne along disfigured in death, or writhing under the torture of wounds, which must leave him maimed and mutilated for life;—then it is, that the soldier, if he be as humane as he is brave, will feel that the laurels of the day have been dearly purchased—that the prospect of promotion but ill compensates the losses which he has sustained, and that the glories of war are dimmed by its disasters.

The occurrences of a military life must certainly tend, in no small degree, to blunt the feelings of those who are engaged in them. He who is accustomed to the carnage of the field, loses a good deal of that sensibility with which persons who have never witnessed the infliction of a wound, ordinarily regard the effusion of human blood. The experienced soldier is familiarized with death in all its forms; and when he sees men dropping around him, he considers it only as one of the common events of war.

In the heat of action, indeed, he is too busy, and too anxious to do his duty, to encourage or attend to feelings which would unfit him for the station in which he is placed.

The jealousy which guards the delicacy of military reputation, requires, also, that he should manifest an indifference which, perhaps, he does not feel. Any appearance of emotion, at such a moment, might be mistaken or misrepresented; and he knows, that fear is the only passion that is never forgiven in a soldier.

A French general, attended by two of his aides-de-camp, in an engagement, asked one of them for a pinch of snuff. The officer presented his box, but was killed on the instant by a cannon-ball. The general, coolly turning to the other aid-de-camp, observed, "*Ce sera donc vous, monsieur, qui me donnerez la prise de tabac, puisqu'il a emporté la tabatière avec lui.*"

Where is the military man that would not admire such a specimen of undisturbed serenity and *non-chalance*, at such a moment, as an enviable trait of self-possession, highly characteristic of a hero?

But when the conflict is at an end, it is no longer incumbent on the soldier to disregard the softer sympathies of our nature; the martial spirit may relax a little of its rigour, and even the hero is allowed to feel without an imputation.

It is then, that reflection comes to embitter

the exultation of victory, and all the social relations resume their influence in the soul. The brave man laments the miseries of his companions in arms, and weeps for the friends who have fallen in the field.

The bonds of friendship are strong amongst military men. Soldiers become endeared to each other by all those associations of common suffering, and common danger, which operate so powerfully on generous minds. Perhaps, more striking examples of liberal and disinterested attachment are to be found amongst such of them as have, according to the usual phrase, "seen service," than any other profession can boast of, even where the objects of ambition are less important, and consequently the spirit of rivalry is less powerful.

The sudden and violent disruption of such ties as unite those, who

> "Side by side,
> Have fought and bled in many a deadly fray,"

may be unattended to, or apparently disregarded, while "the din of battle brays." But the feelings that belong to the fellowship of hopes and fears, recur when the hour of excitement has

passed; and while the dread amount of massacre and mutilation strikes upon the ear, they aggravate by grief the shame of defeat, and sadden the heart amid the shouts of victory.

When, after the action in which, though victorious, Colonel Shervington's regiment had suffered so much, they were assembled in their quarters to take an account of their loss in the field, their commanding officer, with many others, was reported amongst the wounded and missing, together with the men who had been ordered to convey him to the rear.

Although, from the peculiar hazards in which his accident, and the events of the day had involved him, there seemed to be but little chance of finding him alive; yet, a party of men, with a sergeant, were ordered to explore the field in search of their colonel.

Luckily, one of the soldiers, who had been engaged in carrying him, when they were overborne in the tumult of the retreat, now came in, wounded, but still able to act as guide to that part of the scene of action, in which Shervington had been unavoidably left to whatever fate might befal a man under circumstances so helpless.

The party soon succeeded in discovering him

in the position described in the last chapter; senseless, but still warm enough to show that life was not extinct.

With the remains of an old gate which they found at hand, and the assistance of some boughs, they constructed a kind of litter, in which they carefully placed him; and were proceeding with him to the regiment, when they were attacked, as before described, by the party of marauders who prowled about the wood to see what they could plunder from the field.

Shervington recovered his consciousness, to find himself in the midst of the conflict which raged around him; and had just began to understand his situation sufficiently, before he again relapsed into insensibility, to be aware that D'Arcy was his deliverer from the new peril in which he had been placed.

D'Arcy now assiduously attended to the removal of his former commander to the surgeon's quarters, where he soon revived.

Events had passed in such a hurried and horrible succession, that Shervington at first doubted whether he was not under the delusion of a dream, or a delirium. He anxiously demanded if D'Arcy had not rescued him from the hands of the enemy; and when the latter stood

by his side, he appeared almost choked with emotion. Clasping our hero's hand, he faintly said,—

"Captain D'Arcy, I have ill merited the service which you have rendered me—can you forgive —"

His feelings would not allow him to utter more. D'Arcy earnestly urged him not to agitate himself in his present enfeebled state—professed the highest gratification in having contributed to his safety, and assured him that all unpleasant recollections of what had passed between them, had long since faded from his mind.

Shervington appeared to be much impressed by D'Arcy's generous conduct, but was too much exhausted to give vent to his acknowledgments by words.

The surgeons now soon reduced the fractured limb, his wounds and bruises were treated *secundum artem*, and for some days, there seemed to be no reason to doubt of a favourable result; but, unfortunately, a fever came on, which the extreme state of debility, produced by loss of blood, rendered him unable to withstand. His case was pronounced hopeless; a delirium ensued, in which his mind seemed to be entirely occupied by the thoughts of his wife and child,

and the new feeling towards D'Arcy, which the recent event had excited.

D'Arcy attended him with the care and kindness of a brother; night and day, as far as his military duty allowed, was he to be found at Shervington's bedside, administering to his comforts, and watching the turns of his disease.

The evening before he breathed his last, the delirium subsided. He seemed easy and quiet. While D'Arcy bent over him as he lay, to ascertain if he had fallen into a sleep, he opened his eyes, and fixed them on our hero, with an evident expression of gratitude.

"This is kindness," said he, with a faltering voice, "of which I am not worthy."

D'Arcy declared his satisfaction at seeing him so much better;—Shervington shook his head.

"D'Arcy," said he, "let me once more press the hand of the man whom I have injured, before I die." D'Arcy was affected almost to tears, but endeavoured to cheer him with the hope of recovery.

"No, no, no, my friend," answered the poor sufferer, who evidently was sinking fast; "I feel that my hour is come, and I trust I shall meet it as becomes a soldier;—it is the chance of war. But one thought is dreadful—I leave a wife and child far distant. D'Arcy, a soldier should not

marry; *they* will feel my loss—they are defenceless; and, by my folly and vanity, almost destitute." He was unable for some moments to proceed; then making an effort to take hold of a small miniature picture which hung upon his neck, he said,—

"Take this when I am dead, and should you live to return from this unnatural contest, give it to my wife, and tell her, I wore it next my heart until that heart ceased to beat." He sunk back with a deep moan, which D'Arcy, who with difficulty could repress his emotion, thought the last indication of life. But Shervington opened his eyes once more, and faintly moving the finger of one of his hands that bore a ring upon it, he added,—

"This gem is yours; wear it as a pledge of my regret—my gratitude—and now," collecting the little force that remained to him, with a faint smile, he added, "brother soldier, farewell!"

The melancholy fate of Colonel Shervington produced a depression of spirits in D'Arcy, which for some days, engaged him in an intellectual operation to which he was very little addicted—reflection. This particular process of the understanding, which a celebrated philosopher has considered as a disease, and which certainly has

some claim to be characterized as the *plague* of the mind, is rarely assisted by any predisposing taint of thought, in the healthy hilarity and robust recklessness of an Irishman; for though some cases have occurred, in which the malady of cogitation has seriously affected individuals of that country, yet, it has never become epidemic in the Island of Saints.

Whatever remains of resentment the lapse of time allowed D'Arcy to entertain towards his former commander, the circumstances under which they met in a foreign land, had entirely removed; and the closing scene of Shervington's life operated so powerfully to his advantage, that in his death, D'Arcy felt as if he had lost a friend.

Other events, also, now contributed to relax a little the natural spring of his vivacity. The military expedition in which he had engaged with so much ardour began to wear a very unpromising aspect; there were evidently no laurels to be reaped in America. Among the troops, an unusual length of visage appeared to be the prevailing military physiognomy; brave soldiers began to regard each other with a downcast look of awkward anticipation, and read in each other's

[illegible] the result which they apprehended too sen-[illegible]

[illegible] D'Arcy was [illegible] subscribing to the pain of disap-[illegible] His spirit vibrated, therefore, for [illegible] between melancholy and mor-[illegible] and had just begun to settle into its [illegible] state of tranquil acquiescence in the [illegible] when the constitutional [illegible] was again affected by [illegible] poor Billy Crosby.

[illegible] a genuine specimen of that par-[illegible] who are always [illegible] the [illegible] of a day, and so [illegible] [illegible] as to have [illegible] "fighting may be [illegible] but it is an Irish-[illegible]." The alacrity with which he [illegible] the necessity of having what he [illegible] with the enemy, [illegible] where he had [illegible] him to hazards beyond [illegible]

[illegible] with which he had become a [illegible] warmed him on this [illegible] an impression generally prevalent

amongst soldiers, that to volunteer service where no direct duty calls them, is to tempt their fate; a kind of presuming upon Providence, which, they conceive, seldom fails to meet with its appropriate punishment.

But though, in his own way, far more fancifully superstitious than his companions, Conolly was unimpressible on this point; for "sure every bullet has its billet, and turn this a-way or that a-way, divil a bit any body knows which side the wall is, that we 're to knock our head against."

Satisfied with this philosophic conclusion, Conolly asked leave of his master to join a detachment of his regiment, that was ordered to destroy a redoubt of the enemy at some distance.

Their object having been effected with little loss, Conolly was returning with the party, in his usual frolicsome humour, when a spent ball approached him, and appeared to roll on so leisurely, that thinking of the game of *long bullets*, at which he used to play in his own country—though some of his more experienced comrades cried out to prevent him, he foolishly attempted to stop the ball with his foot. The immediate consequence was a bad fracture of his leg.

"Blood an' 'ouns boys, what a bang!" exclaimed the poor fellow, when he found himself,

to his great astonishment, suddenly twirled about, and deposited on the broad of his back. He at first looked round him, as if in search of some co-operating cause of an effect, which was to him so unaccountable; but when, on attempting to rise, he perceived the extent of the injury which he had sustained, his lamentations were loud and ludicrous.

"Oh, murther an' Irish! Did any body ever see the like o' that—on'y look at my leg, lads, bruck in two, that a-way, before you could say 'Jack Robi'son,' by a bit of a bullet that was goin' on so quietly, you might take it up in your fist, without hurting your little finger. Oh! blood an' tough! why wasn't it my head that was there, instead of my futt, for sure it never done me such good sarvice! Why, then, Billy Conolly, you were always an unlucky boy; but you 've put your futt in it now, sure enough, an' its the worst game o' futt-ball you ever played, any how!"

Conolly, like many of his countrymen, had very little regard for his life, but a great deal for his limbs. He had no dread of death, but entertained much horror of mutilation. To use his own words, "he'd rather lose his head than his *futt*, any day."

To be a *buccaugh*, or cripple for the rest of his

days, was, therefore, in his estimation, the worst calamity that could befall him.

As long as he was allowed to believe that surgical assistance might rescue him from this fate, he was tolerably tranquil, and even jocular as usual; but when it was announced to him, that from the compound nature of the fracture, and the danger of mortification, it was necessary to amputate the limb, he became quite unmanageable, and flatly refused to submit to the operation.

When D'Arcy expostulated with him on the subject, he exclaimed :—

"Arrah, then, Master Maurice, jewel! will you join with them cruel divils of doctors, that hack and hew a body in could blood, without marcy? Will you let 'm maim and murther me entirely, becaise I'm on my back here, an' can't help myself?"

His master assured him that his life would be the forfeit of his obstinacy.

"Why, then, let 'm take it, an' welcome," replied he. "Sure I'd give my life for my leg, at any time; an' I'd like to know, your honour, what use I'd be of, at a fair or a futt-ball match, or how I could ever cut a turf, or dig a praty, for the poor ould body of a mother? Not to minshin what Biddy Farrell wou'd think, who always said

I was 'a clane lad upon my pins,' when she'd see me stumpin' about, pop an' go one, upon my timber-toe. Oh, blood an' ouns! Lord forgive me for swarin', Master Maurice, dear; rather than that, let me die a thousand times, an' settle the matther at oncet!"

D'Arcy, who felt for the poor fellow's distress, and had a sincere regard for him, tried every means of persuasion in vain. He told him that in resisting the only mode of cure, he would be guilty of self-murder; and at length, getting really angry, he taunted him, as afraid of the operation; declared he would consider him as unworthy of his friendship, and disown him both here and hereafter.

Perceiving, also, that Biddy Farrell was uppermost in his thoughts, D'Arcy vowed that when he returned to Ireland, she should be made acquainted with the pusillanimous manner in which her lover shrunk from his duty, deserted his friend, and threw away his own life.

Poor Conolly was confounded by his master's displeasure. He burst into tears, and casting upon him a look of mingled grief and indignation, he said,—

"I'm not *afeard*, Master Maurice, but I'm *ashamed* that *you* should tell me so. God help

me! it's little I ever thought of life, or limb, whin you cried, 'folly me;' and sure old Nick himself must have his claw upon me, afore I could be aggravatin' you to throw such a word in the teeth of a poor boy, who'd die for you this minit, with pleasure."

"Live for me now, my dear Conolly," affectionately exclaimed his master, holding out his hand to him at the same time; "live for me now, and double the obligation. If you consider me as a friend, a brother of the cradle, as you call me, I conjure, I command you to live for my sake, and that you may live, submit patiently to the only measure that can save you."

Wrought up to almost an agony of grateful feeling, and bathing his master's hand with his tears, Conolly now declared he was ready to submit himself entirely to D'Arcy's discretion, exclaiming,—

"Why, then, in heaven's name, let them lop off my two legs at oncet, and send me a rowlin' an' a tumblin' through the world, like Billy in the bowl-dish, if you'll on'y say, Master Maurice, jewel! *Well you done, Billy Conolly*;—that's enough.

Having made up his mind to undergo the operation, he went through it without a groan or a grimace. He seemed to derive great satisfac-

tion from the idea of having proved to his master, that his fortitude was equal to his courage; and that he was not more afraid of pain than of danger.

After the amputation had been performed, he asked to see the limb he had lost; and regarding it in silence for a moment, he, with a mournful shake of the head, observed, as if communing with himself,—

"Why, then, it was a nate leg, though I say it that shou'dnt say it, an' as handy at a futt-ball, a wrastle, or a hop, step, and jump, as any in the parish of Killorgan, let the other be who it may. But I'll never shuffle the brogue with it again, or cut over the buckle, heel and toe, to Mollowney's jig, or the Miners of Wicklow. Any body may futt it at the fair for me now, or trip up the heels of a Connaught man; and even the spalpeen of a miller's man, may bate me in a caper on the green, even if Biddy Farrell herself was lookin' on.

After the resolution he had displayed during the process which deprived him of his "precious limb," Conolly thought he was well entitled to enlarge upon the loss which he had sustained. There is no telling, therefore, how long he might have continued the peculiar strain of pathos

here exemplified, if the object which excited it had not been removed from his view.

But, though he had his full share of the martial spirit of his country,—though he liked fighting full as well, if not better, than most of those who mean rather to live, than to die by it; though "the ear-piercing fife, and spirit-stirring drum," were music much to his taste,—and if the literature prevalent amongst "the boys of the barony," had included the works of our immortal bard, there can be no doubt that, in the true parliamentary style, he would have wound up the complaint of his cruel calamity, with a quotation, and exclaimed, in the words of the Moor:—

"Othello's occupation's gone!"

Yet it was observable, that he lamented his lost member, more as a citizen, than as a soldier. It was evident, that in contemplating the consequences of his misfortune, he thought less of his inefficiency in the field than in the fair,—regretted his inability to wield the sword, less than the shilelah, and felt much less mortified at being disabled from marching before his general at a review, than disqualified from joining in a jig with Biddy Farrell.

By the skill of the surgeons, and the attentions of his master, Conolly soon recovered, as far as the nature of the case admitted; and D'Arcy took care to provide him with the best substitute for his lost limb, that transatlantic ingenuity could fabricate of wood or cork. In a short time, he became quite dexterous in the management of his timber-toe, as he called it; and D'Arcy gratified the poor fellow by having him continued on the roll of the regiment, and allowing him still to officiate as his servant.

The embarrassments of the army had now approached to the melancholy crisis of capitulation; and our hero had the mortification to finish his military career in America, as a prisoner.

On the events of a campaign which terminated so disastrously, there can be no temptation to dwell. To a British subject they must always constitute a mortifying theme; for, however, as a patriot, he may lament that the skill and valour of his countrymen should have been so wantonly and unthinkingly sacrificed in a bad cause, he cannot, as a friend to the freedom and happiness of man, regret the ill success which attended their exertion.

Excepting in so far as he felt himself called upon to attend to the wants and comforts of his

men, D'Arcy now found himself relieved from all military duty. But the pursuits of love and war were equally congenial to his disposition; and as when unoccupied with the one, he was always proportionably disposed to amuse himself with the other, the operations of the man of gallantry, succeeded to those of the soldier.

The records of his adventures in the former character, therefore, are by no means barren; I shall, however, select from them but one incident which occurred while he was a prisoner, and had proceeded very nearly to a fatal termination.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM what has been before stated on the subject, the reader will have collected, that Captain D'Arcy was a man personally well adapted "to catch a lady's eye;" and as the optics of the American fair were fully competent to estimate his claims, he was well received by them, whenever social intercourse was uninterrupted by the operations of war.

Nor did he find favour in the eyes of the fair loyalists alone; the rival belles of the revolutionary party, manifested the most liberal desire in his case, to soften the rigors of republicanism, and do justice to the merits of the individual, while they condemned the cause in which he was engaged.

The American ladies have a high character for beauty; their religious and moral reputation, also, may probably warrant a comparison with that of any portion of the female sex, which the more polished regions of society can boast. How far the influx of such a host of chivalrous knights as our army displayed,—

"Befurred and feathered all in martial pride,"

might have disturbed their piety, or relaxed the prudery of their democratic decorum—whether the champions of England were more triumphant in love than in war—and Mars, Venus, and Cupid, formed the usual family groupe in the American, as well as in the European mythology, it would be now difficult to ascertain.

There are few official documents to refer to; no gazettes of gallantry extraordinary—no dispatches from head-quarters, addressed to the department for the affairs of the heart, detailing the amatory evolutions of the parties; their advances or reverses—their assaults or surrenders—their conquests or capitulations. All those more interesting manœuvres—those amicable encounters, which fill up the intervals of hostility, and may be said to be carried on, as the underplot of a campaign, the by-play of a soldier's

life, are left at the mercy of rumour, and can be traced only through the misty medium of traditionary lore.

The scandalous chronicles of the time, however, have represented our hero, as a warm admirer of the Columbian belles, and insinuated, that he had found out the way to their good graces. But whether any emotions of a more tender nature were excited on his part, or responded to on theirs, must now be matter rather of inference than proof; and I should be extremely sorry to press the argument farther than evidence, similar to that which will be found in the following incident, may reasonably be considered to authorise.

While D'Arcy remained in the character of a prisoner, he was stationed with his regiment, in Maryland, and quartered in the house of an American farmer of some condition, named Logan, a violent partisan of the Congress, and an officer of the local militia.

In his person, Logan was gross and heavy ;— in his manners, rough and republican. Though not quite so uncouth as the back-woodsman, or the squatter, there was a dash of the savage in his civilization, which materially affected his physiognomy; and blended, in a peculiar combina-

tion of brutalities, the worst characteristics of the Colonist and the Cherokee.

Now this man was "almost damned in a fair wife;" a creature of such rare proportions, that she hung and sparkled in the hymeneal chain that bound her to the boor her husband,

"Like a diamond in an Ethiop's ear."

The connexion, indeed, between two beings so apparently uncongenial, would almost seem to have originated in a freak of fanciful illustration to the fable of "Beauty and the Beast." Though engaged in the commonest household cares, she seemed to elevate the character of the occupation, rather than to be degraded by it; and though evidently but little acquainted with artificial manners, and wholly unaccomplished, in the fashionable sense of that word, her deportment presented such a happy medium between rusticity and refinement, that in the artless simplicity of nature, you forgot the graces of education, and regretted no polish which she did not possess.

Agnes Hartley was the daughter of an Irish merchant of Belfast; a man of the true roundhead race, whose religion was as much of the conventicle cast, as his politics were republican.

His trade, however, did not flourish, and consequently he became discontented and patriotic.

We are never so disposed to look after the disorders of the state, as when our own affairs are in a state of disorder. Insolvency is the hotbed of of patriotism; and a man will harangue you with the energy and eloquence of a Blackstone, through the whole chapter of "public wrongs," when he has a statute of bankruptcy staring him in the face; who, with fifty thousand consols, a good place, or a pension, would not be able to discover a single flaw in a system that works so well; and is at once "the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world."

Hartley was a patriot of this stamp; his public spirit rose in proportion as his private interests declined; and the failure of a speculation in corn, by which he had hoped to extract a fortune from a famine, increased his public spirit to such a pitch, that he could no longer endure those abuses in the state, from which he found he was likely to derive no advantage.

Collecting the wreck of his property, therefore, he determined, in conjunction with some kindred spirits, to seek, in the Plantations, an asylum from the insolence of success, and the

usurpations of authority. But, as we have been long since told,

"Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt,"

he carried with him the same leaven of republicanism, which fermented to discontent in America, as well as in Europe; and though on the verge of civilization, he was sufficiently freed from the restraints of law, — and neither the abominations of monarchy or prelacy could be said to offend the purity of his political or religious taste, he found little reason to congratulate himself on the change he had made.

He soon quarrelled with his associates, who had all too much independence of spirit, to be swayed by any common principle of social advantage. They agreed in nothing but in their abhorrence of authority; and never met but to squabble for an ascendancy, which each would claim for himself, but none would concede to others.

When Hartley crossed the Atlantic, his family consisted of his wife, and an infant daughter. Mrs. Hartley was a woman of amiable disposition and gentle manners; pious, without being puritanical in her religion, which was Protestant.

As will be readily conjectured, her husband was too fond of liberty, not to keep it all to himself in his own house. However he might brawl for the right of resistance abroad, passive obedience was his domestic maxim; and his wife submitted to his surly sway, with the temper of an angel, and the resignation of a saint. She sorrowed, however, in silence, and pined after the friends of her youth, and the scenes to which she had been accustomed.

In the rude state of society, or rather of seclusion, to which she found herself reduced, her only pleasure consisted in forming the character, and as far as her acquirements and means allowed, in cultivating the understanding of her daughter; but her heart sunk within her, when she reflected on the fate to which her husband had consigned his child.

How the human race would degenerate, were it not, that the qualities of the mother preponderate in the offspring, over those of the father! The angel woman civilizes the savage, man: she corrects, in some degree, the characteristics of the animal in his composition; from her, he derives the sympathies that refine the grossness of his passions, and soften the ferocity of his heart; she ennobles his nature with the senti-

ment of love, and endows him with grace, sensibility, and taste.

Agnes Hartley inherited all her mother's virtues, combined with a beauty, which enhanced their value, by increasing their influence. She was a flower, rudely transplanted from the cultivated garden of society,

"To waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

and wither amongst weeds.

At the early age of thirteen, she was deprived of the tender parent who had successfully protected her gentle spirit from the contagion of surrounding rudeness, and stamped on her infant mind, the most estimable characters, if not the most showy accomplishments of civilized life. Mrs. Hartley, constitutionally sensitive, and gradually declining in a state of hopeless despondency, sunk at last to the grave, a victim to the harshness of her husband, and anxiety for the fate of her child.

Agnes was, for some time, in a state bordering on distraction; but the storm of grief soon blows over in the days of childhood. The severity of her father, also, contributed to her cure, by a still more morose administration of

that domestic despotism, against which she had now no shield.

As years advanced, and disappointment proved the folly of his principles, Hartley grew every day more sulky, dissatisfied, and unsocial. He was one of those perverse spirits, who become obstinate in their errors, in proportion as they suffer by them; and are exasperated rather than improved by experience.

Mortified at the discomfiture of his speculations, and malignant against all who succeeded better than himself, he determined to rush still farther into the woods, that he might brood, in solitude, over the wrongs inflicted on him, by a world that would neither forward his interests, nor conform to his opinions. Agnes, therefore, was a clog upon his motions,—an impediment, that he was anxious to remove; and when Logan, who resided in a neighbouring plantation, proposed to take her off his hands, he gladly consigned her to what should be termed his cruelty, rather than his care.

Poor Agnes was passive in the transaction. She could not, indeed, love the clown, but she loved nobody else; and she saw no motive for selection, amongst the semi-savages of the district to which she was confined. At the age of sixteen,

therefore, she became the wife of Logan, and exchanged, without an emotion of gladness or regret, the austere tyranny of an unfeeling father, for the more heart-corroding and resistless sway of a brutal and insensible husband.

She had no children to call forth the affectionate feelings of her disposition, or contribute to soften, by a common object of endearment, the callous indifference of her oppressor. She had no female friend—no congenial being within reach, to whom she could resort for sympathy or consolation. She knew she had a heart, only by its throbbings in affliction, and the bitter pangs which unkindness produced in it.

She had just attained her twentieth year, when D'Arcy became an inmate of her establishment. Her beauty had lost nothing of its delicacy from the coarseness of her household occupations, and had gained a good deal in interest, from a kind of hectic glow, which faintly flushed her otherwise pallid cheek, at every emotion of her mind.

It may be supposed, that a man of our hero's character could not fail to be impressed by the attractions of such a woman as has been described;—that the thought of such a companion, in his *domicile*, materially tended to alleviate the mortification of his captivity. On her part, she

regarded her guest with a mingled feeling of pity and admiration, which completely triumphed over the prejudices of her patriotism, and softened her heart in his favour, as much as it excited her hospitality.

She endeavoured to provide for all his wants, and consult his accommodation, with a solicitude which might be characterized as affectionate. Without committing her love for her country, (for she considered herself as an American), or her husband, she avowed her sympathy in D'Arcy's situation; and openly expressed her regret, that he should have engaged in a cause which required her to look upon him as an enemy.

For all these manifestations of benevolence and regard, D'Arcy was as grateful as possible, and rather more loving than was necessary, or appeared quite intelligible to the object of his attentions.

The husband, however, was not so innocent as the wife; and, although, to speak in the *patois* of his province, he was *pretty particularly d——d dull*, in the ordinary concerns of life, he had, on this occasion, sufficient shrewdness to *guess* at the drift of assiduities which were paid with so much devotion, and received with so little distrust.

The farmer, like Hartley, was one of those lovers of liberty who would use it as a monopoly for their own advantage;—one of those advocates of equality who, as Johnson said, "would level all *down* to themselves, but not *up* to themselves." A race of persons who appear to have sprung up, in all their morose and melancholy varieties, amongst republicans in politics, and reformers in religion. By a happy exercise of their right of private judgment in each, they shake off authority in both,—proscribe alike all systems of fealty, or faith, that conform not to their capricious non-conformities; and enlarge their liberality to the most unrestricted indulgence of domineering independence, and intolerant toleration. With them, politeness is popery; good manners, a mark of despotism; and civility, the virtue of a slave. The privilege of a freeman is to be growling and ungracious,—to be brutal whenever he pleases, and insolent with impunity.

As a good transatlantic specimen of this genus, the American was equally vulgar and overbearing;—as quarrelsome for the rights which he claimed, as reckless of the wrongs which he committed;—tyrannical at home, and turbulent abroad.

Logan did not love his helpmate well enough

to be affectionate to her; but he loved himself quite well enough to be jealous of her; and as he thought the cordiality and kindness of her manner towards their inmate, had passed the bounds of patriotism or prudence, he anticipated consequences more alarming to his pride, than his happiness. Little accustomed to suppress his feelings, (if the fluctuations of moral and physical intemperance which usually actuated him, could deserve that name,) or to modify their expression, with difficulty could he restrain his rage from bursting forth, in the first moment of suspicion. Policy, however, dictated a more cunning course, and his discontents were for the present manifested only by a more decided sulkiness towards D'Arcy, and a less circumspect brutality towards his wife.

Another consideration, also, operated to put him a little on his guard. Though bold enough to be the bully of the township in which he resided, he was rather cautious in his operations, where the right of resistance was likely to be exercised with any considerable vigour. In D'Arcy, there was a certain air of determination, a kind of physiognomy of muscle and bone, which strongly impressed him with the idea, that an attempt to grapple with him, or to *gouge*

him, was a proceeding which even prowess itself, when regulated by prudence, might avoid.

D'Arcy's presence, however, became every day more dangerous and insupportable to his host, and the first measure of the latter was to dislodge the enemy. His influence with the authorities that regulated the disposal of the British prisoners, enabled him easily to effect this object; and D'Arcy, to his great mortification, was removed to other quarters in the neighbourhood, with little notice or ceremony. This was a change in his position, as destructive of his comforts, as unfavourable to his hopes: for, with reference to his fair hostess, I am sorry to say, he indulged hopes, which, whatever may be thought of them by men of gallantry, men of honour should be ashamed of.

When he received the order which announced to him his change of residence, D'Arcy was sitting in the principal room of the farm-house, which was devoted to his use. He was expecting his landlady to assist him, as usual, at his evening repast of tea. A volume of Pope's works lay by him, which he happened to have among his baggage, and which he used to read to her, as she officiated on such occasions.

Tea was a species of refection in which Logan

never joined. He was seldom even present, when this most cheerful, chatty, and temperate of potations was going on. He called it "a rot-gut stuff, fit only for women; and," as with a chuckle of satisfaction at his own wit, he added, —"female men." D'Arcy forgave his sneer, and was too much pleased with his absence, to dispute his taste.

Agnes soon made her appearance, with the tea-caddy in her hand, and the wonted smile upon her countenance. D'Arcy thought she had never appeared so attractive. Having finished her household operations for the day, she had dressed herself with peculiar neatness, in the plain and principally homespun attire which her wardrobe afforded; and she looked as well as beautiful nature, undisguised by art, could be expected to do, in the eyes of a man of fashion who, for many months, had been more accustomed to squaws than fine ladies.

Wholly disconcerted by the new arrangement, and more than suspicious of the cause in which it had originated, our hero sat, enveloped in gloom, his head resting on both his hands, when Agnes entered the room. Struck by an appearance so unusual with her vivacious guest, she exclaimed,—"Oh, mercy, Mr. D'Arcy, what a

melancholy posture! I hope you are not unwell."

Roused from his reverie, D'Arcy assured her he was perfectly well; "but," added he, "I am sad: and have I not cause to be sad, my admirable friend, when, after all your generosity has done for a poor prisoner, I find I must leave you?"

The tea-caddy dropped from her grasp—the colour forsook her cheeks—and, clasping her hands, she exclaimed,—

"Good God, you are exchanged!"

D'Arcy, surprised, and flattered at the degree of emotion which she had betrayed, was going to explain; when, covered with blushes at the recollection of having been thrown so much off her guard, as to express a feeling so inappropriate to the occasion, she eagerly continued,—

"Oh! Captain D'Arcy, you must not think I am sorry for your release, indeed you must not; but it was so sudden;—and I am sure I shall be glad, very glad of any thing,"—her voice faltered, and she became so agitated that she could not utter a word more.

D'Arcy ardently seized her hand, and applied it to his lips; then poured forth the most rapturous expressions of gratitude for the interest she took in his fate; declaring, that she had

bound him in chains which he would ever wear with pride, and from which he never desired to be freed.

This was one of the flights of D'Arcy's gallantry which Agnes never seemed entirely to comprehend, and which she always received with a repressing propriety, that disconcerted all his designs. There was an unreserved simplicity—a confiding innocence in her deportment, which, though untutored in the rules of etiquette, was influenced by a natural tact of delicacy, that at once repelled the most distant approach to a familiarity unbecoming her situation.

Our hero, therefore, not to put to hazard the delight which he derived from her society, or alarm a purity which he found to be as sensitive as unsuspecting, was always obliged to check the fervour of his admiration, and reduce his raptures within the limits of respect.

He now informed Agnes of the order which consigned him to new quarters, and threatened to interrupt an intercourse which rendered his captivity the happiest period of his life.

She seemed to be quite relieved by this communication; and did not hesitate to acknowledge the satisfaction she felt on finding "he was not yet going to leave them, for good and all. She

wondered at the change; but she would speak to Logan, who had great interest, she knew, with the officers of the district, and the matter would be soon set right."

D'Arcy, who had reason to believe that her interference in his favour would not be very acceptable to her husband, endeavoured to dissuade her from such a proceeding, but in vain. Like Desdemona, confiding in her innocence, it never occurred to her that she could be suspected; and she was quite certain that Logan would exert himself to prevent Captain D'Arcy's removal; for though she assured him, she was entirely uninfluenced by such a consideration, her husband would not like to be deprived of the pecuniary benefit which he derived from the captain's residence with them.

D'Arcy was obliged to give up the point, to avoid the suspicion which from his earnestness of dissuasion, she began to entertain, that he himself wished for the removal which he affected to regret.

When Logan returned that night, he was too savage in temper, and too much excited by intemperance, to be safely spoken to on any subject. The following day he went out early, and returned more moody than the day before. There

was no time to be lost, however, and she urged her request with the most undisguised expression of the interest she took in its success.

Logan became convulsed as she spoke—his rage disregarded all caution—he poured upon her reproaches and accusations of the most revolting nature, couched in the grossest language. She fell at his feet in an agony of horror and astonishment—his brutality prompted him to strike her in that situation—and his savage hand was twisted in her beautiful hair, for the purpose of further violence, when D'Arcy entered he room.

Our hero was not a man to calculate consequences at such a moment, even if a total stranger were the sufferer from such barbarity. The word "ruffian!" had hardly escaped in exclamation from his lips, when his arm stretched Logan at full length upon the floor. The fellow sprang upon his feet with great agility, and snatched down a sword that hung over the fire-place; but before he could entirely extricate it from the scabbard, D'Arcy, with the vigour of a Hercules, seized his arm, and wrested the weapon from his grasp.

Agnes now rushed wildly between the combatants, entreating D'Arcy not to injure her hus-

band, who appeared to be doubly exasperated by her interference. He seemed, however, disposed to preserve a safe distance; and D'Arcy declared, that for Mrs. Logan's sake, he would spare a wretch that was as unworthy of her regard, as of his resentment; "but," added he, "this sword shall never again be drawn in so bad a cause." Stamping on it, and breaking it, as he spoke.

At this moment, Billy Conolly, who had been preparing, in an outer apartment, for his master's removal, burst open the door, with a face of alarm, exclaiming:—

"Why, then, is it mad you're going, entirely, Master Maurice, jewel! to kick up a dust with the likes of him, or any such *feelogue* of a 'Merican, that's little better nor a savage baste."

Agnes, covered with confusion, retreated to an inner room; and D'Arcy, sternly ordering Conolly to retire, calmly followed him, first addressing his mortified adversary in the following words:—

"You know where to find me, Mr. Logan, should you dare to engage in a manly contest, rather than in a dastardly assault upon an innocent and defenceless woman."

D'Arcy quitted the house with the greatest re-

luctance; his feelings for poor Agnes aggravated by the reflection, that he could make no effort to protect her, which would not counteract his own object, and irritate to still greater brutality, the savage to whom she had been sacrificed.

Conolly, when he saw his master safe "out of the scrape," as he called it, began by divers nods and winks, and half sentences, to indicate, pretty broadly, that "he knew how the land lay." But D'Arcy was too much absorbed in his own thoughts, to attend to him, till, more decisively to display his penetration, or satisfy his curiosity, he said:—

"Why, then, Master Maurice, you're mighty sly; but may be, I can see as far in a mill-stone as my neighbours; and sure I guessed how it would be, when I saw you take to your prison so kindly; and by my sowl, I don't know who wouldn't like to be locked up by so purty a turnkay."

"Conolly," said D'Arcy, turning to him with some asperity, not liking to encourage this train of observation, "you are an ass; and I don't want any of your braying now."

"An ass, am I?" replied Conolly, with his head on one side, and looking at his master out

of the corner of his eye, with an expression, half fun, half offence; "troth then, may be so. You must know best, sir! for I was always tould I tuck after your honour, entirely."

At any other time, D'Arcy would have been amused by Conolly's repartee; but he rather angrily replied:—

"I'm not in the humour for your nonsense, Conolly: this is no joking matter."

"Why, then, I'm glad you think so, Master Maurice," answered the latter; "and if you'll take a fool's warnin', you'll keep clear of these primises."

"Why so?" sharply inquired his master.

"Becaise," said Conolly, with a significant nod of the head, "there's a man-trap there you're always cotch in. There may be a spring-gun, too, or what's worse, a rifle-gun, or some other gun, for any thing that I know; but if ever I saw the divil peep out of his window, in a felon's phiz, I saw him to-day, in Larry Logan's ogle."

"I'm not afraid, Conolly," said D'Arcy, with a smile.

"Why, nor I neither, for matther o' that, face to face with any man, in a good cause," rejoined Conolly; "but you see, Master Maurice, your

courage here is better nor your cause; and Logan manes mischief, or my naime's not Billy Conolly."

D'Arcy had sufficient respect for the good opinion of his humble friend, to assure him that his suspicions were unfounded; and for his satisfaction, he promised to be on his guard against the evil designs of his late host.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our hero's new quarters were at the house of a farmer, within a few miles of the habitation which he had just quitted. In directing his removal, his accommodation had been but little attended to: he soon had reason to lament that he was no longer the object of the kind solicitude with which poor Agnes endeavoured to provide for all his wants; and it did not much tend to reconcile him to his situation, to find that the master of his inconvenient abode, was a crony of Logan's.

All his thoughts were now directed to procure an interview with Agnes, for which he became doubly anxious, from a consideration of the interest which he saw he had excited in her breast. Her husband's barbarity, he thought, could not fail

to operate in his favour; and he even began to flatter himself that it was a duty of humanity, to extricate so fair a creature from her cruel bondage to a wretch, that was incapable of appreciating her merits.

For some days he heard nothing of Logan; which surprised him, as the fellow had the reputation of a "dare-devil," in his neighbourhood. Neither could he see Agnes, or ascertain any thing authentic as to her situation.

At length, he found an opportunity of communicating with a maid-servant of the house, with whom his civility, and an occasional bit of silver, had made him a favourite. From her he learned, that her mistress had been confined to her bed, in consequence of the ill-treatment which she had received from her husband, whose violence seemed rather to increase than diminish; and, she added, that though her mistress bore all without complaint, she "took on so at the accusations he brought against her, that she did not think she'd ever hold up her head again."

D'Arcy prevailed on the servant to deliver a letter to Agnes, in which he bitterly lamented the wrongs she had endured on his account; expressed the deepest sympathy for her situation; and implored her to allow him one opportunity

of personally assuring her of his eternal gratitude and regard.

D'Arcy thought if he could obtain an interview, he might prevail upon her to see him occasionally; and, as he expected to be soon exchanged, he did not doubt, but that by the time of his departure, she could be induced to fly with him from a scene in which misery must be her portion for life.

In a day or two after he had dispatched his billet, D'Arcy, through the agency of the same servant who had undertaken to deliver it, received from Agnes the following reply; the paper bearing evident traces of her tears:—

"I have been awaked from a short dream, in which this dreary waste around me, appeared to put on a charm before unknown. The delusion was too agreeable not to have been dangerous. The shock that aroused me from it has been dreadful; but, I trust, beneficial.

"If I have allowed myself to be influenced by sentiments unsuited to my station, it was because they were new to me—because they were pure, and I never thought their purity could be suspected—because I was not aware that the best feelings of our nature might be perverted to a bad

purpose, and that the conduct might be culpable, though the heart was uncorrupted.

"For the few bright hours which my cheerless life has known, accept, sir, my sincere thanks. They were enjoyed in innocence, on my part; and I cannot—I will not believe that on yours, they were ever darkened by an ill intention.

"Those hours never can return; but I shall recollect them with pleasure; and should you, in distant countries, and happier days, cast a thought back on this wild place, you may recall them to your memory without reproach.

"I know little of the advantages of society; but I have had one blessing in solitude—a tender, affectionate, and pious mother, who watched over me anxiously, while living, and now warns me from her grave. Her last words were these. She wrote them down with a trembling hand upon her death-bed, and left them to me, as her only legacy:—

"'Should it be your fortune, my child, to become a wife, be ever true and faithful; swerve not, oh Agnes! swerve not from the sacred duties of that character! even though it should be your lot to be tied to a tyrant, instead of a protector; yes, my child! even though you should

pine through life, in hopeless subjection to a sullen, ungenerous spirit, that never cheers you with a smile of kindness, or a word of approbation; and who seems to have no pleasure but in revenging himself on his defenceless wife at home, for the injuries which his own conduct exposes him to in the world abroad.'"

"Alas! my poor mother! in these few words, she described her own fate, and anticipated mine; but she bore her sorrows well, and I trust I shall imitate her example.

"Mr. D'Arcy, we meet no more in this world. My sojourn here will not be long. I shall soon join that dear parent who has so often told me, that if this be a world of punishment, there is another of reward.

"Farewell, sir!—I do not hesitate to acknowledge, that while my trials last, it will be a consolation to me to reflect, that I have your pity; and to feel, that I have not forfeited your esteem.

"AGNES."

D'Arcy was more affected by this melancholy communication, than men of gallantry usually allow themselves, or ever acknowledge themselves to be. Though he could not acquit his intentions, he had transgressed against poor Agnes only in

design; and he was sometimes tempted to wish that he had not, by his presence, and his too successful efforts to please, disturbed a tranquillity which now he never could restore.

This reflection, however, instead of inducing him to acquiesce in her determination to avoid him, made him but the more anxious to see her again, in the hope of working her impressions in his favour to a more satisfactory result.

In his peculiar system of morality, he persuaded himself that he was bound in honour, to rescue her at all hazards, from a state of domestic misery which he had been so instrumental in producing. Knowing Logan's habits and occupations, he thought he could easily effect an interview with her, during his absence, in a scene so lonely and little open to observation. But, as if aware of his design, she studiously avoided all occasion of appearing abroad; and he feared to approach the house, as he had reason to know, his visit would be reported to her husband, and must expose her to still worse treatment, than that which she had already received from him. Even the female servant, whom he thought he had bribed to his interest, now evidently avoided all intercourse with him.

Disappointed in all his plans, and wearied

with inconvenient and unsuccessful watchings, he was about to relinquish his object in despair; when, one morning, as he walked in a part of the wood which skirted the half-cleared orchard which adjoined the house, he observed Agnes slowly approaching to a rude bench under a pear-tree, where they had often sat to enjoy the sun-set and the cool breeze. She was neatly and simply dressed, as usual, and held in her hand the volume of Pope, which he used to read to her. But her aspect was sorrowful, and paler than when he saw her last.

Under cover of the trees, he cautiously approached the spot where she sat; her head reclined on her hand, and apparently, absorbed in thought. Fearing to alarm her by presenting himself suddenly, as he drew near, he addressed her before she saw him: "Agnes, dear Agnes! will you not allow me one word?"

Starting at the sound of his voice, she turned round, and exclaiming, "O Heavens, Mr. D'Arcy! is it you?" attempted instantly to fly towards the house; but he, intercepting her passage, was in a moment at her side. With all the ardour of passion, and indeed, to do him justice, sincerity of purpose, he entreated, he implored her,

for her own sake, if not for his, to fly from the fate that must inevitably await her; he told her he every day expected his exchange, and would with rapture devote his life to her in a scene more suited to her virtues, and far removed from the reach of the barbarian from whose brutality she could have no protection, and no other refuge.

"A refuge of guilt and shame you would offer me," indignantly exclaimed Agnes; and, struggling to get away, added, "Leave me, sir; you know not what you expose me to; if you regard your own safety, or mine, leave me instantly."

D'Arcy, still more urgent in his entreaties, dropped on one knee, and seizing her hand, fervently pressed it to his lips. In the utmost agitation, hastily withdrawing it from his grasp, her eye glanced in the direction of a pathway in the wood, and uttering a loud shriek, she wildly broke through all D'Arcy's efforts to detain her, and rushed, in a state of distraction, towards the house. At the same instant, a rifle ball whizzed by D'Arcy's ear, touched his hat, and lodged in the trunk of the tree under which he stood.

Confounded at the sudden flight of Agnes,

and somewhat startled at the shot which had so nearly taken effect, D'Arcy, for a moment, hesitated.

To follow Agnes would be cruel to her; and to remain longer where he was, would be to expose himself to a danger, which he now saw was serious, as he was evidently an object for the vengeance of some lurking assassin; and he could be at no loss to conjecture who his enemy was.

Looking round him, therefore, on every side, and under the rather unpleasant impression that a second bullet from the same hand, more unerringly directed, might impede his progress, he set forward on his return to his quarters; but by a more circuitous route than that which he usually pursued.

He had not proceeded far, when, his apprehensions sharpening his vision, in a close covert, on one side of the track which he had chosen, he observed a man stooping to conceal himself, and busily employed in loading his rifle. D'Arcy immediately recognised him to be Logan, whose appearance in an opening of the wood, in the act of levelling his piece, had occasioned the scream and precipitate flight of Agnes. Our hero was wholly unarmed; and before he had a

moment for deliberation, he saw he was discovered by his enemy, who, supposing himself unseen, crept cautiously towards him, for the purpose of obtaining a more convenient position, and more certain aim.

The moment was embarrassing; and D'Arcy, though always remarkable for his bravery, felt it to be so. To retreat, appeared to him to be dastardly, and could not finally avail him, as his adversary could pursue, and choose his moment for an effectual shot. To advance was, on the other hand, to present himself naked and exposed, an easy prey to the assassin. He determined, therefore, as a middle course, to wait under cover of a tree that stood near him, till Logan's approach should give him a chance, if he escaped the villain's fire, by rushing in upon him, to try the result of a personal struggle.

Logan observing that D'Arcy did not advance, and making sure of his game, insultingly addressed him :—

" What ! playing at hide-and-seek, captain ! Have I caught you at last, my hero ! By heaven ! I'll teach you, before we part, how you trespass on other men's manors !"

D'Arcy, thus taunted, stood boldly forth, and answered :—

"Logan, you have once already to-day escaped being a murderer;—are you coward enough to fire again upon a defenceless man?"

To this appeal the ruffian answered only by raising his rifle to his shoulder, and taking the most deliberate aim; when, at the moment that D'Arcy, rushing desperately forward, must have inevitably met his fate, a sudden blow from behind Logan, knocked the gun out of his hands, and it exploded without mischief.

With rage and dismay, Logan now found himself in the rough grasp of Billy Conolly, who, fearing for the safety of his master, and in anxious search of him, had just approached the spot in time providentially to baffle the assassin in his bloody purpose.

In the struggle that ensued, poor Conolly, disabled in a great degree by his fractured limb, though dexterous, almost beyond belief, in the use of its wooden substitute, must have been worsted by his vigorous adversary, if D'Arcy's approach had not rescued him in turn. He was, however, too staunch a hound to be easily called off from the game.

D'Arcy immediately secured the rifle, to get possession of which was the object of the contention between Conolly and Logan; and ad-

dressing the latter, who stood panting from exertion, endeavouring to give vent to his rage and vexation, in broken sentences of oaths and execrations, he said,—

"Mr. Logan,—for I will not give you the military title which you disgrace,—you have twice this day sought my life in the most treacherous manner; but as you have acted under an erroneous impression, I will not seek to draw down upon you the punishment you deserve. Since, however, you have conceived this erroneous impression, let me most solemnly assure you, that Mrs. Logan is as innocent as she is beautiful. My meeting her this evening was entirely accidental on her part. I will not deny that I have wished to rescue her from your violence and brutality; but she prefers her duty to her safety; and (placing his hand upon his breast) you have this assurance, on the honour of a gentleman and a British soldier."

Logan, who, during this address, had been recovering his breath and collecting his venom, now broke forth with almost frantic wrath, in reply.

"A British soldier! May hell confound you, and all British soldiers! You are British slaves—vile, mercenary cut-throats! Like blood-hounds,

you have come amongst us, to lap the gore of free men; but you are lashed back, like mongrels, to your kennels. You call yourselves gentlemen, too!—Men of honour!—You are poltroons and plunderers, who, unable to fight us like men in the field, skulk about our houses to steal into our beds, and rob us of our wives and daughters!"

During this sally of vituperation, Conolly, in a fever of excitement, had stood open-mouthed, as if watching for some signal and striking proof of the effect which he expected it to have upon his master; but observing no indication of active warfare on his part, he now exclaimed, with evident indignation,—

"Why, then, blood an' cuns! Master Maurice, do you listen to that, without a ruffle of your feathers?—Give him his gun, and on'y you stand by, and see if with this bit of a switch, (spitting in his fist, and twirling the stout stick which he held in his hand) I don't crack the Yankee's pate, an' tache him to keep a civil tongue in his head."

D'Arcy could hardly forbear smiling at the reproach his coolness had extorted from his warm-hearted attendant. But he still calmly replied:—

"No, no! Conolly; no more violence;—this man is now in our power; and therefore, notwithstanding his scurrility, he is safe, and shall go unmolested. I can feel no offence in the slander of an assassin."

The parties now separated; Logan still loudly vowing vengeance, and Conolly not half reconciled to the dignified doctrine and forbearance of his master. D'Arcy, however, was principally influenced in his lenient treatment of Logan, by the apprehension that whatever chastisement was bestowed upon him, he would visit with tenfold severity upon his unfortunate wife.

The situation of poor Agnes, indeed, made him absolutely unhappy: independently of the personal feelings of attachment which her beauty and her amiable attentions to him had excited, he lamented her melancholy lot, and even feared for her life. But circumstanced as he was, a prisoner of war in an enemy's—and an exasperated enemy's country—what could he do? The most anxious deliberation could devise no plan for her deliverance, which was at all likely to be successful, or in which he could hope that she might be prevailed upon to co-operate.

These reflections engrossed him for some days, during which he thought it prudent to be on his

guard, and avoid resorting to any of those secluded haunts, in the uncleared part of the country, in which he often used to roam, and where he might be waylaid by his enemy.

The vengeance of Logan was, however, too impatient and implacable, not to have recourse to other stratagems for its gratification; and confiding in the impunity which, from the rancorous feelings of the republican party towards the royalist troops, he thought he had reason to expect, in any outrage upon a British officer, he became more open and daring in the accomplishment of his purpose.

After a day spent in fruitless efforts to obtain some authentic intelligence, as to the consequences which had resulted to poor Agnes, from his last unlucky interview with her, our hero was aroused from his bed, at the dead hour of the night, by seven or eight desperadoes bursting open his door, and rushing into his room. In the first moment of surprise and alarm, he seized his sword, the only weapon he was allowed to possess, and naked as he was, attempted to defend himself; but he was soon overpowered by numbers, and had his sword wrested from his grasp.

The ruffians now compelled him to dress himself; and having taken from the stable a horse which he had hired for exercise, they obliged him to mount, tying him securely on the saddle; and without declaring their purpose, except by general expressions of violence and vengeance, the whole party proceeded with him rapidly, through an unfrequented track in the neighbouring wood.

They had not advanced far on their way, when they were joined by Logan, who, by his brutal insults and menaces, soon confirmed D'Arcy's suspicion, that he was the instigator of the attack, and the person upon whom his fate depended. The ruffians were all armed; and to D'Arcy's frequent demand, to be acquainted with the object of this treatment, Logan answered only by the grossest taunts, occasionally presenting his rifle, as if about to discharge it at his defenceless victim.

Having proceeded in this way, for three or four miles, the party stopped at the house of a farmer named Nicholls, who was a bottle-companion of Logan's, and appeared to expect them; for though, at such an unseasonable hour, neither he nor his family had been in bed.

D'Arcy was obliged to dismount, and was secured at the end of a large apartment in which the party all assembled.

There now appeared to be much consultation between Logan and his associates; during which, they had recourse to frequent potations of toddy, and became so vociferous, that D'Arcy was at no loss to comprehend the subject of their drunken deliberations, which turned upon the very interesting question to him, as to the most convenient place and amusing mode of dispatching him.

While the discussion proceeded, the farmer's wife, a stout, good-looking, masculine woman, betrayed considerable uneasiness, frequently whispered her husband, and evidently eyed our hero with some commiseration. So troublesome, indeed, did she become at last, that it was thought expedient to exclude her from the council; and her husband, with some palpable misgivings, as to the promptitude of her obedience, issued the order for her retiring to bed.

With a look which her husband at least, understood, as indicative of consequences which he was not in the habit of disregarding, she acquiesced in the command.

As the toddy operated on the party, they became more boisterous in their cups, and

bloody in their denunciations. By the retreat of Nicholls's wife, they felt relieved from the embarrassment of that kindly influence with which the presence of woman so rarely fails to temper the barbarity of man, even amongst the most savage tribes.

The truculence of Logan was cat-like; he delighted to sport with his victims before he destroyed them; and, on this occasion, the malignity of his feelings towards D'Arcy, disposed him to be playful in his ferocity, and mix amusement with murder. He, therefore, proposed that the prisoner should be tied to a post at the end of a long adjoining barn, with a short candle on his head, and that they should fire at it for a wager.

The suggestion was noisily approved. D'Arcy heard it with firmness; but indulging an indignation which he could not repress, exclaimed:—

"Monsters! will you assassinate me for your sport? Logan, if you are not a fiend, satisfy your vengeance at once, and dispatch me."

The whole party rose, apparently to carry their leader's proposition into effect; when the door was suddenly burst open, and Mrs. Nicholls, with the air of an Amazon, and a cocked pistol in her hand, entered the room, to the evident dismay of

her spouse, and the general discomfiture of the whole sanguinary groupe.

Though, out of delicacy to the supposed privilege of a husband, in his own house, she had so far submitted to marital authority, as to quit the room, yet, she by no means, intended to acquiesce in a spirit of passive obedience; but contented herself with taking a post of observation outside.

With a violent temper, rather handsomely lodged in a Patagonian frame, she had much of the milk of human kindness. The appearance of D'Arcy interested her in his favour; and she detested Logan as a dangerous and dissolute associate of her husband. When, therefore, she overheard his fiend-like proposition, her natural humanity revolted against such atrocity; and seizing the weapon before mentioned, which she was perfectly competent to use, she determined on active interference for the young man's protection.

With a fluency of reprobation, which allowed the interruption of no rival voice, she dealt her indignation around amongst the disconcerted crew:—called them base and cowardly assassins, not one of whom would dare to face the object of their cruelty, if he were at liberty to defend himself. The young man, "she guessed," though a

Britainer, was worth a dozen of such cold-blooded wretches. "And as for you, Larry Logan," turning with the bitterest female taunt to him, as she spoke, "if your poor wife did prefer the lad, or any other living creature on two legs, to you, I'm not the one to marvel at that, seeing the ill-favoured scamp that you are, and knowing, what a morose, unrelenting, domineering devil, you have always proved yourself to her." Then, addressing her own good man in a fully recognised tone of conjugal ascendancy, she exclaimed:—

"What! Nicholls; are you not man enough to prevent so foul a murder in your own house?—Then *I* am;" and taking her station in front of our hero, she energetically said—nay, let it be acknowledged and excused—she *swore*, "that the first man who attempted to injure the young man under her roof, should receive the contents of the pistol she held in her hand."

This unexpected and spirited interruption of their design, made the ruffians stare; and in their state of half-inebriated brutality, they seemed quite at a loss how to deal with their Bellona-like adversary. Logan, however, stung to fury by the attack on his personal and mental qualifications, and enraged at the obstruction offered to his vengeance, snatched up his rifle, and had nearly

levelled it at D'Arcy, when Nicholls, alarmed for his wife, who stood almost within the range of the shot, darted forward and knocked the gun out of his friend's hands.

A sort of general row now arose; and Mrs. Nicholls, taking advantage of the confusion, dexterously cut the cords which bound D'Arcy to the bench on which he was placed. At one spring he gained the door—burst it open, and succeeded in making his way through the passage out of the house, before the wrangling desperadoes within, were collected enough to observe his escape, and follow him.

Unfortunately, there was an exterior barrier, or paling, which D'Arcy had not remarked, on arriving at the house; and in a desperate attempt to clamber over it, though there was an opening within a few yards of him, he missed his hold and fell. He received no material hurt, however, but his re-capture was the immediate consequence.

Nothing could surpass the disappointment and vexation with which D'Arcy's fair friend saw him brought back, and once more at the mercy of his enemies. She roused her husband by a volley of reproaches—threatened to lay instant information against him and the whole party—till at length, succumbing, as usual, to the domestic sway under

which his prerogative had been gradually superseded, and not a little irritated by some rough treatment from his friend Logan, in the previous scuffle, Nicholls declared, he would have nothing to do with the affair, and manfully seconded his truly better-half, in demanding the immediate departure of the whole party from his house.

CHAPTER XV.

D'ARCY was now again placed on his horse, behind one of the ruffians, to whom, for the greater security, he was tied by a cord round the body. Before he left the house, he snatched the opportunity to express one word of gratitude to Mrs. Nicholls, who lamented her inability to save him; but whispered, that she would endeavour to rouse the people on the next farm, to assist in his rescue. All such aid, however, in that thinly peopled country, was too distant to afford him any hope.

By the conversation of those who formed his escort, D'Arcy now found, as they proceeded, that they were taking him to a deep glen, about three miles farther, where, as Logan, in an audible whisper, observed, they could shoot him,

and dispose of his body in a way that could never be discovered.

D'Arcy had hitherto entertained a faint hope, that the object of the outrage he endured, was rather to terrify and torment him, than actually to take his life: but he now saw, they were resolved on his destruction, and every energy of his mind and body, was directed to devise some means of avoiding his fate.

The man who sat on the saddle before him, he perceived to be intoxicated. D'Arcy's hands were not tied quite so firmly as before; and by constantly working them backwards and forwards, he at length loosened one of them so much, as to get a small penknife out of his waistcoat pocket. Thus far provided, he remained quiet, watching his opportunity, till they came to a turn where a kind of lane branched off from the track they were pursuing.

This, he thought, was the favourable moment; with one desperate cut of the knife, he divided the strong cord that bound him to the ruffian before him, who swayed forward, over the horse's neck, by the sudden failure of the force that contributed to keep him upright in his saddle; while D'Arcy, following up the movement, dealt him such a scientific blow under the

ear, from behind, as sent him rolling to the ground. Logan and his associates, seeing the fellow tumble from his seat, without any apparent cause, thought he had, perhaps, dropped asleep on his horse, and ran to take him up,—when D'Arcy, seizing the bridle, and applying the knife as a spur to the animal's side, set off at full speed up the lane.

Astonished at an escape which they could so little account for, the ruffians ran forward in pursuit of D'Arcy, and fired several shots after him; one of which, unluckily, took effect in the flank of the poor horse, who, before his rider could flatter himself, that he was more than out of sight of his foes, fell quite lame.

The only hope of safety now left to our hero, was to dismount, and endeavour to conceal himself in the thick wood which bordered the lane on each side, until his pursuers had passed. He, therefore, turned the horse loose, and having found a spot well calculated to escape the most vigilant search, he threw himself, at full length, under a dense mass of intermingled leaves and branches, to await with trembling apprehension the result.

Logan and his party now came up with the lame horse; and finding him without his rider,

they concluded that he must be near at hand, and immediately proceeded to explore the wood in all directions; in which operation, a clear moonlight, to the great dismay of our hero, considerably favoured them.

Luckily, however, the blood-hounds continued at fault; and though they approached frequently within a few yards of him, he had at length, the satisfaction to hear, that they determined to look for him in a different direction, which they were now convinced he had taken.

D'Arcy, however, waited for a long time after all was silence around him, before he ventured to crawl from his hiding-place; and when he thought it was safe to move, he determined rather to make his way farther into the wood, than trust himself to any regular path.

Having penetrated to a considerable distance, he came to a spot where stood an old building, which he recognised as a dismantled block-house. Being a good deal harrassed, and exhausted in mind and body, by the events and agitations he had passed through, he felt disposed to take shelter in this rude structure, until daylight should enable him to ascertain correctly where he was, and in what direction he should proceed, to reach his quarters without danger.

As the moon shone through divers fissures of the wooden walls, he could perceive, that the lower room of the block-house had been used as a stable, some loose dung lying scattered about, and an old saddle resting on some rubbish in a corner. To make sure, however, that he was now the only occupant of the building, he cautiously ascended a kind of stationary ladder, which led to the upper apartment. Here, he found a quantity of straw, an old sack, and at the farthest extremity of the room, half concealed by a part of the roof which had fallen in, an empty, half-shattered military chest.

Conceiving himself to be reasonably secure from interruption or discovery in this deserted place, to which, as far as he could perceive, there appeared to be no beaten pathway, he quietly laid himself down close to the wall of the room, behind the old chest; taking care first to screen it as much as possible by heaping the straw up against it.

In this situation, in spite of his anxiety and watchfulness, our hero, through fatigue, sunk into a profound sleep. How long he was suffered to enjoy his repose undisturbed he could not tell; but he was suddenly roused to an appalling sense

of his situation, by the brutal voice of Logan, on the loft, shouting to one of his followers to ascend and assist him in searching the abominable hole, which he swore was as black as hell; the moon having taken her leave for the night.

D'Arcy now gave himself up to despair; but he endeavoured, that not a breath should escape him. From the manner in which they jostled each other, and stumbled about the loft, he concluded, that the ruffians had indulged somewhere, in fresh potations of toddy. They groped on every side, however—tossed the straw in all directions, and went so near discovering the object of their search, as to explore the inside of the chest, at the back of which, concealed by the lid, he lay.

At length they ceased their examination. Logan, cursing his ill luck, heavily descended the ladder to the lower apartment; and his companion remaining above, threw himself upon the straw, and was soon snoring in the half-senseless sleep of intoxication. Below, all was soon quiet also; and D'Arcy concluded that Logan and the rest of his associates had either left the block-house, or yielded to the same narcotic influence.

D'Arcy remained motionless for some time;

during which, his mind was tossed in a tumult of agitation. The morning had begun to break; and he found that to continue where he was, till his neighbour in the straw should awake, or his companions come up to rouse him from his slumber, would ensure discovery. On the other hand, to steal from his hiding-place, without moving the chest, and consequently making some noise, was impossible; and should he even conquer that difficulty, he would have to descend the ladder, and make his way through the room below, without knowing how it might be occupied, before he could effect his escape.

After some agonizing horrors of hesitation, he determined, before the sun, which now began to peep above the horizon, should pour a full flash of day upon the sleeping desperadoes by whom he was surrounded, to make, at all hazards, a desperate sally from the block-house. With the greatest possible caution, and less noise than he expected, he succeeded in moving the chest, and extricating himself from behind it; his dangerous neighbour continuing to give him during the process, through the usual organ of Morphean melody, the most satisfactory and sonorous assurances of undisturbed repose.

Lying beside the sleeper, was a stick of a simi-

lar character to the "bit of a switch," that Billy Conolly so much delighted to flourish at a fair; and as it seemed well adapted to defensive purposes, D'Arcy, by the prompt development of a faculty always in active operation, but not at that time, craniologically christened, did not scruple to appropriate it to his own use.

Thus armed, he softly approached the ladder—stopped a moment to listen—but not a mouse was stirring—he peeped down, but could see nobody. With some confidence, therefore, that all was safe, he ventured to put his foot upon the ladder, and began to descend backwards, as is common with those who use that rather inconvenient and perpendicular substitute for a staircase. At every step, to his horror, the creaking of the crazy machine sounded in his ear like a clap of thunder. He proceeded, however, unmolested, and had just begun to recover his alarm, when, nearly on the lowest step, he felt his leg seized by no gentle hand, and a gruff voice bellowed out behind him:—

"Curse your creaking soul! who are *you?*"

With a violent kick he shook off the arm of his assailant, sprang to the ground, and found himself in the vigorous grasp of—Logan.

This, indeed, to use a ministerial phrase, was

an "untoward event;" but there was no time for ceremony, and with one blow of the stick, with which he had provided himself, D'Arcy laid his enemy to sleep for some minutes at his feet. The noise of the operation, however, soon brought forward other assailants, who started up from the floor around, as if the great agriculturist of the iron age, Cadmus himself, had been there, with a broad-cast of his dragon's teeth.

Expecting no mercy, and resolved to defend himself to the last, D'Arcy fought desperately for some time; but his weapon was not so much at home in his hands, as in those of Billy Conolly, and he was once more overpowered and secured.

Logan was soon again on his legs, raging with redoubled fury. Some increased exasperation having resulted from the sight of his own blood, which trickled from the wound inflicted on his head, he, with horrid imprecations, swore he would have D'Arcy's life on the spot. The ruffian now prepared his rifle—ordered that D'Arcy's hands should be secured behind him, and that he should be taken and tied to a tree in front of the block-house; offering, at the same time, a wager to any of his associates, that, at the distance of one hundred yards, he would lodge a ball in the rascally Britainer's heart.

Our hero disdained to utter a word in deprecation of his fate; but he resolved that force alone should place him in a situation to be made a mark for such atrocious skill. With all his strength, therefore, he resisted the efforts of those who would take him to the appointed place of immolation. Logan rushed himself to assist in the struggle, and was in the act of dragging his victim to the spot, when the tramp of horsemen was heard close at hand; and a dragoon, with Billy Conolly behind him, burst into the open space before the block-house.

Conolly, observing the perilous situation of his master, notwithstanding his timber-toe, dismounted in the twinkling of an eye; and before Logan had recovered from the confusion and dismay with which the unexpected appearance of the dragoons had inspired him, "a tap of the switch," from Conolly, consigned the savage to a still longer nap than that which D'Arcy's less effectual flourish had produced with a similar instrument.

Our hero was now released from his bonds, and expressed to the young American officer that conducted the military party, his acknowledgments for the timely succour they had afforded him. The wretches who had joined in the out-

rage with Logan, submitted without an attempt to escape; and Logan himself, in a senseless state, was allowed to be carried to his own house.

To account for the appearance of the dragoons, at a crisis of such awful interest to our hero, it is necessary to recur to the zealous exertions of poor Conolly, in the service of his master.

As the quarters assigned to Conolly, in the arrangement of the prisoners, were not in the same house with D'Arcy, the former was unacquainted with the attack made on the latter, till nearly half an hour after he had been carried off, as already related.

The moment Conolly received the intelligence, he repaired with almost incredible expedition, under his circumstances, to the house where the major, then in command of the regiment, was quartered; roused him from his bed, and reported the alarming occurrence which had taken place. The major, with whom D'Arcy was a favourite, immediately proceeded with Conolly to the nearest American station; and having related the affair, urged the necessity of taking instant measures for the protection of a British officer, who was under the safe-guard of Ame-

rican honour. A cornet and ten men were accordingly placed under the direction of Billy Conolly, for the purpose of scouring the country round, in pursuit of the offenders.

At the house where D'Arcy lodged, the inhabitants appeared not a little reluctant to give any clue to the transaction; and it was with some difficulty that Conolly ascertained even the direction in which the ruffians had proceeded. The party, however, followed the track indicated, till it conducted them to Nicholls's farm; but, unluckily, they were too late. From Mrs. Nicholls, indeed, who declared that she herself was about to rouse her neighbours, in pursuit of "the cruel-hearted wretches," they received the most vociferous as well as voluminous information; but they were rather inconveniently retarded by the angry garrulity of her reports, as well as perplexed by the voluble diversity of conjecture, with which she endeavoured to direct their course.

At length, having been suffered to depart, with a description of the order of march in which the culprits had carried off their prisoner, the dragoons resumed the pursuit; but coming up with the wounded horse, they concluded that the rider had been disposed of by summary process, and

that farther search was vain. Billy Conolly, however, was strenuous in urging a perseverance in their inquiries; and having traversed the country round till the approach of day, one of the party, finding they were in the neighbourhood of the block-house, in which he had once been posted, proposed that they should examine it; and as has been seen, they arrived there most opportunely for our hero's preservation.

Logan was found to have received a concussion of the brain, from the effects of which, he remained for some time, in a state of delirium, which left little hopes of his life. By the unremitting attention of his injured wife, and the skill of the surgeon of D'Arcy's regiment, he was at length restored; and the first use he made of his recovery, was to give such a representation of our hero's conduct, to the American authorities of the district, that all proceedings against Logan, for the outrage he had committed, were discountenanced and laid aside.

Considering how severely the wretch had suffered for his villainy, D'Arcy felt no great desire to urge the prosecution; and an order for his immediate exchange, also, having arrived, he was glad to let the matter drop

D'Arcy, before his departure, moved as much by humanity as gallantry, had several letters conveyed to poor Agnes, pledging himself in the most solemn manner, if she would allow him, "to conduct her with the most respectful attention to New York, and place her there, under the protection of any American family which she herself should select;" offering "to follow her as the guard, and not as the companion of her journey; and beseeching her to reflect, that no rational principle of duty could require her to sacrifice herself to so abandoned and brutal a character, as Logan had proved himself to be."

But Agnes would neither answer his letters, nor admit him to an interview; and to prevent the possibility of a meeting similar to that which he had before obtained by chance, she confined herself to the house while he remained in the neighbourhood.

A few more words in this place, will suffice to close the unhappy story of poor Agnes Hartley.

Notwithstanding the exemplary and unremitting kindness with which she had devoted herself to him through his long illness, her husband, on his recovery, treated her with the most remorseless cruelty. Unmoved by the con-

sideration, that to her affectionate care he was indebted for his life; and pretending still to distrust her fidelity, when he felt himself able to undertake such an expedition, he determined, in spite of all her tears and protestations, to drag her from her home, and deliver her up to her father, with the broadest brand of shame, that malignity and misrepresentation could affix to her character.

Hartley, after his daughter's marriage with Logan, felt himself relieved from every tie that could retain him within the precincts of civilized life, and at full liberty to indulge his morose and moody spirit, to its most misanthropic extent. He eagerly plunged into the forest, as a refuge from the evils of a system which he found he could neither rule nor reform, and in the hope of appeasing the torture of passions, which he ascribed to the influence of society, but which were the unweeded growth of his own fanatical spirit.

Still disappointed of peace, even amid silence and seclusion, and vainly seeking to escape from the self-tormentor within, he gradually receded so far from the hated haunts of his fellow-creatures, that in the barbarism of the Back Settlements, he had degenerated almost to a savage.

In this situation, he had connected himself with a low and vulgar woman, who, conforming to all his opinions and peculiarities, became at once his associate and his slave.

To this always severe, and now half-savage parent, living in a state of discomfort and degradation, hardly superior to the accommodations of a gipsy tribe, was the mild, the amiable, the sensitive Agnes delivered by her brutal husband. Regardless as he was of the world, and detesting its maxims, Hartley had pride and violence enough remaining in his disposition, to harden his heart against his calumniated child. In his rage, he refused to receive her; repelled her with execrations from his hut; and as Logan left her to his mercy, she was in danger of perishing for want of food and shelter.

But Hartley's companion was a woman; and though man may defile and degrade the character of woman to the lowest level of moral debasement, he rarely succeeds in rendering her heart as callous as his own.

The woman, who in ordinary cases submitted herself without hesitation to Hartley's surly sway, resisted his authority, for the relief of his suffering daughter. She took compassion on the poor outcast, and procured for her the privilege

of drooping daily under the coarsest duties of a drudge, and the most cruel reproaches of an exasperated father.

But Providence, in kindness, curtailed her sufferings. She gradually sunk under a sense of disgrace undeserved, and wrongs without a remedy. The hectic which had commenced its ravages at an earlier period, now burned upon her cheek with that feverish glow of morbid beauty, which mocks so fearfully the hue of health, and blooms only for the grave. In her last moments, even her unfeeling father was touched with pity and remorse, while he beheld her looking like an angel, and suffering like a saint. In an agony of revived affection, he clasped her to his breast; received and believed the asseverations of dying innocence; and laid his child in the grave which his own hands dug for her reception.

The following day he disappeared from his home; traversed with hurried steps the intervening waste that separated him from Logan's plantation, and arrived there with unshaken purpose, and undiminished strength. He met the object of his search, with one of his kindred companions, at the entrance of his house; the ruffian started at the sight of his visitor, but motioned him to enter his dwelling.

"No!" said Hartley, with a look that spoke the rage and anguish of his soul; "no, Logan, I cross not the threshold of your door. I have come thus far to tell you, you are the murderer of my child; yes, villain," becoming almost frantic with the violence of his emotions, "the base destroyer of her life, and the assassin of her fame. I demand the satisfaction due to an injured father; I will never sleep till I have vengeance; retire with me instantly to the next field; I have arms for both; you have a friend, and I desire none."

Logan, though his callous soul was shaken by this address, affected to treat it lightly, and replied:—

"Old man, you are mad."

"I ought to be so, indeed," resumed Hartley; "and madness will probably be the end of a misguided life; in the mean time, I will render the world one service, by ridding it of a monster."

Logan shuddered with a foreboding of his fate; but he continued to treat Hartley's demand of satisfaction as ridiculous,—scoffed at his resentment, and was at last, so goaded by the old man's bitter taunts, that he had the brutality to strike him. Hartley, though advanced in life, was yet strong and vigorous; he sustained the blow,

therefore, without much injury—staggered back a few paces—drew a pistol from his breast, and Logan, with a bullet in his brain, fell dead at the old man's feet.

Hartley was seized and tried; the circumstances that led to the act of violence which he had committed became known; and the atrocious character of Logan operated so much in favour of the unhappy father, that although he was convicted of manslaughter, his sentence was but the fine of a shilling.

With a maniac laugh of exultation, Hartley dashed down the price of Logan's blood, and rushed back once more, to linger out the wretched remnant of his existence, in the state which he had anticipated—a wild man of the woods, with just sense enough to suffer, and memory enough to lament—the victim of a violent temper, and an intolerant spirit—of passions and principles which made him unhappy at home, and offensive abroad, —a fiend in his family, a firebrand in society, and a savage in solitude.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALTHOUGH the melancholy catastrophe of poor Agnes Hartley's fate did not take place for some months after D'Arcy's exchange had been effected, yet, from what he knew of her unhappy situation, he could not but anticipate some such result. With a greater depression of spirits, therefore, than he ever before experienced, he set forward on his route to New York.

D'Arcy had more feeling than usually falls to the lot of that *opprobrium* of the fashionable world, commonly called a man of gallantry. If his natural disposition had not been perverted by bad precept, and worse example,—if he had not been taught to consider the sacrifice of innocence and beauty as a venial offence—a matter rather for a boast than a blush—an exploit of

profligate prowess always distinguished by fashionable fame and boudoir celebrity,—if, in short, he had not been convinced, that a degree of fraud, treachery, and hypocrisy, which, used in the ordinary concerns of life, could not fail to stamp with infamy the man who had recourse to it,—might be practised with aggravated atrocity against the best, the loveliest, and most helpless part of the creation, without casting a stain upon the character of a man of honour and a gentleman,—if he had not been early schooled in these pernicious maxims, his heart, warm and enthusiastic as it was, would have beat in unison with every virtuous sentiment, and he would have been the guardian of that innocence which it was but too often his ambition to betray.

As it was, however, the case of poor Agnes Hartley impressed him with the deepest compunction; and when obliged to give up all hope of any effectual interference in her favour, on his part, he resigned her to her fate, with an emotion of generous solicitude, in which selfish passion appeared to have no share.

Even Billy Conolly was loud in his lamentations on her account: he "wondered how such

a purty cratur got into such a wild place. There she was, among 'em, a daisy on a dunghill; lookin' for all the world like a lady, with her delicate white hands, a rubbin' and a scrubbin', a makin' and a mendin', the live-long day. Sure, ould Nick himself must have put his *pisherogue* upon her, or such a beautiful white mouse would never take to the mouldy cheese in Larry Logan's trap; but it was a murther entirely to lave her to be kilt by such a divil's imp. For sartin," indeed, continued he, "Master Maurice, you had no great call to meddle or make with her, on'y to save the poor sowl from a downright savage baste! but may be, if she was timpted to trust herself to us, your honour would keep your word this oncet, and bring her to her friends."

D'Arcy angrily asked him what he meant by such an expression; and Conolly, with a sly look and a scratch of the head, replied,—"Why, you know, your honour sometimes forgets; and the girls, poor things, are easily talked over, and they forgets too; so promises, like pie-crusts—the ould sayin' comes thrue, and that's the rason your honour keeps never mindin' 'em."

There was a species of reproof in this strain of observation, which D'Arcy by no means relished

from Conolly; but it was a caustic which the poor fellow's honest feelings, when an occasion offered, seldom failed to apply to what he considered "his master's wake side," and "the family failin'." Our hero, however, had sense enough to excuse the freedom of his humble friend, if he had not the virtue to profit by it.

When D'Arcy arrived at New York, he found there letters from Ireland, announcing the death of his father, and requiring his immediate return, as necessary to the arrangement of the property to which he was to succeed.

As the heir to an Irish estate is not always sure that he will be much enriched by his inheritance; and as he has sometimes reason to doubt whether, through those ingenious devices of extravagance,—mortgages, fines, and recoveries, his paternal acres may not be so entangled in the meshes of the law, as very much to disappoint the hopes of succession, and obstruct the pleasures of expense, our hero was not a little anxious to ascertain the state of his affairs; particularly, as he was aware, that he himself, as well as his father, had materially contributed to derange them. He, therefore, prepared for his immediate departure.

The loss of his parent but little affected him; his mourning was entirely confined to

"The customary suit of solemn black."

Sir Patrick D'Arcy was one of those fathers who are thought of by their families, while living, without affection, and remembered, when dead, without regret. He never showed any desire to give his children pleasure, nor appeared to derive any pleasure from them. While they were young, they were neither comforts nor cares to him; for he was too much engrossed by his own pursuits, to trouble his head about them. As they grew up, they attracted more of his attention, if not of his regard; because they could not be kept out of his way in the nursery, and they put him to increased expense.

When he began to "cultivate his interest in the county," and to contemplate his transformation to a courtier, his son acquired some little interest in his eyes; as with proper management, he might be made a good co-operating agent, in his designs upon the public purse.

Master D'Arcy was, therefore, put through the usual process, by which young gentlemen, in

these enlightened countries, are manufactured into statesmen, legislators, and divines;—a public school and the university.

Paternal solicitude proceeded no farther. His religion was left to his college, and he went to chapel, with Peregrine Pickle in his pocket for a prayer-book; his morals were committed to his companions, and he was soon relieved from all irksome restraints upon the passions; and his manners were referred to the dancing-master, who would have stiffened him to the formality of a Sir Charles Grandison, if natural grace had not counteracted artificial awkwardness.

To D'Arcy, his father was only a personification of authority: there were no associations of indulgence or endearment, connected with the name;—no touching recollections of caresses in childhood, or kindness in youth. All was dictation or indifference—apathy or reproof. In the death of Sir Patrick, therefore, his son beheld only the removal of an individual from a station to which it was now his turn to succeed, and from which, he should derive more freedom of action and facility of enjoyment.

At New York, D'Arcy found himself in the same hotel with his old friend, Major Creighton. Their meeting was an agreeable surprise to both;

cordial on D'Arcy's part, and on that of the worthy old soldier, not only affectionate, but affecting.

During his service in America, Creighton had been advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; but in other respects, fortune had not favoured him. He was now awaiting an opportunity of returning to his native country, to be invalided;—a mere wreck of man, with a shattered constitution, and a mutilated frame; an unhappy result, produced by the co-operating agency of the camp and the combat,—the hospital and the enemy. He had been taken prisoner with the army under General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, and confined for nearly three years in the Back Settlements, in quarters which were very little better than a block-house. He had lost his right arm by a cannon-ball,—his right eye by a splinter, and his left leg, by amputation, in the hospital. In short, he had just life enough left to feel the value of what he had lost, by the inconvenience to which it subjected him; and what with the combined effects of time, toil, and rough treatment, he was so mutilated and emaciated, that it was with some difficulty D'Arcy recognised him.

Creighton was a little shocked at first, to

perceive that the change in him was so great, that his friend did not know him; but the brave veteran soon recovered his serenity, and made light of his misfortunes.

"D'Arcy, my lad!" said he; "you must not suffer my lot to damp your ardour in the service. I was always an unlucky dog; and many a man has attained to a general's truncheon, without a scratch or an ague-fit. But a soldier has no reason to complain, because he has been knocked about a little. What business has he in the field, if he be not to take his chance there like others; and if he supposes he is to be laid up in the camp, like a diamond in cotton? Besides, my dear fellow, after all, I have cause to be thankful, that I am still in the land of the living. I shall get somewhere into snug quarters, for the remainder of my campaign in this world; and the pension for these wounds, let me tell you, will considerably assist the commissariat department. I shall console myself, also, for the embarrassment they occasion me, by the evidence they afford, that I have done my duty."

Thus did the gallant fellow philosophically reconcile himself to a state of suffering and discomfort, which, to ordinary minds, would appear to deprive existence of all hope or enjoyment.

Indeed nothing seemed to prey upon his mind, but the now irretrievable discomfiture of the British arms in the American contest. That regular troops should be obliged to yield to a republican rabble,—that "His Majesty's forces" should be foiled by a kind of *posse comitatus* of clowns—fellows without tactics enough to manœuvre a militia corps upon a common, or discipline to conduct a drill of parish constables; these were galling reflections, that seemed to open all his wounds afresh, and grievously mortified his professional importance.

"Believe me, my dear boy!" said he, "there must be some *contre-temps* at home—something wrong at head-quarters; or so many brave fellows would not have bled in vain, and left their bones in these wild regions, where there would be little glory in victory, and there is no consolation in defeat. To have been worsted in the field, according to the rules of war, in a regular contest with veteran battalions, would admit of some comfort and excuse; but to be trounced in a tumult of raw levies—to be beaten by boors—discomfited, as it were in a farm-yard, by rustics, with flails and pitchforks, is mortifying to the pride of a soldier, and adds disgrace to disaster.

"There is some pleasure in bleeding beneath

the sword of an enemy renowned in arms; but I protest, D'Arcy, under present circumstances, I take little pride in my wounds, and rather feel as if I had been maimed in some inglorious fray, at a fair, in your quarrelsome and cudgelling country."

"My gallant friend!" exclaimed D'Arcy, "your wounds bear glorious testimony to your prowess, and entitle you to all the honours and rewards of your profession. But, to tell you the truth, I begin to think there is something in the *cause*, after all, which warms the hearts of men, and enables them to dispense with discipline, and disconcert tactics."

"What have soldiers to do with the cause for which they fight!" impatiently exclaimed Creighton; "and what business have we to think on such subjects? Would you have a consultation of subalterns, and a council of war held in every tent, to settle the justice of the cause, before we take the field, or march to battle, in the face of the enemy? No, no! D'Arcy; the morality of the case rests with the higher powers: we are not responsible, and a good soldier does right, who does wrong according to orders."

D'Arcy was by no means disposed to contest the propriety of this military maxim; although

he began to suspect, from what he had seen in the conflict with the colonists, that the fire of the patriot is sometimes an over-match for the firmness of the soldier.

Creighton was not aware of the fate of his former commander, till D'Arcy acquainted him with the details of his accident and death. The major and he had quarrelled shortly after their arrival in America, in consequence of Shervington's overbearing conduct to one of his officers; and as the colonel exchanged into another regiment, serving in a different quarter, they had subsequently no intercourse.

D'Arcy, who retained a grateful feeling towards Creighton, for the friendly countenance which he had shown him, while an officer of the —th regiment in Dublin, now eagerly seized every opportunity of paying him attention, and alleviating, in some degree, the inconvenience to which his mutilated state exposed him. Our hero proposed that, if possible, they should return together to England;—a suggestion to which the major gladly assented; and, accordingly, by the first ship in which they could secure a passage, Creighton, D'Arcy, and his faithful friend, Billy Conolly, bade adieu to America, not a little pleased to be relieved from

farther participation in a contest, which now approached to a very mortifying conclusion.

While crossing the Atlantic, Conolly administered to the wants of Colonel Creighton, in his disabled state, with the kindest and most vigilant attention. The sickness occasioned by rough weather, had such an effect upon his enfeebled frame, that for several days, he was not expected to survive to the end of the voyage; but Conolly so effectually supplied the place of the nurse and the doctor, that, as he took every care of the patient in the former character, and had no medicine to administer to him in the latter, Creighton recovered his ordinary state of health, before they arrived in the chops of the Channel.

From sympathy in each other's privations, a kind of friendship grew up between them; which, if Conolly had been less influenced by his regard for his master, and his love for Biddy Farrell, would have rivalled the attachment, and resembled the connexion between my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim.

"Why, then," said Conolly to his master, "what's left of the curnel ought to be taken good care of; for, by my sowl! the remnant's a brave bit of goods, and worth a whole piece of

common stuff; and I'm sure if I could help it, the ould gentleman should never want a helping hand, while I'd have a leg under me."

After a boisterous, but, on the whole, not unfavourable passage, they arrived safe at Liverpool, where Creighton was lucky enough to find a relation, established in the commercial line, who received his kinsman with the greatest cordiality.

To the care and kindness of this worthy merchant, D'Arcy had the satisfaction to consign his veteran friend, to whom a short period of repose was absolutely necessary, in order to recruit his strength, before he could proceed to present himself, and prefer his claims at the War-Office and the Horse-Guards.

Creighton had conceived a sort of parental affection for D'Arcy, and parted from him with an emotion which impeded his utterance, and made the tear tremble in his eye, "albeit unused to the melting mood."

"As for you, fellow-sufferer," said the grateful old soldier, to Conolly, "should you ever quit your master—find me out wherever I pitch my tent, and you shall have full pay and free quarters while I live, and something to remember me when I die."

From Liverpool, D'Arcy determined to proceed without delay to London; that he might, as early as possible, fulfil the injunctions of his friend, Colonel Shervington, by delivering in person to his widow (who resided in that city) the miniature picture with which he had been intrusted.

Conolly was dispatched as his master's *avant coureur* to Ireland, with letters to Lady D'Arcy, announcing her son's return from America, and his intention of repairing forthwith to Dublin; where he hoped he should have the happiness of meeting her and his sisters.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONGST the various feelings which influenced D'Arcy, on revisiting the British metropolis, the remembrance of Lady Ledger, and her dreadful fate, gave a melancholy tinge to his reflections; and tended very much to diminish his delight, on finding himself once more, among those scenes of gaiety and splendour, which he had before so much enjoyed.

His recollections of Agnes Hartley, were not imbittered by any "compunctious visitings," which could materially disturb his peace. Though he could not but consider himself as instrumental in producing her unhappiness, by exciting the jealousy of her husband, yet his trespass against her consisted only in those gallant intentions, which, according to the maxims of that great

teacher of *petit maître* manners, and *beau monde* immorality, Lord Chesterfield, the man of fashion is authorized to entertain towards every agreeable married woman of his acquaintance.

With respect to Lady Ledger, the case was different; and although his conduct could not be charged with malevolent premeditation, and her peculiar matrimonial position exposed her to all the dangers of indiscretion, yet he could not but feel, that his adventure with her, gave the first impulse to those irregular passions which hurried her at length to an untimely grave.

Our hero was, therefore, in a state as nearly bordering on melancholy, as a man of high animal spirits, who thinks a great deal of this world, and never troubles himself about the next, can be reasonably supposed to be. He soon, however, laid "that flattering unction to his soul," which fashion supplies on such occasions, to soothe to silence the uneasy whisperings of a troublesome conscience; and absolved alike by precept and precedent, from this high authority, he laughed at his own qualms, and recovered his vivacity, in time to execute his commission to Lady Sarah Shervington.

Having discovered her residence, in a fashionable neighbourhood, D'Arcy prepared to call upon

her; but as the widow's year of mourning had not yet quite expired, and the occasion upon which he was to present himself, would necessarily call forth the tenderest recollections of connubial love, he thought it would be as well, to diminish a little the effect of so lugubrious a visit, by apprising Lady Sarah of his object in a polite note; and requesting her permission to acquit himself personally of the promise he had given to his departed friend.

To this communication he received an immediate reply, in a highly perfumed *billet*, written in a very beautiful hand, on paper marked with deep black edges. This D'Arcy thought a good omen. The plaints of an aromatic affliction, the paroxysms of a scented sorrow, were not likely to be very oppressive; and perhaps, after all, there would be no great necessity for him to drill his features to "that dejected 'haviour of the visage" which the etiquette of condolence requires.

I don't know how it is, but whenever the "forms, moods, and shows of grief" are particularly attended to, I cannot help suspecting that the substance is rather deficient,—that there is not "that within which passeth show." Sorrow is a most absorbing sentiment—the most slovenly,

unshaven, and dishevelled of all the passions—a languid, loll-about, negligent kind of emotion, that rarely looks in the glass, adjusts a curl, or disposes a drapery with grace.

When I see a recent widow fitted up in fashionable weeds and weepers—sighing in the sombre simplicity of crape and bombazine—her cap, with oval accuracy, nicely plaited round her pale and plaintive face,—the whole affording a picturesque personification of well appointed woe, and becoming affliction, I am always impressed with the idea, that, to use a common phrase, "she will soon get over it;" and that so studied a display of her state, has more in it of attraction for the living, than of devotion to the dead.

Though the circumstance was trifling in itself, yet, there was something in the character and style of her note, which led D'Arcy to suspect, that Lady Sarah's grief had not lasted as long as her mourning; and in this conjecture he certainly was not mistaken.

Her union with Colonel Shervington was what is commonly called a love match; that is, they were introduced to each other at a fashionable party; they danced and flirted together at three or four balls;—he thought her "a monstrous fine girl,"—she was struck with his figure and

military magnificence. This was enough for the romance of imagination in both, and they married, contrary to the wishes of their friends. Lady Sarah had little or no fortune, and Shervington had nothing but his pay.

With confirmed habits of expense, and a contracted establishment, they waked from a short delirium, to a full conviction of their poverty, their imprudence, and their precipitation.

The Loves and Graces, whatever the poets may say, are rarely retained in a cottage; they are generally brutalized in a barrack, and always drummed out of a camp. Now, as in one of these three positions only, could our military Benedict hope "to carry on the war," discord would inevitably have broken out between the allied powers: and the hymeneal household must have been thrown into great confusion, if succours had not been supplied, by the reconciliation of those who had, at first, refused to guarantee the injudicious engagement of the contracting parties.

Interest soon procured rapid promotion for the soldier, and a small place about the court for the lady, as an apology for appropriating a pension to her use.

An establishment was thus provided for the

young couple, with which, if they had been content, they might have been comfortable; but they were both alike vain and extravagant. She was a woman of fashion, and could not exist out of the circle to which she had been accustomed. He was a man of pleasure, and could not dispense with the enjoyments which are congenial to that character. Abroad, or at home, their expenses were always less limited than their income, and constant embarrassment was the consequence.

Fortunately, they had but one child, a girl; the only link which could have held such hearts as their's united, for any longer period, than the flowery spring of youth and joy. She formed a common centre, in which their fading affections met as in a focus, where they brightened up a little, and were, in some degree, reflected back upon each other.

Though Lady Sarah was gay, frivolous, and fond of admiration, she always manifested a proud sense of what she owed to her rank. Her husband had confidence enough in her prudence, or her coldness, to allow her, without apprehension, to range as she pleased, to the utmost extent of the matrimonial chain; and she had sufficient discretion, or indifference, to disregard the little irregularities which his caution did not always

successfully conceal. They, indeed, might be said to exhibit as decent a regard for each other, as could be expected, from two persons who were constantly whirled about in the vortex of fashionable life—who were ever on the look-out for enjoyment abroad, and never found any pleasure at home, but when they were *at home* to all their acquaintance.

Their thoughtlessness and prodigality had, however, brought their affairs to a very alarming crisis, when Shervington's regiment was ordered to America. The colonel, to say the truth, had some difficulty to avoid being made a prisoner by his domestic foes, before he embarked to encounter the foreign enemy; and Lady Sarah, who had shone as one of the most brilliant stars of the vice-regal court in Ireland, was obliged to submit to an eclipse, and retire to her friends in England, on a very reduced allowance.

In this situation, the character of the mother engrossed whatever affection had once belonged to that of the wife; and, in proportion as she forgot her husband, she grew fond of her child.

Absence had, in a great degree, anticipated the effect of death; and, when poor Shervington's fate was announced to her, she bore her loss, *with great fortitude:* a phrase, by which the politeness

of the world characterizes any little deficiency of feeling, manifested on such an occasion.

At the period of her becoming a widow, she was still a fine woman, in her five and thirtieth year; and, although a few natural tears were shed, in recollection of the gay and agreeable youth that first achieved her love, yet less sombre thoughts succeeded;—she looked in the glass—ordered the most fashionable mourning, and having fitted up the figure, in as becoming a costume of sorrow as ever signified connubial bereavement, or solicited tender consolation, she began to speculate largely on hymeneal hopes, and conjugal contingencies; in full confidence, that she might yet repair, by a second, the errors of her first matrimonial adventure.

It was at an advanced period of her mourning, and when on the very verge of realizing her expectations, that Lady Sarah Shervington appointed her first interview with D'Arcy. He found the fashionable widow still invested with all the trappings of her state; in a drawing-room darkened to an agreeable glow of *chiaro 'scuro*,—reclined in graceful languor on a sofa,—built up with cushions,—sustained by footstools, and carefully placed with her back to the light: a position in which, some of your post-meridian beauties in-

variably manœuvre to be seen, when they begin to suspect that time has somewhat dimmed the lustre of their charms.

Her ladyship received our hero with a most gracious, but appropriately pensive air. She spoke in a tone of pious resignation, and well-modulated melancholy, of the will of Providence—the sad uncertainties of this life, and the claims of her dear departed friend, on the gratitude of his country.

Beside her couch, stood a sweet, interesting child, of nine or ten years old, whom she introduced as her daughter; and whose beautiful ringlets she occasionally employed her fingers to adjust, on a polished ivory forehead, in the pauses of the conversation.

D'Arcy, conceiving he had sufficiently prepared the way for the introduction of so affecting a circumstance, and being, from divers indications, tolerably secure, that it was not likely to be productive of any very overwhelming agitation, took a favourable opportunity to execute the most important part of his commission. When he presented the miniature, and mentioned the pathetic terms in which it had been confided to his charge, a delicate white handkerchief, in a style of tragic emotion, which Tilburina herself

could not be expected to surpass, even at "the finches of the grove," was gracefully applied to conceal, or simulate "the fruitful river of the eye," which such a communication was calculated to produce. A sigh, half-swelling to a sob, burst forth,—her bosom heaved—

> "As if in doleful undulation there,
> The powerful tide of feeling rose and fell;"

and she gently threw herself back upon the downy pillows that lent their luxurious softness to support her, in all the elegance of agony approaching to a swoon.

D'Arcy began to fear she was going to get up a regular hysteric. He hesitated to determine whether he should not make his escape; but his humanity overcame his horror of a scene, and he began loudly, to summon the aid of salts, and other aromatic succours, resorted to on such occasions, when the servant, throwing open the door, announced, as he would announce a visitor, accustomed to enjoy *les petites entrées*, "Sir Philip Currie."

The effect was magical. Before the new visitor could clear his throat from a short cough, and enter the room, the most perfect serenity was restored. To D'Arcy's great surprise, the lady

started briskly to an erect position, and, sliding to a less invalided portion of the sofa, placed herself in an attitude graceful and *degagée* enough to set off youth and vivacity to advantage. Her every feature wore an expression of pleased composure.

A tall, thin, sallow, sapless personage now appeared, who seemed to have numbered about forty-five years, and was dressed with much attention to personal decoration. A few scattered hairs, frizzed in full expansion, were artfully coaxed to co-operate with a thick layer of powder, in jointly covering a broad bald pate; a languid air, with limbs of spindle-shank proportion, evincing an enervated frame, completed a correct physiognomy of emaciation, and seemed to indicate a character who had exhausted the vigour of youth in Asiatic enterprise, to grasp a little of "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

On seeing D'Arcy, an effort at a gay and animated approach towards Lady Sarah, was immediately stiffened into a more pompous and dignified measure of approximation. She received Sir Philip with an evident glow of satisfaction; held out her hand to him, and regarding him with a smile of intelligence, which indicated something more than the familiarity of acquaintance, or even

friendship, she introduced D'Arcy as a brother-officer of *poor Shervington's*, who had just arrived from America.

The knight seemed disposed to regard D'Arcy with a scrutinizing air; but was immediately interrupted in his observation, by the playful approach of the child, who placed herself, without ceremony, on his knee; began to inquire for the present he had promised her, and called forth a deep tinge of confusion on her mamma's conscious countenance, by loudly declaring, "he should not be her papa, if he had forgotten his promise."

The allusion conveyed in the artless sally of the child, occasioned some little embarrassment to all parties; and D'Arcy, perceiving he was *de trop* in the conversation, and being sufficiently enlightened as to the nature of the consolation which Sir Philip was about to administer to the sorrowing widow of his departed friend, proceeded to take his leave, under a full conviction, that Lady Sarah Shervington had received the miniature which so long reposed on the bosom of her first husband, just in time to suspend it round the neck of her second.

Sir Philip Currie had been, early in life, sent out to India, as one of those mercantile missionaries, that every year migrate from the temple

of Leadenhall Street, to initiate the benighted natives of Hindostan in the creed of commerce, the religion of lucre, and the worship of gold. Having fulfilled his ministry very much to his satisfaction, and accumulated a considerable quantity of bullion and bile, on the banks of the Ganges, he determined to close his labours in the Carnatic vineyard, and return to his native country, to spend his fortune, and, if possible, to save his constitution.

For this two-fold operation, on his arrival, his friends and his physicians prescribed the usual remedies—matrimony and mercury—a wife and a watering-place. The first, a specific in every pecuniary plethora—the last, not always effectual with him

"Who looks on Cheltenham with a jaundiced eye."

But Sir Philip was fortunate at home as well as abroad; a judicious course of calomel and chalybeates, performed wonders on the crazy carcass of the debilitated nabob, and clarified the bilious beauty of his oriental aspect, to the interesting tallow tint of a European *roué*.

Conceiving, therefore, his health and fortune to be alike in a flourishing matrimonial position,

he determined to pop the question to the first sympathising belle of the *beau monde*, that smiled on his regenerated vigour, and seemed willing to surrender to his Asiatic seductions. A mutual friend, who knew the wants and wishes of the parties, and saw how felicitously he could gratify both, and secure, at the same time, a trifling bonus for himself, proposed terms to the gallant knight; and pledged himself, on certain conditions, to realize for him, his most flattering visions of connubial bliss.

Sir Philip thought very little of money, but a great deal of matrimony. He therefore promptly acquiesced in the arrangement. An *accidental* interview with Lady Sarah was *concerted*, for which both parties being equally prepared, put forth all their blandishments. The knight was passionately impressed by the captivations of the interesting widow; the lady suffered herself to be conciliated to a prudential admiration of the Bengal bachelor, with twenty lacks of rupees in his pocket.

To the special favour of Sir Philip Currie, Lady Sarah Shervington was endowed with many recommendations. Though young enough to wear the glow of summer on her cheek, her time of life was sufficiently mellow and mature to be,

in some degree, suitable to the autumnal character of his pretensions. She had, also, though not absolutely in her bloom, beauty enough to fascinate a lover, whose eye, for many years, had been accustomed to dwell upon the tawny attractions of the Hindoo haram. She had fashion and elegance, to grace the most splendid establishment that a pompous Rajah from the East could wish to maintain; and her rank and family were sufficiently exalted to dazzle the vanity of a Mulligatawny grandee.

To the admiration of his fair idol, indeed, the gallant *innamorato* did not present quite as many claims. He had one charm, however, which in her estimation, supplied all his deficiencies—he had wealth (as Johnson would express it) beyond the dreams of avarice; and she had learned to appreciate that recommendation. The romance of life had long been superseded, in her imagination, by its dull realities; and she prudently resolved to encourage, in future, no refinements of feeling or predilections of taste, that were not in perfect accordance with her interests.

Her heart was cold, even in the hey-day of youth; and the little of it that remained unchilled by vanity and adversity, was now entirely devoted to her daughter. The mother still preserved one

warm corner in the icy region of her breast; and for the advantage of her child, as much as for her own, was she induced, joyfully to enter into an engagement, which secured to her that affluence and splendour for which she had so often sighed in vain, and which, according to her own experience, she regarded as an excellent substitute for happiness.

Thus were both parties gratified in the contemplation of their hyméneal prospects.

As the charms of the one, and the wealth of the other, were developed in a judicious and appropriate display, the peculiar sentiment that influenced each, increased with such a resistless rapidity, that although the attachment was little more than a month old, the lawyers had already completed the preparatory documents; and at the period of D'Arcy's visit to Lady Sarah Shervington, all the matrimonial preliminaries had been so decisively arranged, that the happy and impatient pair were only waiting till the prescribed term of conventional tribulation should expire, and the emancipated widow might decorously convert her sighs to smiles, and change her weeds for wedding-garments.

This blissful moment, however, was near at hand. Before D'Arcy could extricate himself

from the various matters of business which he had ingeniously contrived to detain him for a few weeks in London, he had the pleasure of seeing a pompous announcement in all the public papers, "that the Right Honourable Lady Sarah Shervington had been led to the hymeneal altar, by Sir Philip Currie, Bart.," and that "after the ceremony, the happy couple had set off, in the most splendid style of Eastern magnificence, to pass the honey-moon in Paris."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE conduct and general demeanour of Lady Sarah Shervington, on the occasion which has been just related, contributed not a little, to strengthen the indisposition which D'Arcy hitherto felt to matrimony; and had the effect of confirming in him the prejudices which the dissipated part of mankind always entertain, or affect to entertain, against the fair sex.

It is curious, that no persons think ill of women, but those who do not act well towards them. Men of gallantry are always loud in declaiming against the sex, as deficient in those virtues of which it is their profligate ambition to deprive them. They corrupt their victims first, and calumniate them afterwards.

D'Arcy's experience of the fashionable world,

had excited in him a tendency to this worst species of detraction; a tendency, which the example of Agnes Hartley had not been sufficient to correct.

The reflections produced by his interview with Lady Sarah, and her subsequent marriage, were certainly, unfavourable to the character of the fair sex. Many excellent jokes at their expense, not the less entertaining for being rather trite, were, therefore, cracked by our hero and his companions on the occasion; and divers illustrations of female constancy and conjugal devotion, were facetiously referred to, amongst which, the "Ephesian Matron" was not forgotten.

There are, however, few points of moral comparison, in which the character of woman does not rise when contrasted with that of man. But it is in their hymeneal merits that the sex may be said to shine most conspicuously; it is in the discharge of the various duties which grow out of the relations of married life, that they show themselves pre-eminent for the purity and disinterestedness of their love, the strength and constancy of their attachments,—unshaken by the storms of the world, and unchilled by the frosts of indifference and neglect—clinging to the object of their affection, while living, and enshrining his memory in

their hearts, when dead; it is in every thing that denotes the triumph of unadulterated feeling over calculating selfishness, that woman sets an example to man, of a generous devotion, which he has neither the virtue to imitate, nor the justice to acknowledge.

Were women disposed to retort upon their maligners, and avenge their wrongs by invective, —were a female Juvenal to take up the pen, in a fit of poetic indignation, and lash the profligates, the prodigals, and the coxcombs of her day, in what vivid colours of contempt and reprobation, might she not paint the assailants of her sex! What pictures of folly and vice—of fraud and perfidy, would grow beneath her hand!

But women, though they have the wit, have not the malice necessary for satire; and in nothing do they more evince the superior nobleness of their nature, than in never retaliating the libels of those who, while they study to make women the victims of their vices, are not content to wrong, without reviling them.

Though Lady Sarah Shervington was not a very amiable specimen of her sex, she suffered nothing in the comparison of merits with her husband; and if she displayed little sensibility on his death, it was because his life was not calcu-

lated to make her regret his loss. A touch of reviving tenderness, or a burst of pathetic exclamation in our last moments, when perhaps, we feel more for ourselves, than for those we leave behind us, cannot be considered sufficient to compensate long years of indifference and disregard.

Shervington was a fashionable, and therefore, not an affectionate husband. Though he was proud of his wife's beauty, he never seemed to be much pleased with her company. He loved her as much, perhaps, as a selfish man can love anything; that is, always with reference to himself; and as long as she could minister to his vanity, or did not molest his enjoyments, he had no objection to leave her to her own gratifications. These, like his own, were not to be found at home. In their dislike of domestic pleasures, they were indeed congenial souls; but if she had followed his example in her amusements abroad, she would have had more serious errors to lament, than those of folly and extravagance.

Though her temperament was constitutionally cold, the regard she evinced for her daughter, proved that her heart was capable of being warmed into tenderness. Had her husband cultivated those affectionate feelings upon which the happiness of wedded life depends, his kind-

ness would have created an interest in her breast, and friendship might have supplied the deficiency of love. But he chose to adopt a different matrimonial treatment; and what was cold before, became congealed in the process. He rendered his wife indifferent to him by his neglect, and left her and her child dependent by his extravagance; and though etiquette may require a widow to mourn for such a man, no fair consideration of the case calls upon her to lament him.

D'Arcy, though he had not intended to publish himself in his present visit to London, had met with some of his college friends, and former fashionable associates; and they were all such pleasant fellows, and so pleased to see him, after his long absence, that it was quite impossible to withstand the seductions of their society.

He was proceeding, therefore, in a gentle slope of dissipation, and had just taken one whirl in the vortex, when a letter from his mother aroused him to a conviction, that his immediate presence in Ireland was necessary to the preservation of whatever property the distributive tendencies of the family had left unsquandered or unsequestered.

A hint that his father's agent was rather too

active in the arrangement of his affairs, gave a new spur to his curiosity, as to the extent of his resources. For the first time in his life, therefore, D'Arcy suffered the claims of business to supersede the allurements of pleasure, and at the end of a week, he found himself once more in Dublin.

On arriving at the magnificent mansion in St. Stephen's Green, which his father had provided, to assist him in "cultivating his interest at the Castle," our hero had the mortification to discover, that its only inhabitants were "keepers;" a description of persons, so called in Ireland, who are generally put in possession of a house, when the proprietor finds it no longer convenient to be its keeper himself.

This was an awkward, as well as a provoking circumstance, as D'Arcy had written to his mother and sister, to meet him in town. He learned, however, that they had arrived before him, and had taken refuge in a neighbouring hotel, to which he immediately repaired, and was received by his anxiously expecting relatives, with all the warmth and cordiality of affectionate hearts and gentle spirits.

Lady D'Arcy was a mild, amiable, and benevolent woman; very little ruffled by the affairs of

this world, and very much occupied with those of the next. Her husband's abandonment of a faith which she held to be essential to his spiritual welfare, was the most disturbing occurrence of her life. She wept, however, in silence over his apostasy; and deeming it necessary to be doubly pious, in proportion to his defalcation, she devoted her days to the religious duties, and most rigid observances, of the Catholic church. Her beads were never out of her hands; her servants were summoned every night to say the rosary; and she lost her appetite, if the priest of the parish did not dine with her on Sundays and holydays.

Sir Patrick never interfered with her religious arrangements. Sometimes, indeed, when in conversation, after dinner, any thing was dropped that he thought glanced at his conversion to the Protestant faith, he would wrangle a little with his reverence, on the right of private judgment, and question the infallibility of the Pope; but on those occasions, Lady D'Arcy and her daughter always left the room, with the expression of something like a holy horror at his presumptuous impiety.

The baronet, however, was a bad theologian; he was too indifferent to all religions, to make a

good defence for any one of them; and when he found himself pushed hard by the controversial vigour of his adversary, he generally closed the discussion by a combined process of hospitality and conciliation, in which the bottle came to the aid of the argument, and he observed, while filling his glass,—

"Well, doctor, your good health! I dare say we shall be all right at last."

The worthy divine, indeed, used subsequently to insinuate, that Sir Patrick, as far as regarded himself, realized his own speculations; and on his death-bed, returned to the primitive path, from which, by worldly views, he had been seduced to wander.

It may be supposed, that if Lady D'Arcy lamented what she thought the perversion of her husband, she must have been still more grieved to see her son following in the same track. All his irregularities, she attributed to the relaxed discipline and inefficient principles of his new faith; but though she saw he professed himself a Protestant, as he had not, like his father, formally abjured the creed of his ancestors,—as he had been born, christened, and confirmed a Catholic, and had received his early religious impressions from her zealous instruction, she was consoled

by the reflection, that "the stray sheep might yet be brought back into the fold."

Miss D'Arcy was still more devout than her mother. The better to protect her from the example and influence of her father, she and a younger sister, subsequently married in the country, had been sent, for two or three years, to a convent at Bordeaux; and she there contracted such a decided taste for a religious life, that nothing but her affection for her mother withheld her from taking the veil. She was a handsome, elegant, and agreeable girl,—good-natured in her disposition, and gentle in her manners, with an air of melancholy which gave an interest to her character. The accidental death of a young gentleman who had, not unsuccessfully, solicited her regard, was said to have clouded the prospects of her life, and created a still stronger desire to seek, in pious seclusion, a refuge from the disappointments and vanities of the world.

Such were the young baronet's nearest connexions; and though he was not disposed to be unkind, or, as far as his habits allowed, inattentive in his intercourse with them, yet their society was not well suited to the gaiety of his

good defence for any one of the the general cha- found himself pushed hard b vigour of his adversary, he himself involved in discussion by a combina to his taste; and from and conciliation, in whi prosings of his mother, aid of the argument, a pected endearments of his his glass,— a refuge. He was sur- "Well, doctor, licitors, and executors— we shall be all rig and trustees—claimants, The worthy d cormorants of all descriptions. to insinuate, t but sly looks, and sallow, shrewd, himself, reali ;—eyes fretful and feverish— death-bed, perdu in a crow's foot—and fraud which, by anxious frown; he heard of no- wander. ctions and ejectments—processes, It may proceedings—and read nothing but mented deeds—leases and releases—deeds, husban documents,—with all the other inge- to see es, by means of which, law perplexes his ir justice is made dependent upon parch- disci faith Prote abju beer and fro few readers will be disposed to envy our pleasures of projected litigation, or the of arranging a property which he if he could consider his own, we the present, leave him to his legal en-

ack a little, to see how Billy
. on his mission of *avant*
eat of the D'Arcy family, and
s native village.

ke most persons who have more
than judgment, was a great dealer in
d forebodings. There was no impor-
currence of his life of which he did not,
the fact, recollect to have had warnings;
n'y he didn't take notice at the time." He
as gifted with a sort of Hibernian second-
sight, that only looked backwards;—a kind of
retrospective prescience, in which, though

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

he could never foresee the substance till it had whisked by him, and startled into activity his post-prophetic powers.

But though he was not very successful in his anticipations of the future, as far as related to circumstances that did actually occur, the activity of his fancy made ample amends, by the number and variety of his "moral sartinties," as to matters that never did, and sometimes never could occur. There was always something "to tell him what would happen to him;" and although he found his monitor so often mistaken,

he continued to place the most implicit confidence in its suggestions.

Thus, when he left Ireland, he was quite sure he should never return to it; and when, contrary to all the prognostics of the passage, he actually found himself in America, he was "morally sartin" he should leave his "four bones" there. What particular portions of his osteological system he included in this enumeration, is not accurately ascertained. He certainly was so far right, that he left a leg behind him; and, indeed, he sometimes seemed to derive a little consolation for its loss, in the partial fulfilment of his prophecy which it afforded.

But though, after all his "hair breadth 'scapes," he was now near home, yet the page of futurity was still opened to him by so many mysterious tokens and ominous intimations, that he had safely landed in Dublin, from the Liverpool packet, and was far advanced on his road to Killorgan Hall, before he could persuade himself that "the ould jintleman wouldn't play him a trick, for the divil was always too 'cute for him."

CHAPTER XIX.

At Killorgan Hall, however, Conolly at length arrived, without any "moving accident by flood or field;" and having, like a good soldier, first delivered the dispatches with which his master had intrusted him, he prepared, with a beating heart, to revisit his native village, which lay within a short distance.

As for some reasons detailed in a former part of his history, Conolly, before he became a soldier, had ceased to be in favour at the Hall, he felt no inclination to make himself known there, in the absence of his master; and as the domestics whom he saw were strangers to him, he was not recognised by them. It suited his purpose, also, to remain *incog*, for some time, as he was desirous to see how the land lay,—to make his own

observations, and be the first to announce his arrival to his mother.

Although he had been absent not quite five years, the poor fellow had good reason to believe, it would be no difficult matter to disguise himself, even from the eye of Biddy Farrell. The villagers had never seen him in his military costume; a dress which, at all times, makes a great alteration in a man's personal appearance; but which, at that period, was so particularly absurd and preposterous, that a simple country-lad, metamorphosed to a soldier,—half-strangled in a black stock, and starched, stiffened, and pig-tailed ready for parade, could scarcely be recognised, even by his own father.

Conolly still wore his military dress, now somewhat the worse for service; and his wooden leg made a woful difference in his figure and gait. The soft, round, and ruddy cheek of youth, had sunk and sallowed to the weather-beaten hue of manhood, long inured to hardship. His Milesian locks, too, that were wont to curl and cluster, in coal-black beauty, round a head that would have not ill become the shoulders of an Antinous, had long been defiled by that decorative composition of flour and fat, which, in one com-

mon incrustation, then covered the whole British army.

Thus transformed from the light-footed, florid young rustic,—with a cut over one eye, and the addition of a patch upon the other, the task would have been rather to prove his indentity, than to conceal it.

With his knapsack buckled to his back, and his favourite "bit of a switch" in his hand, Conolly now set forward to the peaceful hamlet of Carol's Hill: an expedition, compared with which, for the interest and agitation it excited in his breast, the most perilous enterprise of war in which he had ever been engaged, appeared to him an undertaking of tranquil indifference and cool accomplishment.

For the last two years, he had received no intelligence from home; the interrruptions of war, the remote situation of himself and his master, while prisoners, during the latter part of that period, and the irregularity of D'Arcy's communication at all times, with his family, left Conolly completely in the dark, as to the events which might have taken place in that long interval. He was, himself, a negligent correspondent; and, since the loss of his leg, he never had the heart to communicate that mis-

fortune to his mother; and with still more reluctance could he bring himself to take any measure which might make Biddy Farrell acquainted with it.

Conolly, like most young men of all stations, who possess any personal pretensions, had a little dash of the coxcomb in his composition; he considered himself as rather in request at the fairs, wakes, and rustic revels of the neighbourhood; and amongst other good points about him, was not a little proud of his "pins." In the periodical visits of the village Bowkit, he was the best exhibitor in the barn; and when he danced on the green with Biddy Farrell, he saw her eye, in a side-long look of admiration, frequently directed to his heel and toe attractions. Nay, once, after a hornpipe, in which he had put forth all his saltatory powers, in rivalry of the miller's man, she whispered to his delighted ear, that she thought "he shuffled the brogue, and cut over the buckle, better than any boy of the barony."

When he reflected on his former renown in this way,—his fame at foot-ball, and long bullets, and the laurels he had reaped at wrestling, hurling, and hop-step-and-jump, his spirits sunk; and as he approached the scene of these

exploits, the mortified feelings of his crippled state, which time and his natural cheerfulness had latterly begun to allay, returned upon him with such increased effect, that he sometimes hesitated whether he would not turn his back on his home for ever, rather than present himself in the face of his native village, and what was worse, to the, perhaps, averted eye of Biddy Farrell, under a contrast so cruel and humiliating.

The more he turned the matter in his mind, the more dejected did he become. "How was it possible that Biddy could look upon him as the same man he was before? He had never heard of a purty girl taking a peg-leg lover; and she was too proud to have a poor Chelsea pensioner stumpin' about after her, when she could pick and chuse from the best of the batch."

These melancholy meditations had brought him to a part of the well-known road, where a pathway struck off through some fields, in a picturesque short cut to the most populous part of the village.

Hitherto, Conolly had encountered no face familiar to him; or he was too much absorbed by his own thoughts, to be particularly observant of the few persons whom he had seen on his way.

The day was a holyday—the evening as serene and glowing, as August, bedecked in its most agreeable atmospheric attributes, could display—the golden orb of day, in softened splendour sinking in the west, diffusing a purple radiance o'er the distant hills, and bursting in a starry glitter of effulgence, through the intermingled foliage of the bending larch, the lofty chesnut, and the leafy sycamore.

This will do, for a touch of the descriptive; and I think, it must be confessed, that if I chose to take advantage of my position, I have here, according to established usage in such cases, a reasonable opportunity to parade all my pictorial powers, in a rich landscape scene. I might call Claude, Poussin, and Salvator to my aid; and fill at least, three pages and a half of hot-pressed pica, with the *novel* phenomena of light and shade, in all their umbrageous beauties on hill, and dale, and wood, and water, without any abuse of my literary privilege. But as I am satisfied that my reader, if he have ever opened his eyes, in an after-dinner lounge, even amongst the cockney ruralities of Hornsey, or Primrose Hill, will be competent, without my assistance, to form a very tolerable idea of the wonders that Phœbus, in his effulgent freaks, can perform on the smiling face of

nature, I shall content myself with the simple announcement, that when Conolly entered the pathway that led to his native village—it was a very fine summer's evening; such an evening, in short, of genial temperature, and radiant repose, as contributes to the hilarity of cheerful hearts; and often, by its contrast to the gloom within, depresses still lower, the drooping spirit of despondency.

Though all was gay and glowing in the scene before him—though he was returning to the roof under which he was born—to the scenes of his early youth, and as he hoped, to the parent that he loved, and the long cherished idol of his first attachment—though every inanimate object upon which his eye rested, claimed acquaintance with his warmest feelings, and called up associations connected with past happy hours, yet, sad was the heart of Billy Conolly; and often did he dash the tear away that trembled on his eye-lids, as lamely he trudged along the path where once he bounded like the deer, or raced with the swiftness of an antelope.

In his track, was the well-remembered stile, where often, at sun-set, he was wont to sit and wait for Biddy, coming from the field in which she used to milk her father's cows. Then would

he gallantly relieve her of her pail, and walk in sweet communings by her side, till she had reached her home.

On this stile, too, seated with folded arms, the toe of one foot touching the ground, while the other loosely depending from the topmost bar, swung gently to and fro; his hat carelessly pushed on one side, would he, to pass away the time, till his lacteal love appeared, indulge in a melodious whistle of "Langolee," or "Planxty Connor;" and sometimes, as he himself hath plainly intimated to us on a former occasion, as well advised, as though Horace were at his elbow,

> "That poets, when invention fails,
> Should scratch their heads, and bite their nails;"

he would essay, by both those processes of composition, to turn a couplet for his favourite fair. But his was a passion of plain prose; and though

> "Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues,"

the muse was wooed in vain.

Alas! how different were now his emotions on approaching this interesting spot! What a change had a few years wrought in his feelings, his per-

son, and his prospects! Yet, every object around him seemed the same: the trees, the houses, the hedges, and the heavens themselves, were as if a moment only had elapsed since last he saw them. Even a gap in the adjoining fence, in which the ingenious device of a car turned upright on its end, used, on Sundays and holydays, to supply the place of a gate, presented to his view a similar, if not the same vehicle, appropriated to its accustomed office.

The lowings of the cows in the neighbouring fields, now broke upon his ear. He started at sounds so connected in time and place, with all the associations of his happiest days, and looked wildly, in the direction from which they proceeded, as if he expected Biddy Farrell herself to appear from her usual evening occupation.

He had hardly power to proceed—a crowd of agitating recollections rushed upon him, that in the softness of his heart subdued its firmness; cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow—a general weakness pervaded his convulsed frame—and if he had not reached the stile in time to grasp it for support, he must have fallen to the ground.

The poor fellow, however, quickly recovered

himself sufficiently, to feel mortified at his own weakness; and giving himself a restorative shake, grasped energetically the "bit of a switch" in his hand, and exclaimed:—

"Why, then, Billy Conolly, you may be ashamed of yourself, to take on so, and be bothered entirely by your own thoughts, more like an ould woman nor a man, let alone a sodger!"

He now prepared to proceed; when the footsteps of a person advancing at some distance behind him, and the jocund humming of an old song, the "Dusty Miller," which always sounded disagreeably in Conolly's ear, drew his attention. Disturbed by a sudden impression that darted across his mind, he turned round, and instantly recognised in the self-satisfied air of the figure approaching, his old rival, the "scaldcrow of a miller's man."

Conolly felt the blood rush rapidly through his veins, at the sight of him whom he considered the cause of all his misfortunes; and he was completely revived by the vigorous feeling of hostility which animated his frame, at the recollection of the last interview with Biddy Farrell, which occasioned his leaving his native village.

The miller was smartly dressed in his holyday clothes, without any trace of his pulverescent avocation; and the gaiety of his manner denoted such an agreeable anticipation of enjoyment, as if he were on the wing to partake of some rural festivity.

An appalling suspicion flashed upon the mind of Conolly: there seemed such an air of happiness and exultation in the deportment of his enemy, as his final success with Biddy Farrell could alone sufficiently account for, in the opinion of a man who regarded her love as the *summum bonum* below. The thought was dreadful, and in the recklessness of his rage, had nearly overset his purpose of concealment.

As the miller, however, now came close to where he stood, Conolly made an effort to calm his agitation, turned his head away, and determined, if possible, to remain undiscovered.

"God save you, brother soldier!" said the miller, with a civil motion of the hand, as he approached.

To this salutation, Conolly, without altering the averted position of his head, replied gruffly, in order to disguise his voice:—

"The same to you, frind!"

Looking down at the traveller's wooden leg, the miller now added:—

"You're but in a bad trim for a long march, by jingo!"

Never was commiseration more galling to a mortified ear. The object of it now turned sharply round, and darting a fierce frown from his uncovered optic, replied in the same gruff tone:—

"The chance of war, sir! and I haven't axed your pity. Many a betther man has taken a longer march without any leg at all."

"Well, well!" laughingly rejoined the miller, "no offence, my buck!" adding—"but as this stile is asier for two legs than three," (including Conolly's bit of a switch among the number) "shall I help you over it?"

This was a civility on the part of the miller; but though Conolly was himself the most civil creature existing, and the most grateful for any ordinary manifestation of kindness towards him, he felt, on this occasion, as if the proposal of assistance from such a quarter was a premeditated insult; and he could hardly cool down his indignation sufficiently to allow of his replying, with a contemptuous severity of sneer,—"I

s'pose, friend, you take me for a lame dog, that you're so ready to help me over the stile, and give your sarvices where they 're not wantin'."

The miller now regarded Conolly with a stare of surprise and scrutiny; and calmly observing, "By the hokey! but you're a crooked disciple; so plase yourself, my ould fogie," he sprung at one bound over the stile, and whistled on his way.

Conolly was absolutely breathless in the tumult of his emotions. He thought of the agility with which he used himself to bound over the same stile in other days—looked at his wooden leg, and shook his head. He was cut to the heart—provoked with all the world, and mortified with himself. He felt that the miller had a right to call him "a crooked disciple;" but the last was the "unkindest cut of all." "An ould fogie!" he exclaimed, "Oh! blood an ouns, Billy Conolly, listen to that, an' go to sleep again if you can. An ould fogie! is it come to that with you? peg-leg, patch, powder, and all!" He seemed shocked at the success of his own disguise. "If it was so soon day with him, he might as well at oncet cast his cap at Biddy Farrell, for never would he axe her to join hands with "an ould fogie."

The encounter with the miller's man, Conolly considered as a bad omen; that he should be the first person he recognised on his return, he thought most unfortunate, for "he never met him yet, that ill luck did'nt follow." Conolly now sate down for a moment, on the lowest step of the stile, to recover from his agitation; and had just risen again, and was about to clamber over it, when he descried, at the entrance of the path from the road, a neatly dressed young woman, holding a girl of seven or eight years old by the hand.

There is a physiognomy of outline and general air, which forcibly strikes us when we are unable by distance, to ascertain a feature or a form. Conolly's heart jumped to his mouth. "Blessed Father! could it be?" He strained his eyes to the utmost—a universal tremor seized him; "he could'nt be deceived;—'twas Biddy Farrell, her own self." Confusion now overwhelmed him—an interview at such a moment, in such a place, and under such circumstances, long and anxiously as he had wished for a meeting with her, was dreadful to him, and must totally disconcert his plan of disguise. She, too, perhaps, would offer him her assistance over the stile; and was it as a "buccaugh," he was first to be introduced to her, after

so long a separation,—as a poor disabled wretch,—an "ould fogie," on the very spot where, in bloom, youth, and vigour, he had sought her love, and assisted her in carrying her milk-pail!—the idea was insupportable, and subverted every hope.

To avoid so humiliating a scene, and get into the village before her, he, with the utmost precipitation, set about clambering over the stile; but in the hurry of the movement, unfortunately, the wooden leg slipped through, between the steps, as he incautiously ascended—he lost his balance, and unable to recover himself, fell backwards to the ground.

This was the worst trick with which the malice of of his ill stars could confound him. He was in utter dismay—his ideas became bewildered; and though he expected every moment Biddy Farrell to approach as the pitying spectator of his helplessness, and perhaps, to recognise him in his confusion, he was unable to move, and for a moment lost all recollection. Recovering himself, however, he was surprised to find that he was alone—he looked round, but not a creature was within his view. The young woman and the child observing when they entered the path, a soldier standing at the stile, turned again into the high

road to avoid him, and had not been the witnesses of his disaster.

Conolly knew not what to conclude. Had they passed over the stile without attending to his situation? or was it a vision he had seen? a fetch, or fairy delusion? Notwithstanding his superstitious dread of such supernatural visitations, he would have preferred entertaining the latter supposition, rather than the conviction, "that Biddy Farrell's own self" had recognised him under such mortifying circumstances. Luckily, the grass was soft where he fell; his knapsack too protected his back, and he rose from the ground without an injury, even to his wooden leg.

More cautiously now he mounted again the stile; and anxiously quitting a spot once associated with so much delight, but on this occasion the scene of such cruel embarrassments, he sadly and slowly proceeded on his way to the village.

CHAPTER XX.

THE embarrassments arising from the wooden substitute for a leg, which Billy Conolly, nevertheless, managed with no common dexterity, were not yet at an end. Every thing, indeed, conspired to make the poor fellow doubly sensible of his misfortune, at the time when he could have wished to appear the least affected by it, and when his vanity must have suffered more even than his convenience.

At the bottom of a descent, leading immediately to the village, ran a shallow river about sixty feet broad, which intersected the road, and wound half round the green or common, upon which many of the meaner hovels of Carol's Hill were scattered in the most picturesque state of pauperism and dilapidation.

Being always fordable by horses and carriages, except when swelled by heavy floods, there was no bridge over the river; and foot-passengers crossed it by means of stepping-stones of different sizes, placed at irregular distances in the stream. Over those stones, Billy Conolly used to spring like a young fawn, clearing half a dozen of them at every bound.

To cross it now, however, in his present state, even with the subsidiary aid of his "bit of a switch," was not so easy an operation. He commenced, however, with confidence. The village green skirted the river at the opposite side; and numbers of the rustics, male and female, were collected upon it at their different sports, as usual, on a holyday evening.

At that time, the population of Ireland had so far recovered the gloomy fanaticism of the *first* reformation, as to resume their usual amusements; and the *second* reformation had not yet arrived in sulky solemnity to replunge them in "the slough of despond."

The apostles of the new light, certainly labour hard, by unholy exhalations from the marshy grounds of controversy, to re-produce the theological cloud that so long hung its baleful influence over the sour sectarian mind. But they will

find some difficulty to regenerate gloom in the Hibernian character. There is an insurrectionary spirit of gaiety in the heart of an Irishman, which neither poverty nor tyranny can suppress, and which rises in perpetual rebellion against the surly sway of the saints.

Your genuine Milesian is exclusive in his devotion to mirth; he allows of no salvation out of the church of cheerfulness; he excommunicates melancholy by bell, book, and candle, and damns the blue devils, as they deserve, without redemption. The hilarity of his spirit cheers the Irish peasant amidst the privations of his hovel: he has mental resources of conviviality, which enable him to support the *physical* wants which they cannot supply; and he has a higher relish of existence, with his poverty and potatoe fare, than the beer-drinking and bacon-fed boors of a country, whose superior comforts are too often possessed in joyless apathy and sullen dissatisfaction.

The Catholic is a cheerful religion, and it encourages cheerfulness in those who profess it. Most wise and conformable to Christianity, is the principle that actuates it in so doing; for cheerfulness is a virtue which spreads a sunny influence round it. It denotes a benevolent

heart, an amiable temper, and an unrepining resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Cheerfulness is the music of the mind; and a great poetical authority has told us that,

> "The man that hath not music in himself
> Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

Cassius, "the lean and hungry Cassius," never smiled; and one of Cæsar's best "Commentaries" is that which our immortal bard has put into his mouth, with reference to the anti-cachinnatory character of that surly republican.

All the evil passions are engendered in the dark and gloomy recesses of the soul; they shrink from the light of cheerfulness as the owl retires from the beam of day; and the sullen moody spirit fosters and brings them forth in full maturity of mischief.

If the religion of a state be fanatical, and bigots and hypocrites, taking advantage of the follies and the fears of men, for their own crafty purposes, make use of it as an instrument to sour the humours of society, and repress the enlivening gaieties of life, the government should interfere to protect the innocent amusements of the people. Their rulers ought to know, how much

the morals are dependent upon the manners of the community, and should make the encouragement of cheerfulness a principle of police. Experience proves, that a sour, puritanical population will always be brutal, insolent, and discontented.

Men are more civilized by their pleasures than their occupations. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often, with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive, and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations, the urbanity which in the bustle of our labours we disregard.

A people who have no amusements, have no manners. Unaccustomed to derive any pleasure from their intercourse with each other, they become morose, selfish, and unsocial; sensual in their enjoyments, and savage in their passions.

A wise statesman would think it one of his important duties to create wholesome and harmless relaxations for the people, or he would encourage them to find such recreations for themselves. A society for the promotion of cheerfulness, would do at least as much good as a Bible Society. It might truly be considered a society for the suppression of vice; and a dance

on the green of a Sunday evening, would tend as much to humanize the manners, as the sermon in the morning operates to improve the morals of the lower orders.

Toujours gai, is the most complimentary characteristic that ever was ascribed to a nation. It is alike a panegyric on the policy of the government and the disposition of the people: it shows that the one cannot be oppressive or the other unhappy; and indicates at once security and comfort.

For my part, if the undoubted antiquity of my coat did not put quite out of the question the possibility of my applying to the College of Arms for heraldic honours, I should certainly adopt it as my motto. But let me recommend it to the first commercial Crœsus who may be ambitious, in the true Chinese taste, to ennoble his ancestry by the assistance of Garter King at Arms; and he may appropriate it at once to his character, and his comprehension, in the truly national and proverbial paraphrase, "laugh and be fat."

But I am forgetting that I have left Billy Conolly all this time, standing on the bank of the river which he was just proceeding to cross;

an undertaking, which in the face of so many groupes of his former associates, turned out to be rather an embarrassing performance.

At the outset, however, he made his way tolerably well; the stones were close together, and the water so shallow, that a false step was of little consequence; but as he advanced towards the middle of the current, his difficulties increased. The stones were much larger, and wider apart; every step was a little jump, and the surface upon which he was to plant his foot, was sometimes so irregular, shelving, and smooth, from the friction of the floods, that when he placed his wooden leg upon it, it would slide off slantingly, and either pop into the stream, or occasion such an awkward struggle of all his remaining members, to recover his balance, and prevent his complete immersion in the water, that his embarrassment became distressing, and began to attract and amuse some mischievous young urchins, who were observing him from the opposite bank.

The moment poor Conolly perceived that his situation was noticed, in a way which led him to suspect he was an object of ridicule, indignation swelled his heart almost to bursting; he became more flurried, and consequently less competent to regulate his movements in such an annoying

predicament. Groupes began to collect, that evidently bandied about rustic jokes at his expense.

To do the Irish peasant justice, though he is most ingenious and prompt, in extracting amusement from every circumstance which will admit of a ridiculous turn, yet, his fun is rarely indulged to the discredit of his feelings; and on the present occasion, if the river had been deep, or there could have been the smallest danger to the person who was crossing it, the spectators would have been as ready to risk their lives for his preservation, as they were to laugh at what they considered only an occurrence of unimportant awkwardnes and ludicrous distress. The worst that could happen to the individual who afforded them their present entertainment, was a ducking, which any one of them would have incurred or inflicted for sport, without hesitation.

Peculiar feelings and associations, however, rendered his position more painful to Billy Conolly, than any degree of danger could have made it; and gave a dagger's point to the most harmless jest that it produced. No soldier ever forded a river under the heavy fire of a formidable enemy, in a more dispiriting state of agitation than that which Conolly experienced, when he cast his

eye on the facetious phalanx now drawn up to receive him; and he would have infinitely preferred the salute of a peal of musketry to the exasperating peal of laughter which followed every false step he made.

With eager eye, at every pause of his exertions, would he explore the jocular groupe, in dread that Biddy Farrell might be amongst them; but neither she nor the miller's man appeared; and their absence, while it allayed one kind of apprehension, tended to excite in him another.

At length, after much splashing and stumbling, deep mortification on his part, and no small amusement to the malicious, though not malevolent spectators, Conolly effected the most embarrassing part of the passage, without much discomfiture; but in his haste to do some little credit to his agility, in the remainder of it, an unlucky slip of his artificial limb so disconcerted him, that to save himself from being soused over head and ears, in a complete fall, he was obliged, after a scramble, to jump into the stream up to his knees. A general shout of laughter burst from the bank, and "Well done, timber-toe!" was echoed from every mouth.

In a fever of rage and vexation, Conolly now

waded through the shallow part of the river, without farther attempting to avail himself of the stepping stones; and approaching a groupe of those who were the most vociferous in their jocularities, he began to brandish the "bit of a switch" in a way which would have seriously interfered with their merriment, if they had not rapidly receded from his wrath. Regardless, in the tumult of his feelings, of the resolution he had formed to remain *incog*, and forgetting, that even his intimates could not recognise him in his present trim, he loudly and vehemently exclaimed:—

"Why, then, the divil run a jumpin' with you, for a parcel of poltroons! Is this the welcome you gi' me after all?—toilin' an' moilin' to come to you; and this the purty way you resave me!"

Those who could make out his words, which were almost unintelligible from his impetuosity, looked at each other with surprise, but evidently, unconscious of his local claim upon them; and Conolly, observing no indication of his being at all known to those around him, recollected, and resumed his intention to conceal himself. Giving way to his resentment, however, he again angrily addressed them.

"On'y let any one of you, ye spalpeens! come

out here, and see, if I won't make you laugh at the wrong side of your mouth, and tache you to mend your manners to a stranger."

With the most unruffled good humour, the fellows about him, though rather too ready, in general, to accept such invitations, now drew back, wherever he flourished his cudgel; evidently, from the impression that poor Conolly's disabled state was at once, their excuse, and his protection. One of the most respectable amongst them, whom Conolly at once recognised as an old fellow-student of his, at the village university, now stepped forward, and holding out his hand in a friendly manner, said,—

"Give us the fist, brother sodger! You 've some rason to complain; but there's no great harm done. The boys are full of fun, but they mane no unkindness; an' as to welcome, by the piper of Blessington! you shall have all the welcome we can give you—bub and grub galliore,* kindness an' clane straw."

Conolly was quite overcome by the cordial offers of his old friend; the tears stood in his eye, as he returned the hearty pressure of his hand; but finding he was no more recognised

* In plenty.

by his early intimate and school-fellow, than by those with whom he had had less intercourse, he was shocked at the success of his disguise, and thought of the miller's "ould fogie."

Conolly, and his new old friend, Jock Casey, as he was called, now proceeded slowly to the little ale-house on the green, where the "ugly divil of a drill-sergeant," taking advantage of a moment of desperation, first seduced him to enter on "the paths of glory."

"Every object as he approached it, reminded him of his folly, and made him keenly feel his fate. He was now painfully limping over the very sod, upon which he had so often dazzled the eye of Biddy Farrell, with his "many twinkling feet." Some parties were preparing for a little dance on the green; and blind Keegan, the piper, sitting in his old seat under the tree, with the same snuffy, half-fuddled face as when Conolly last saw him, had just begun to inflate his bellows, and swell his deepest drone, with a neat white glove under the chanter on his knee.

Jaded and disconsolate, Conolly sat down on the stone bench, at the door of the little *Shebeen*-house. His eye anxiously glanced round, in search of the face that used to light up that scene to him; and he hardly knew whether he ought

to be most pained or pleased at not finding it, when his evil genius, the miller's man, appeared in the midst of the votaries of Terpsichore, who were now displaying their agility, if not their grace, to the tune of "The Miners of Wicklow." His partner's back was turned to Conolly; but, breathless with agitation, the latter instantly recognised in her figure and dress, the young woman he had seen in the path leading to the village, who had, to him so unaccountably, disappeared, and whom, now again, he concluded to be Biddy Farrell.

A cold perspiration issued from his every pore—a universal tremor shook him, like an ague-fit—and he would have dropped in a swoon on the spot, if a timely turn of the dance had not presented to him the fair object of his anxiety, in full front, disclosing a very pretty face, certainly, but one that he had never seen before.

CHAPTER XXI.

For the first time since his approach to his native village, a dawn of hope and satisfaction burst through the cloud that had settled on the soul of Billy Conolly, when, as related in the last chapter, he discovered that the fair partner of the miller's man, was not the object of his long cherished attachment.

But the joyous groupe before him—the frolicsome effervescence of glee and good humour, which burst forth from those whose hearts were as light as their heels—the chuckling cheerfulness of the old, regarding in the practical jokes and playful vagaries of the young, the regular succession of hereditary hilarity and reckless improvidence—the scene of general enjoyment, in which he alone had no share, soon again

saddened his spirit, by the reflections it occasioned.

No more for him were such delights in store; he was a cripple for life; he saw himself surrounded by those who had known him from his birth, yet was he a stranger at home—unrecognised, even by his most intimate friends.

With some degree of envy and regret, also, was he actuated, on beholding the new-fashioned feats of muscular animation, which, in a vigorous diversity of kicks and capers, lashing out behind and before, to the great discomfiture of shins, toes, and long petticoats, Mr. Brian O'Flinn, the ballet-master of the barony, had brought into vogue during his absence.

But Jock Casey now interrupted the melancholy train of his thoughts, and seemed good-naturedly desirous, by divers manifestations of a bibacious hospitality, to atone for the rude jocularity with which Conolly had been treated. Casey professed his respect for the character of a soldier; declared "he would never stand by, and see the cloth insulted, if it was no more than for the sake of a dear friend far away, who went to the wars young and hearty, and might not fare better than the gintleman before him, for all that."

Few persons are so incurious as not to have some desire to know how they stand in the estimation of their friends. Notwithstanding the old proverb which warns us that "listeners never hear good of themselves," yet even those who have no great reason to expect a favourable report, will eagerly hearken after their own characters, and take evidence *incog*, if they can, whenever the occasion offers.

Conolly was well aware, that he himself was the friend to whom Jock Casey alluded; and catching at consolation, in any shape, he thought he would gratify his vanity a little, by hearing some account of what he had been, since he could derive so little satisfaction from the contemplation of what he then was. Addressing Casey, therefore, he observed, that,—

"'Merica was a large place, and sodgers knew but little of any body out of their own rigiments; but, may be, he had come across the young man, somewhere.—How was he called, and what sort of a boy might he be."

"Troth, then," said Casey, "but here's good luck to him! wherever he is;" turning round the heeltap of malt in his mug, then tipping it off, and handing it for replenishment to a little girl that served the office of waiter in the es-

tablishment; "'troth, then, he was as tight a lad as ever stepped in shoe-leather, be the other who he may, and right-handy with his tools, I'll assure you,—bill-hook or rapin'-hook, scythe, spade, or shilelah. He'd turn you a turf, or tap your claret for you in no time, if you on'y said black was the white of his eye."

Conolly thought the last clause of the panegyric gave rather too pugnacious an impression of him; he, therefore, to clear up the pacific part of his character, threw in a sly interrogatory conjecture.

"Why, then, I s'pose he was rather a quarrelsome crony?"

"Quarrelsome!" repeated Casey, with a look of surprise; "is it he, quarrelsome? Musha, then, the divil a bit; on'y a little spunky-like, as a true son of the shamrock ought to be, that won't be put upon by nobody. Oh! it would do your heart good, to see what a fling o' the flail he had in the barn! Set him to thrash a shafe o' corn or a Connaught man, an' by my sowl, no sooner said than done! Then, if you'd seen him at a fair, when the boys begun to be frisky,—whoo! you'd know the twirl of his timber in a forest of oaks.

"Little he minded a sword or a bagnet either,

as long as the saplin' was firm in his fist. On'y give him an inimy's pate for a copy-book, and see what a flourish he 'd cut in red ink. By my sowl, when he oncet made his mark, it wasn't aisy to rub out the writin'. And as to what they 're all doin' here 'afore us, they 're on'y just a parcel of nobodies, compared with him. Wherever he is, if he has but got his two legs under him," (Conolly gave a half-suppressed groan), " and more the pity if he hasn't, for they were shanks to be proud of, and proud enough he was of them, God knows."

" He wasn't," muttered Conolly.

" But if he has on'y his two legs under him, wherever he is, an' the piper playin' within ten miles of him, by my sowl! Billy Conolly will show them how to shuffle the brogue, or my name's not Jock Casey."

Though Conolly knew that he was the original upon which Mr. Casey thus employed his masterly pencil, yet he liked the portrait to be labelled decisively, and he observed :—

" What, then, his name was Conolly, was it?"

" Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Casey, " that was his name—Billy Conolly—on'y we used to call him *Count* Conolly out of fun, just to vex him, because he was always such a natty

fellow. Lord! Lord! if you on'y seen him on a Sunday, or Pathrick's day, goin' to mass, in full feather,—with a bran new frize on from the fair, a nate pair of pumps, with pewther buckles on his toes, an' clane connemaras,*—the *caubeen* stuck a one side, with a thumpin' shamrock cockade in it — whoo! he thought himself as fine as a horse."

"He didn't!" more distinctly muttered Conolly between his teeth.

"He was such a purty boy, in his own opinion," continued Mr. Casey, "that he was never asy, unless he was kicking up his heels, like a frolicsome heifer, at some little hop or other, shewin' off his new steps in a jig or a hornpipe; an' if the girls on'y praised his pins, why he was as proud as a pay-cock, an' they could put their *come-hither* upon him entirely."

Conolly could hardly keep his seat, and manifested divers twitches of dissatisfaction.

"Poor fellow!" pathetically exclaimed Mr. Casey, "that was his wake side, and the cause of all, sure enough. He thought the girls were all mad after him; an' so, what does he do, in

* A particular manufacture of yarn stockings, much used by the Irish peasantry.

his consate?—but makes up to ould Farrell's fine-lady daughter; quite a high-flyer, I'll assure you; that wouldn't condiscind to look at any body under a squireen or a scamp from the hall.—But indeed, for the matther o' that, they were purty well met; for when the maggot bit him, he'd set up for a bit of a gintleman himself, on the stren'th of havin' been rocked in the same cradle with young squire D'Arcy; and when he'd be up at the hall for a day or two, or out attinding to carry his gun for the young master, in the woods,—the Lord save us from a jink! but he'd hardly spake to a body, an' would toss up his nose, like a pig in a high wind.

"Well, what should happen him, as I was sayin', but Miss was on her high ropes—turns up her nose at poor Billy Conolly,—calls him a potaty-faced fool, and an impudent spalpeen, an' the Lord knows what; an' tould him he might go hang himself, for any thing she cared. So Billy, you know, could not stand that, becaise the boys would all have the laugh again' him; an' so it turned the poor foolish boy's head, intirely, an' he went for a sodger."

A man's vanity is always the most sensitive part of his character; and when it is touched, he invariably winces in proportion as he finds,

within, an unwilling consciousness that he has been hit in the right place.

The hero of Macedon, under the influence of "Timotheus and his trembling lyre," could hardly have exhibited a greater variety of emotions than poor Conolly, while he listened to the sketch of his character, supplied by the skill of Mr. Casey. During the enumeration of his accomplishments, a glow of exultation—a proud sense of his merits, pervaded his whole frame. When his exploits in the *field*, or rather I should say, in the fair, were alluded to, his bosom swelled—he grasped the "bit of a switch" more firmly in his hand, and he felt as if he could have "fought all his battles o'er again." His old regard for Casey, revived in his breast with additional warmth; he shook him heartily by the hand, while with difficulty could he forbear throwing himself into his arms, and discovering himself at once, to so faithful and flattering a historian of his renown.

The commemoration of the joys of his dancing days, touched a chord in Conolly's heart, that yielded only melancholy vibrations. He thought upon his altered state:—

> "And now and then a sigh he stole,
> And tears began to flow."

But when, towards the close of his commendations, Casey

" Changed his hand, and checked his pride,—

as soon as a few shades were thrown in upon the picture, and satire began to take the pencil from panegyric, poor Conolly became evidently uncomfortable; — he could not find an easy position on his seat—he coughed frequently, and his regard for Casey gradually cooled: till at length, the mortifying misrepresentation of his affair with Biddy Farrell worked him up to such a pitch of irritation, that forgetting his *incognito*, and every thing else, in his resentment, he started up from his seat, and casting a fierce look at his loquacious friend, loudly exclaimed:—

" Fire an faggots!—but this bates Banagher! Blood an' ouns an' fury! you gabblin' gossipin' whelp! Is this the way you talk of your frind to his face, when his back's turned? A-jibin' and jeerin', and makin' your fun. But I know Billy Conolly betther nor that comes to. You're belyin' the boy entirely; and whatever he was, small cause has he to be consated of himself now, any how: an' he's not so crazy, but he can give you a bit of advice, Master Jock Casey!

and that is, to hould your tongue about him and his consarns, and keep out of his way, for fear of accidents."

So saying, Conolly threw down, indignantly, a piece of silver, to pay his share of the ale which they had been drinking, and walked on through the village.

Casey, to use a rather vulgar, but appropriate expression, was "knocked all of a heap." A number of confused ideas jostled each other in his head, which had begun to feel the effects of his evening's potations.

"Was it possible that he had been spakin' all this time to his ould school-fellow, without knowin' him? To be sure, somethin' struck him from the first, as if he had a faint recollection of havin' seen him before: but it could not be;—he wasn't to be desaved that way, and he'd know Billy Conolly with his eyes shut. Yet 'twas mighty odd; the sodger spoke as if he was Conolly, and if he wasn't, why should he be so angry?—And if he was, why should he be angry either, when he had praised him more than he desarved, if he went to that."

At this stage of Mr. Casey's perplexity, he was joined by the miller's man, in a state of breathless exhilaration, from the highly-applauded

perpetration of Mullowny's jig. When the subject of Casey's conjectures was communicated to him, he was at first open-mouthed with surprise. But "though he had not himself recognised him, and had called the sodger an' 'ould fogie,' he shouldn't wonder at all if it was Conolly, for he never thought much of him; and consated as he was, he (the miller) always said that what little good looks he had, would soon go off entirely."

All the men, as they came up and took part in the discussion, were of the miller's opinion; and for the very same reasons; but the ladies, one and all, declared, that such a nice young man as Billy Conolly, could never be changed so much, in such a short time, by war or hardship, as to look like that one-eyed, wooden-legged, weather-beaten sodger;—"and then he had such a nately turned ankle of his own, and was always so pleasant, and so ready to get up a bit of a hop for the girls, when the piper was in the way,—that it would be a thousand pities, they were sure, if any thing happened him:" and one of the fair orators observed, with considerable energy, at the same time casting a glance of the most expressive contempt on some unfashionable beaux within the range of her eye,—that there were *some* legs in the village, that might as well be of

wood, for any use they were, except for digging the praties; and for her part, she thought they were on'y fit for that, and nothin' else."

While the question of Conolly's identity was thus under discussion with his friends, he himself had proceeded a considerable way on his progress through the village, ruminating on the various untoward events which had occurred to him that evening; all of which, he did not hesitate to ascribe to his ill luck, in meeting "the scald-crow of a miller's man," on approaching his native place. "The moment he saw him, some-thing tould him how it would be, and sure enough, every thing went crooked with him since."

His wrath having now somewhat cooled also towards Casey, he regretted that he had, con-trary to his intention, discovered himself to that voluble and veracious recorder of his merits and his imperfections.

CHAPTER XXII.

To excuse, in some degree, the violent displeasure which Conolly expressed towards his old school-fellow on this occasion; and to palliate the apparent ingratitude with which he received the little biographic treat which had been furnished for his gratification; a treat, for which he seemed to have so keen an appetite, and to which he had, indeed, invited himself,—it is only necessary to recollect, that the latter part of the feast which the loquacious Mr. Casey had cooked up for his friend, was by no means so agreeable as the former; and that the dessert in particular, which is usually a congregation of *goodies*, consisted entirely of sour, unsavoury, unpalatable matters, which few people are found to relish or digest, without considerable bilious disturbance.

I confess, I think Billy Conolly had good reason to complain; and I would submit the case, without hesitation, to any corporate authority, within the symposial precincts of Guildhall. What would any fair-feeding municipal Apicius say, if, at a turtle feast, after having been supplied with an apoplectic profusion of calipash and calipee,—if, when every sense ached with the luscious delight, he was to be suddenly checked in his edible enjoyments, and inhumanly compelled to swallow large doses of bubble-and-squeak, sour-crout, or salmagundi? What, I ask, would not be the indignation excited against the perpetrator of such cruelty? What strength orlength of friendship, could shield him from the most unappeasable resentment! Even the renowned attachment of Pylades and Orestes, would have given way under such culinary wrongs, and gastronomic aggravations.

Yet such was the unpalatable process to which poor Conolly was subjected, in the applausive commencement, and sarcastic close of Mr. Casey's characteristic memoir.

It must be confessed, that the strange version of Conolly's love adventure, which his friend had supplied, was equally incorrect and pro-

voking. It was, indeed, deeply tinged with that peculiar spirit of criticism, in which, we are too apt to expatiate on those qualities of our friends, in which, by nature or education, they have very much the advantage of us.

Without going the whole length of La Rochefoncauld's maxim, it may, at least, be acknowledged, that we are seldom greatly distressed at the little disappointments and mortifications which befal our best friends, in matters upon which they appear to plume themselves, or in which, we suppose that they consider themselves our superiors; and, certainly, we are more liberal in estimating their merits, where we believe we are on a par with them, than in cases where our self-love suffers under a conviction of our inferiority.

Thus it was with Mr. Jock Casey. As he was of equal renown with his friend in agricultural toils, and chivalrous achievements, and had, indeed, often shared his laurels in both, so he was willing to allow him the full measure of his fame in the field and the fray—with the scythe and the shilelah. But in so much as Mr. Casey was himself, what is commonly called, "a special ugly fellow," and by no means a favourite with the fair,

so, he felt a corresponding inclination to detract from Conolly's superior personal graces, and more successful reception with the belles of the barony.

Notwithstanding Conolly's anxiety about the situation and circumstances of his mother and Biddy Farrell, he had hitherto cautiously abstained from asking a single question on the subject, since his entrance into the village. This repression of his curiosity was the result of a double consideration of the matter, philosophical and superstitious. He would not inquire; "becase good news will keep till you come to it, and then it 'ill pay you for your patience; but bad news always comes too soon, and it's a folly to call it before its time." "Besides, it was unlucky to ax questions about one's fri'nds. He had never axed about a fri'nd in his life, that he didn't hear something he didn't like;" and the very recent illustration of this remark, with which, in the person of the dearest friend he had in the world—himself, Mr. Casey had supplied him, contributed not a little to corroborate the impression.

He was always unwilling to declare that he was in perfect health; "becase when you boast of your health, you're sure to fall sick imme-

diately;" and if he was not very well, he would not, on any account, say that he was going to be ill; "becase if he did, he always found that his words came good directly."

In a state of the most nervous uncertainty and apprehension, therefore, Conolly pursued his way towards the residence of his mother; anxiously looking round on every side, hoping to derive, through the medium of the eye, a little of that information which he was afraid to provide for his ear. After so long an absence from the place, his affectionate heart yearned to every body he saw; it was with the utmost difficulty he could withhold a warm greeting from those whom he recollected; and although it was his wish to be unknown, and he had endeavoured as much as possible to effect that object, he invariably felt mortified and disappointed when any of his former acquaintances passed him, as if he were a perfect stranger. He, indeed, attracted but little notice; for, as the village was on the high road to a military dépôt, the passage of a disabled soldier on his route to it, was of no uncommon occurrence.

Inadvertently, sometimes, he would nod familiarly to people whom he had been in the

habit of noticing in that way; and was recalled to himself only by the cold return and awkward stare they gave him.

As he advanced within sight of his mother's cottage, his impatience and apprehensions became absolutely insupportable; his heart failed him entirely, and he felt that if he were to approach the door, without some preparatory information, his agitation would deprive him of all command of himself, and disable him from carrying into effect, the plan he had formed for making himself known to his mother.

As well as he could judge at a distance, the cottage stood in the same place, without any striking change. He strained his eye in his eagerness to discover, from its exterior aspect, some indication of the state of the inhabitants within. But though there was evidently some smoke from the chimney, which might be considered as a sign of life, yet the general mural physiognomy afforded him no materials even for a conjecture.

In this distressing state of apprehension, hesitating to advance, and afraid to inquire, he cast his eyes on a good-looking young woman seated at a cabin-door, with an infant in her arms. There was something in her general air that at-

tracted his attention; but when he approached near enough to see her face, the powerful impulse of the moment put all his precautions to flight; for he instantly recognised in it the features of a former favourite of his, second only to Biddy Farrell; and who, if she had not been rather too young at the time, might have proved a formidable rival of that goddess of his affections. Stopping suddenly in front of her, with an emotion which he could not repress, he exclaimed,—

"Why, then, God save you kindly, Jenny Burke! how are you! and how is it with you this many a long day?"

To this cordial greeting, the young woman addressed, looking up with much surprise at the speaker, replied, "Indeed, then, that's my name, sure enough, good man; however you got it."

Conolly added, "but, if that purty baby is your's, you've changed it lately, Jenny."

"True enough for you, sir," answered Jenny; they call me Burn, now, or I might blush for my baby; but may be, you'd step into our little place abit: they say 'a light rest shortens a long road,' and you're kindly welcome." Jenny now led the way into the open door of the little cabin—deposited the baby in its cradle, and rubbing

down a stool with her apron, offered Conolly a seat; but he stood leaning on his stick, and looking at her, as if in imagination linking the past with the present. Jenny seemed embarrassed; she remained also standing, and began diligently to roll up the corner of her apron. There was something about the stranger that interested her, though she could not tell why. Conolly now said,—

"Ah! then, Jenny dear, you look bravely; and it's myself that's glad to see it, and to persave every thing so nate about you, just like yourself."

"Thanks be to God for all his mercies!" replied Jenny; "I'm indeed pure and hearty, and so is my good man; but may I axe who gives me the good word, for sure there's a frind in the voice, though my eye can't find him."

"Why, then, nobody knows me," exclaimed Conolly with great emotion; "and *Jenny Bang the Weaver* forgets me like the rest."

"Jenny Bang the Weaver" was an old song, familiar to the Irish peasantry, the name of which Conolly used to apply playfully to Jenny Burne, when early in her teens, and when young as she was, she felt strongly his rustic civilities. The effect of these words now sounding in her ears after so long a lapse of time, and in a voice

with which, in her mind, they had always been associated, was electric. A string had been struck which had not vibrated for years, but it now thrilled through her whole frame. She started, turned pale, clasped her hands together, and looking earnestly at the mutilated figure before her, exclaimed,—

"Merciful Father! Billy Conolly! If he's a livin' man this minit, it's Billy Conolly! Oh! all the blessed saints! is this the way you come home to us? hacked and hewed, and murthered entirely! Oh! it 'ill kill the poor ould woman; and Biddy herself 'ill never get the betther of it!"

Overcome by her feelings, the kind-hearted creature burst into tears.

Conolly, though he had purposely aggravated the effects of war and weather on his face and figure, was yet shocked at the impression which his appearance made on poor Jenny, and which she, in the fervour of the moment, had so unguardedly betrayed. He learned from her exclamation, however, without asking a question, that his mother and Biddy Farrell were still in the land of the living; though very likely, it seemed, to be dispatched out of it, by his presenting himself before them. The latter part of the information was, indeed, rather discouraging to a lover, who, like Conolly, had conceived

so humble an opinion of his present personal attractions. Jenny, however, did not suffer her surprise, and, indeed, horror at the transformation of her old acquaintance, to repress her hospitality. All the refreshments that an Irish cabin can boast were instantly set before her guest, with every manifestation of satisfaction that could speak a warm heart and a hearty welcome.

Conolly's anxiety, however, had suspended his appetite; he could eat nothing: and having removed the patch from his eye, to prove to her that he was not so much unlike himself as he at first sight appeared, he earnestly hung on Jenny's words for the intelligence his soul desired; and which she, with the communicative kindness that belongs to her sex, very copiously, and, luckily for Conolly, without a question, afforded.

Interrupting her narrative now and then with a renewed exclamation of surprise,—" my gracious me! on'y think!" and " deed, then, Mr. Conolly, you're mightily altered!" with " musha then, my heavy curse light on the wars, for your sake, any how!"

Conolly, to his great surprise, learned from Jenny, that Biddy Farrell resided with his mother ever since the death of her father, which had happened about two years before.

Biddy had been struck to the heart, on finding the effect which her conduct in the last interview with Conolly had produced upon him. Independent of her attachment to him, which was much stronger than she imagined, the reflection that she had been the means of depriving his mother, in her old age, of the presence and support of an affectionate son, preyed upon the poor girl's mind, and made her appear such a culprit in her own eyes, that she thought she could never sufficiently atone to the deserted widow, for the injury she had sustained.

There was no act of kindness or attention in her power, or compatible with her duty to her father, which Biddy Farrell did not anxiously employ to sooth the old woman's afflictions, and manifest her own regret; and when, by the death of her father, she found herself at liberty to do so, she determined to devote herself entirely to the widow Conolly; and, as she said, "to be to her as a daughter, since she had deprived her of a son." To the widow's cottage, therefore, she removed, with what little means her father had left her; and with more than filial affection and assiduity, she continued to perform the task she had prescribed to herself,—

"And rock the cradle of reposing age."

It may well be imagined, that the conduct of this exemplary young woman made no small impression on the widow Conolly; and that in addition to her own natural wish to see her son again, she longed for his return, that he might assist her in discharging the debt of gratitude she owed to her kindness.

It is not impossible, also, that in contemplating that desired event, Biddy herself, though one of the most disinterested of her generous sex, might cherish the thought, that Billy Conolly would gladly undertake to acquit the obligation, and " pay her with himself."

Her neighbours indeed, who, like all other neighbours in town or country, were generally more busy than liberal in assigning motives for the actions of their friends, did not hesitate to insinuate, that " Miss Biddy knew what she was about: that, as she found the miller's man wouldn't bite, and other fish seemed shy of the net, she was determined to make her way good with the ould woman, and, as there was no time to be lost, hook her ould lover at last, for want of a better."

But Biddy was too intent on the conduct which her heart told her was right, to attend to the idle gossipings of the village *conversazioni*. She mixed but little, therefore, in the rustic circle, and silenced detraction by persevering virtue.

The narration of these events, with which in a style of circumlocution and digression very like his own, Jenny Burne had supplied him, sunk deep into Conolly's soul. His love for Biddy Farrell was, if possible, increased by her extraordinary attention to his mother; but his apprehensions of his own unworthiness increased in proportion; and when he looked at his wooden leg—when he recollected the "ould fogie" of the miller's man, and reflected that even kind-hearted Jenny Burne herself, could hardly look in his face without exclaiming, "how mightily altered" he was, his heart sunk within him at the thought of his mistress regarding him now, perhaps with aversion, or as an object for her pity, rather than her love.

Poor Jenny did her best to sooth his anxieties on this subject; but there was nothing very consolatory in her observations, inasmuch as they were accompanied by the most unqualified admission, that he was "terribly altered." In her simple code of politeness, she thought it not only kind, but complimentary to what he had been, to deplore his present state. She assured him she should never have known him but for something in his voice, and the name of the old song, that always brought him to her mind. "But though nobody that ever saw him before would believe it was he, and though to be sure a wooden leg made

a body such a terrible cripple, yet she was sure Biddy Farrell would not mind it; for real true love would never fail, even if he was as bad as Billy in the bowl-dish."

Now the well-known character called Billy in the bowl-dish, from the circumstance of his being obliged to have recourse, for the purpose of locomotion, to a machine resembling the domestic utensil specified, was the general representative of the worst kind of mutilation. It may be supposed, therefore, that poor Conolly derived but little comfort from the allusion to him on the present occasion.

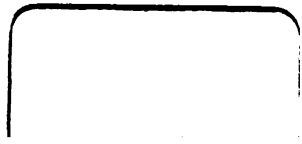
As Conolly was resolved not to present himself before his mistress until she had been first made acquainted with his misfortune, and as she was now domesticated with his mother, he was quite at a loss how to proceed. If he went immediately to the cottage, Biddy might be the first person to receive him; and he despaired of being able to sustain his *incognito* in such an interview. To say the truth, also, he feared lest the impression created by his disguise might somewhat prejudice his real appearance.

From this embarrassment, however, he was immediately relieved by Jenny, who informed him that Biddy Farrell had passed her door some time before, on her way to visit Father Cassidy,

the priest; "for," added Jenny, "she always takes him some crame for his tay, when he's ill, as he is a mighty great frind of hers." Conolly said, he knew that well; for if it had not been for his reverence, they might have been married long ago; "but, indeed, he could'nt blame him, and he on'y hoped he wou'd'nt be his enemy now."

Having thus ascertained that the coast was clear, Conolly, shaking hands with his old acquaintance, Jenny Burne, who promised to be on the watch, and give him timely notice of Biddy Farrell's return, proceeded to visit his mother.

His heart was somewhat lighter than it had been for a long time; he knew that his mother was alive and well, and his mistress faithful; but still he could not but feel depressed; "for sure he was'nt the same man, and how could he expect her to look on him with the same eyes." Men are always more influenced in their attachments by personal qualities than women; they are, therefore, ever ready to suspect that love may not outlive the loss of beauty.

END OF VOL. II.

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